CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

114th YEAR OF PUBLICATION

JULY 1979

204

INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS AND LAW —THE WEST GERMAN EXAMPLE
David Southern

THE GENERAL ELECTION AND AFTERWARDS
Paul B. Rose

HOW TO CONTROL THE COLLAPSE
John Elsom

THE LAND OF LORNA DOONE
J. H. B. Peel

CANADA ELECTION '79
Tom Riley

and other articles together with a twelve-page Literary Supplement

60p

31. 2
July-

Contemporary Review

incorporating The Fortnig[illegible]y

July 1979 Vol. 235 No. 1362 Founded 1866

Contents *Page*

Industrial Relations and Law—the West German Example David Southern 1

Should the U.S. Cold-Shoulder Transkei? Julian M. Weiss 7

The General Election and Afterwards Paul B. Rose 14

How to Control the Collapse John Elsom 18

Kenya Escalates the War on Poaching Thomas Land 24

Canada Election '79 Tom Riley 26

The Land of Lorna Doone J. H. B. Peel 30

A New Demanding Role for the Lady Zhaojun David Pollard 35

Sherlock Holmes Revisited Robert Rubens 43

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT 45

Quarterly Fiction Review Rosalind Wade 45

Non-fiction Reviews 49

Esmond Wright, John A. Loraine, Cecil Northcott, Molly Tibbs, James Morton, Trevor Allen

SHORTER REVIEWS 55

Editor:
ROSALIND WADE

Associate Editor:
BETTY ABEL

Editorial Advisers:
PROFESSOR SIR HERBERT BUTTERFIELD
PROFESSOR ESMOND WRIGHT

Fine Arts Correspondent:
ERNLE MONEY

Music Correspondent:
DAVID FINGLETON

Business Manager:
DENIS MCCARTHY

© 1979. Published monthly by Contemporary Review Co. Ltd., 61 Carey Street, London WC2A 2JG, England and printed in England by H. G. Leates Ltd., 45/47 Alexandra Street, Southend-on-Sea, Essex. U.S. Mailing Agent: Expediters of the Printed Word Ltd., 527 Madison Avenue, Suite 1217, New York N.Y. 10022. Second-class postage paid at New York, NY. Annual subscription (including postage): U.K. £8.00, U.S.A. and Canada $25.00. Rates for all other countries on application. Copies can be sent by airmail outside U.S. and Canada; extra costs given on request. (ISSN/0010/7565)

Contemporary Review

Founded 1866 incorporating The Fortnightly

July 1979 Vol. 235 No. 1362

052
·008

Editor:
ROSALIND WADE

Associate Editor:
BETTY ABEL

Editorial Advisers:
PROFESSOR SIR HERBERT BUTTERFIELD
PROFESSOR ESMOND WRIGHT

Fine Arts Correspondent:
ERNLE MONEY

Music Correspondent:
DAVID FINGLETON

Business Manager:
DENIS MCCARTHY

INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS AND LAW — THE WEST GERMAN EXAMPLE

204

by David Southern

MRS. Thatcher has come to power determined to fight socialism. If she is to succeed, she will have to give us more, not less, socialism. How is this paradox to be explained? It sounds — as Bismarck said of the notion of pre-emptive war — like committing suicide out of fear of death.

Just as life is meaningless without love, the springs of political action dry up without some ideal to provide motivation. Lenin is the most important figure in twentieth century history; socialism has been its principal ideology. Socialism has produced the malign corporate state in Eastern Europe, the benign corporate state in the West. Is there some third possibility? The special significance of Mrs. Thatcher's coming to office is that she is widely perceived as embodying and being motivated by some set of beliefs alternative to socialism, in contrast to the pragmatic leaders who characterised British politics in the 1950s and 1960s. Mrs. Thatcher is convinced that the growth of the public sector, characteristic of the benign corporate state, can and should be arrested if not reversed. Besides this major policy goal, the new Conservative government has also pledged itself to do something about the trade unions. The proposed changes in the law relating to trade unions are very modest: not worth the synthetic anger which they will generate from the left. Can trade union reform be integrated into the grand strategy? For this to be done, reform of labour law must be systematic, not piecemeal. An example of the systematic application of law to industrial relations is provided by West

Germany. The aim of this article is to consider whether the West German example offers guidance to the new British government, and whether the reform of industrial relations law might be a step towards dismantling the corporate state.

In Britain as in Germany 1945 marked the great dawn of democratic socialism. In both countries the great majority of people wanted socialism, which was regarded as something profoundly desirable and partially attainable. While vague in details, its principal constituent was that the working class should attain an equal in place of a subordinate status. The implementation of these aspirations reinforced the general trend of social development in the twentieth century to produce what has been called the corporate state. This is the product of the extension of government beyond what critics would consider to be its proper sphere. The corporate state is a system which integrates both the productive and non-productive sectors of the economy into its public administration and ideology. The corporate state — critics maintain — is dedicated to the pursuit of collective goals prescribed by its ideology. To give one example: Mrs. Thatcher would contend that education and medical services lie in part outside politics, so a private sector of each should exist alongside the public. The socialist would maintain that the general organisation of education and health services are pre-eminently political matters, in which state direction should be complete, not partial. The paradox of British development is that the same groups which want to extend the sphere of the state in education and health want to keep it out of industrial relations, and those who believe in the existence of an extensive sphere outside politics want to extend the law into industrial relations.

The achievements of the socialist upsurge in Britain and Germany in 1945 were uneven. In Britain socialism, after the Attlee Government's initial creative phase, faded away in the 1950s. In Germany all four Occupation powers — the Russians included — prevented a socialist revolution from taking place in their zones: Germany was too important to go its own way, so each occupying power had to prevent its zone siding with the others. From 1947 onwards the three Western zones — which became West Germany in 1949 — were reconstituted on an anti-socialist basis. The ideological zeal, which had been denied its expression in a socialist revolution, found a new outlet in economic growth. The revival of the West German economy served to demonstrate the superiority of the Western as opposed to the Communist system. The performance of the British economy since 1947 has never been able to match that of the West German because it has lacked this ideological force. Socialist achievements in West Germany were confined to the grafting of industrial democracy on to an existing and effective system of industrial law.

There is a traditional preference in British labour relations for negotiation and agreement between the parties without the intervention of the courts. Labour law is concerned chiefly with relations between employers and unions and the protection of employees against unfair dismissal. The advantages claimed for this practice are flexibility and responsibility. There

has been little genuine enthusiasm among employers and unions for the introduction by legislation of arrangements designed to mitigate the division between capital and labour in the organisation of industry, both sides preferring a system which assigns well-defined roles to established parties. The reasons for the form assumed by relations between employees and management in this country lie in British history and society. Ever since the Common Law courts split off from the King's Council, law and politics have been institutionally distinct. When in the nineteenth century the ordinary civil law proved unsuitable for application to industrial relations, the path was taken of excluding industrial relations from legal control and they thereafter developed outside it. The 1971 Industrial Relations Act, had it been fully implemented at the time and escaped subsequent repeal, would have substantially modified this situation. In part its new vision of industrial relations, with a right not to be dismissed unfairly and Industrial Tribunals to resolve disputes, is still with us.

In Germany a different course was followed. Social organisation has its origins in the provision of means of common defence. On the Continent the maintenance of statehood required the existence of standing armies. To keep such forces in existence, the continental state required broader powers than those with which easy-going British governments could content themselves. The state acquired and was expected to exercise a wide-ranging influence over the social and economic life of the citizen. Judges were civil servants, aiding the state in the discharge of its extensive responsibilities. In nineteenth century Germany the principle was accepted that a special body of labour law was needed to define the respective rights and obligations of employers and workers. The logical outcome of this view was the establishment in the Weimar period of a national system of labour law and courts, which have been taken over and developed by the Federal Republic. An integral part of the development of industrial law was the introduction of institutions by law which allowed the work force to influence both their conditions of work and the general running of their companies. In Germany the growth of industrial law and industrial democracy have been symbiotic.

German labour law has three constituent parts: (i) individual labour law; (ii) collective labour law; (iii) law on industrial democracy. The starting point for labour law is the individual service contract between employer and employee. In this respect British and West German labour law have much in common, e.g. in the safeguards provided for the employee against unfair dismissal. The rights and duties of the individual employee have to be resolved by reference both to individual and collective labour law. Collective labour law is the law derived from collective agreements. To this there is no equivalent in Britain, where the dividing line between legislative intervention and bargaining free of the law has always been drawn between individual and collective agreements. In contrast to the British position, collective agreements in Germany have immediate compulsory legal effect on the partners. The law imposes on all parties to them a 'duty of peace', whereby no strike may be called while the agreement is

in force. Strikes are legal only if directed for economic ends and if no collective agreement is in force. A subsidiary source of collective labour law, which greatly reduces the number of disputes which arise, is provided by plant agreements.

The first element of industrial democracy introduced in Germany was the Works Council. In all concerns with five or more employees works councils must be elected at plant level. They negotiate plant agreements, which regulate detailed matters of working conditions not appropriate for inclusion in collective agreements. Both types of agreement have the same effect in law. Works councils also administer welfare schemes for employees, have statutory powers in relation to the hiring and firing of workers and must be consulted on a wide range of policy matters. Firms with more than one hundred employees are required to set up Economic Committees, whose members are elected half by the works council and half by the management and which have important representative and consultative functions.

The summit of industrial democracy consists in the system of co-determination. Great Britain is credited with having introduced this system into West German industry after 1945. However, the foundations had been laid much earlier. The dual board system of a supervisory board elected by the shareholders and an executive board appointed by the supervisory board grew up in the nineteenth century. German banks and state institutions financed industry directly, and secured a measure of control of the companies in which they had placed funds by the election of their representatives to the supervisory board. After 1945 British occupation authorities engaged in the short-lived policy of Demontage, whereby reparations were extracted by the dismantling and removal of the plant of Ruhr industries. To compensate workers for the loss of their jobs, they were given representation on company boards. Around the policy of Demontage a folklore of co-determination has been erected. The real father of industrial co-determination was Adenauer. In 1951 he wanted to secure German accession to the European Coal and Steel Community against the opposition of the Social Democratic Party and trade unions. He appealed to the workers over the heads of their leaders by giving employees the right to elect half the members of supervisory boards in the coal and steel industry. The principle was soon extended. Public companies have always had two boards and since 1972 private companies with more than 500 employees have also been required to do so. In the rest of industry it was provided that employees should elect one-third of the members of the supervisory board. Under the 1976 law, which has only just been approved by the Federal Constitutional Court, 'equal co-determination' — i.e. half the membership of the supervisory board — has been extended to all concerns with more than 2,000 employees.

In these ways the political legislator has sought to supplement and make universally effective social and industrial practices which grew up outside the statutory law. The essential concomitant of this legal regulation of industrial relations has been the establishment of labour courts, integrated

into the regular judicial system, to interpret and enforce agreements and correct breaches of the law. At first instance there are over a hundred local Labour Courts; above them are twelve Land Courts of Appeal; the pyramid is crowned by the Federal Labour Court in Kassel. At each level professional judges sit with lay judges representing employers and employed.

By every practical test the system of industrial relations works in a vastly superior manner to the state of affairs prevailing in Britain which have been characterized by an intolerable level of social antagonism. In the field of social policy the British have often been skilled borrowers and imitators. Is the adoption of the West German system of industrial relations possible or desirable here?

A minor obstacle is the existence of a single board of directors in British companies as opposed to the German dual board system. Employee participation in management does not require a specific type of company organisation: either single or two-tier boards can be adapted for the purpose. A more substantial difficulty is presented by the differing roles and organization of trade unions in the two countries. In Britain a much higher percentage of the working population belong to trade unions — 45 as opposed to 30 per cent; British trade union organization is more fragmented, with some 120 unions affiliated to the TUC as opposed to sixteen unions belonging to the German Federation of Trade Unions; British trade unions are more concerned to exercise political influence than their German counterparts. Unlike the Labour Party, the German Social Democratic Party is not dependent on the trade unions for financial support. Above all, in Germany social and political changes have been handed down from above: in Britain they have been conceded in response to irresistible pressure from below. At present the conservatism of British trade unions is such that there is little evidence that they want to share in the responsibilities of management. The aims of British and German trade unions, however, are much the same: in the short-term to protect and further their members' interests through the bargaining process; in the long-term, to achieve social equality and justice through the socialist transformation of society. Any society will get the sort of trade unions it deserves. In Britain law did not keep pace with industrial change. The vacuum of labour law thrust upon trade unions public responsibilities for the organisation and conduct of industrial relations. If they have not always been equal to these responsibilities, it is because they were faced with a task beyond their capabilities. If now, having long exercised these responsibilities, they are to be asked to agree to some net reduction of their influence, they need some reassurance that the modification of their role will be part of a reform of the system of industrial relations as a whole.

Whether British company law opts for a single or two-tier board, whether British trade unions put their affairs in order or not, whether the Government rides with the change or seeks to ignore it, employee participation in the management of companies is bound to come. It has already progressed too far in other EEC countries, not just West Germany, to be kept away

from these shores. The CBI has advocated consultative participation, with the final decision resting with management. This policy of keeping labour at arm's length is no longer compatible with the changed concept of the company from an instrument for profit maximisation to a partnership of management, shareholders and employees. Industrial democracy can be justified on economic grounds as offering greater predictability to the work process through its emollient properties. Beyond that, the German system constitutes a substantial modification of capitalist organisation in order to realize basic values of democracy—freedom and equality—which are not satisfied by the according of formal political equality alone.

The whole discussion of the proper role of labour law in Britain has been clouded by a fundamental misconception. To bring the law into industrial relations, it is claimed, is to bring the Government into industrial relations and the policeman on to the factory floor. The roots of this misapprehension perhaps lie ultimately in the narrow British view of law as authoritative commands laid down by the state rather than as the emanation of norms present in society. Whatever the origins of this error, its falsity is demonstrated by daily experience. In West Germany the mechanisms provided for the conduct of industrial relations work on a continuing basis outside the bounds of immediate governmental action and removed from day to day political controversy. Industrial relations in West Germany have been—to use a cant term—depoliticised. It is in Britain with its law-free system of industrial relations that the Government and its agencies are inevitably drawn into all major labour disputes, because the system of industrial relations lacks the capacity to reach decisions without outside direction and there is no accepted demarcation between where autonomous regulation should end and government action should begin.

The German system of labour law has not lacked detractors. In 1931 Otto Kahn-Freud argued in a monumental article, which has never been satisfactorily answered, that as interpreted by the German courts of the time labour law was an instrument for imposing on society the malign corporate state pioneered by Italian Fascism. The basic conception of the corporate state was—he maintained—the 'threefold idea of the paramount interest of national production, for the sake of which economic peace must be maintained; the discipline of the individual in respect of the higher interest of the productivity of the economy; and the idea of state welfare for individual workers.' Similar claims have been made by opponents of an extended system of labour law in this country. Labour law, however, can be regarded from two points of view. 'Collectivist labour law' assumes the existence of a single, overriding goal and social unity into which subordinate social groups and activities must be integrated. 'Pluralist labour law' assumes the existence of groups with conflicting interests and seeks to devise a modus vivendi. In this latter incarnation in Germany labour law has undoubtedly helped in the maintenance of industrial peace, whose benefits have been generally shared, without developing any sinister potential as a manifestation of incipient totalitarianism.

SHOULD THE U.S. COLD-SHOULDER TRANSKEI?

by Julian M. Weiss

IN all the press dispatches and news coverage on southern Africa, almost no attention has been given to one of the most recent additions to the Third World roster of nations. A topic of heated debate among academicians, political scientists and Africa buffs, this year-old country remains an unknown entity to most. A new chapter in the racial quandary, in the geopolitical mix, is being written in this part of the world. The concluding pages of that chapter hold a tightly woven cause-and-effect relationship to change and stability in that region.

Transkei—a name dating back to the late nineteenth century, farther back than the naming or creation of the Union of South Africa—is inhabited largely by descendants of the Nguni tribes who migrated southward during the 1600's, just as East India Company expeditions within south Africa were mapping passages of trade and conquest. The chief tribe, Xhosa, led refugees from Natal and other groups seeking shelter from inter-tribal wars in areas of Botswana and Lesotho. The Mpondo, Tembu and Bomvana, each with slightly varied customs and ruling structures, had launched a trek nearly 300 years before that of the Boers. From those origins, a state developed gradually, with degrees of independence mantained until the 1890's.

Most of Transkei is unchanged from days of earliest settlement. For most of the 3,000,000 residents, the grass huts and narrow bush pathways remain. Xhosa ritual and language still dominate the religious and commercial (barter) activities; Westernization has reached only to a smattering of townships where communications and travel are slightly more modern. Umtata serves as capital with a population of 27,000 and one daily newspaper. A network of chieftains, often allied by common interest and attitude, wield most power despite democratic pretences.

Situated on the Indian Ocean with its western fringes touching the Cape of Good Hope, Transkei was carved from an approximation of the Xhosa nation, though not in entirety. Born from Pretoria's separate Bantustans policy, the self-styled republic typifies the South African approach to internal or domestic situations. The Vorster government allowed black natives a high degree of autonomy in a specified area that might serve as a model for racial segregation.

Dotted with a bevy of small rivers and covered with clusters of rolling hills, the country enjoys an adequate rainfall. Some 40-60 inches drop annually, perpetuating the lush vegetation that abounds. A medium-sized grass covers the landscape, and scattered forests merge with waterfalls across the 17,000 square miles that form a near-rectangle about the size of North Carolina. Umtata's modern Holiday Inn is within earshot of the medicine men and witch-doctor's abode; primitive and technological blend peacefully in the light industrial centres of Butterworth, in the

south-western frontier. The east-west currents of major rivers run parallel, winding through jungle and plateau, all reaching some 300 miles of coast.

A government official, Clement Mancotywa, has commented on the cultural foundations there. 'Life is very communal in the Transkei; the homesteads close together from Lali (location) under a headman. There is a close tie between people of a location . . . . anybody who never asks for anything is considered stingy because he is discouraging other people from asking of him . . . . it increases prestige if people who have oxen plough for their poor neighbours or give them mealies. The entertainments are plentiful when the period for work in the fields is over, in the winter.' Those winters are mild, interspersed by light rains. Families are bound in allegiance to the fathers. Often, rows of huts serve the needs of a family or larger clan, with storage space for the food supply and grains.

Recalling the lifestyle he had known, the Transkeian envoy for the Western Hemisphere, Ngqondi Masimini, told me of the joys and hardships of daily life. 'Death may come to a village and disturb the whole process there, sometime there are not enough people to work for the harvesting. You in the West should not be troubled with these things,' he implored, 'because we have different types of standards for ourselves and the tribal life has meaning for our people. When development comes, the Transkei will be ready because our way of life teaches people many lessons.'

Supporters of the Republic point to its viability as a state. By definitions found in arcane international law references, such as territorial considerations and a functioning authority, Chief Kaiser Ma tanzima's country is at least in part legitimate. Its right to formal recognition is tied to economic prospects, however, and mixed reports cloud analysis of Transkeian development potential. What is clear is that in order to wrest itself from continued domination by white-ruled Pretoria, the country must undertake great expansion in trade and commercial spheres, and realize gains soon demonstrable in the eyes of world opinion.

In the decade preceding the independence, South Africa poured about $400,000,000 into its would-be showcase in the Transkei. Private investment entered the region, although on a limited scale. Scores of new businesses, owned and managed by blacks, sprang up; over 2,000 such concerns now operate. The available water and percentage of arable land —20%, a higher figure than any of the 9 proposed Bantustans—aids the farming community who make up 4/5ths of the population.

In this part of the world, land itself is a commodity. With an area larger than Switzerland and an expanding roadway system there is room to begin serious development. Transkei, in fact, has a greater area than a dozen African states. The farmers have for generations raised considerable herds of sheep, pigs, goats, and cattle. Some 5 million livestock graze in the gentle knolls and grass-covered fields throughout the year. Lorna Hahn, the director of Washington's Third World Institute, has studied agriculture in Transkei and other parts of Africa. 'There has been some technical aid given to the farmers', she observes, 'but a lot has to be over-

come. Recently there was a year of good harvest, so spirits were high. Instead of keeping up the pace, the farmers congratulated themselves too much and didn't follow the advice that brought them that harvest the next time. The people there aren't oriented around things like planning and saving, so good luck and hard work can be lost later on.'

The thriving tea plantations have helped to raise income levels there to a point higher than nearly all African countries. Both government and private sources were thinking of high-powered projects concerning tea during 1978. Maize has been a staple commodity there, and this year's 200,000 tons can increase to 5 million according to international agricultural experts, on the assumption that better management techniques and modern farm machinery are to be introduced. Beans, nuts and potatoes are common crops; cereal grains and vegetables are consumed at home and exported to the leading trade partner, South Africa.

A score of wood plantations ring the country. Nickel, copper, and platinum are estimated to be in adequate supply. Along the Kei and Tsomo rivers in the West, irrigation programmes begun since the 1970's will assure at least a measure of agricultural growth; and European investors anticipate that by the end of the next decade, coffee yields should be making a substantial contribution towards an overall economic progress.

Twenty foreign enterprises declared Transkei a port-of-call just before the 1976 independence, but today capital is not moving in at a satisfactory rate, nor have loans and credits been forthcoming. 'Unless some ties with the World Bank come about', explained an IMF official who handles African affairs, 'they are never really going to develop anything'.

Commercial ties have been established with the member states of South Africa's Customs Union (Botswana, Lesotho, Swaziland, and Pretoria), but since diplomatic recognition has only been accorded by South Africa, the trade links enjoyed by neighbouring countries cannot materialize. According to the Xhosa Development Corporation, the foremost economic broker and middleman, over $30 million has been invested since the mid-1970's in planned business activity. The Hilmond interests are projecting a key textiles centre in Umtata, and similar plans are in store at Butterworth from the Sotres firm, also for cotton and sugar cane production in different parts of the country.

Even if it boasts of a 'free enterprise' economy, the ideals of Adam Smith have been laid to waste by official practice. 'Mixed' probably best describes the economic structure. The GNP of about $500 million is above most other countries on the continent, and Transkei's per capita income, at $220, places it high on the list. While disagreements exist among the nation's leadership on political issues, little dispute is found on economic direction. 'We support the form of capitalism,' says the opposition People's Freedom Party ruler, Cromwell Diko, 'whereby our young men are encouraged to make themselves self-supporting in both business and farming.'

Firms from Italy, West Germany, Holland and Rhodesia have started to take an interest in the opportunities offered at Umtata. Britain's Reed

Corporation is constructing a printing plant and a joint German-U.S.-South African company is opening a shoe factory.

The Transkei Development Corporation began a new policy in 1975 to lease its factories at 6% of cost each year. Dr. Abselon Villakazi, an anthropologist who has visited Transkei, claims that requirements for a vigorous economy exist and in the long term will reveal themselves.

It is with the 2% of the population that is urbanized that the economic battle will be won or lost. A large number of the labour force migrate to South Africa for better jobs and opportunities.

'By peaceful means and . . . . evolution, Transkei prepared itself,' stated B. J. Vorster in 1976, 'to take its place, and take it well, as a worthy member of the international community.' For a brief period in the last century, the country was already granted some status on the world family. The name Transkei materialized by 1895, but by the close of the Second Boer War in 1902, the future of all Southern Africa was in doubt. Victorious British forces ignored wishes of the local citizenry and Transkei's legislature (Bunga) and formally annexed the country into a union with the Orange Free State, Natal, Transvaal, and Cape of Good Hope in 1910.

Protests were raised at the time with South Africa, since a more lenient protectorate status was granted Swaziland, Botswana, and Lesotho. A General Council was formed under the guidance of tribal chiefs in 1911, and by the 1920's and 30's the Council started to defy their occupiers through a series of votes and resolutions requesting eventual self-government.

The independence movement across Transkei was seen to coincide, by the 1950's, with a directive from the South African government to inaugurate a 'homelands' policy wherein large parts of the territory would be given to blacks for setting up autonomous countries. Some 65,000 square miles in the eastern stretch of South Africa broken up by land under Pretoria's control were considered. Ted Lockwood of the liberal Washington Office on Africa commented on the Bantustan scheme. 'The whole idea just means that blacks lose their right in South Africa but are given land someplace else, in some offbeat part of the country. Transkei was lucky because they got Port St. Johns in the deal, I don't think, though, that the "homelands" policy helps the blacks as is claimed by South Africans.' Masimini saw advantages to the idea. 'This is, for now, the best we can work with, so our people should have it and develop it for ourselves.'

Transkei during the last century was somewhat larger than the borders defined by Vorster and the Nationalist factions, but it is the largest and most viable of the other proposed Bantustan regions, most of whom reject freedom on Pretoria's terms. On December 5, 1977, the second homeland attained independence. Bophuthatswana was summarily ignored by the rest of the world; even in autonomy, it will have little future since only 3% of the land is arable, and a land-locked boundary opens few gateways to the trade prospects of tomorrow.

In what Kaizer Matanzima calls an 'orderly constitutional development,' Transkeians used what self-government they had in the 1950's to pave the way for a national consciousness. Their legal system was different from that of South Africa. By 1956 a mode of self-government was established, dominated by a Territorial Authority, nine regional authorities, and administration for the 26 districts. Over 100 tribal bodies came into being in the chain of command.

The Bantu Self-Government Act of 1959 gave new impetus to the homelands concept, and two years later a study was launched with Pretoria's cooperation to determine the feasibility of autonomy. In May 1963, first evidence of limited self-government appeared with a national election and outright controls granted over local administration. (Of 10,000 officials today, only a few hundred are white). By Autumn of that year, a Legislative Assembly had replaced the Territorial Authority.

Matanzima had ascended to power in 1966. The most educated and best known of the chiefs, he understood tribal politics and had helped to usher in local rule. Serving as Paramount Tembu Chief, he called for elections in 1968 and formed a National Independence Party that favoured close ties with South Africa and support for the separate development ideology. After the elections, Matanzima was given aid by the legislature as he asked for a speedy break from Pretoria and the creation of a state, with complete autonomy. In a display of confidence, and commitment to the ideal of autonomy, Transkei assumed charge of its tax policies in 1969. By this time it was certain that the ruling parties in South Africa looked with favour on the independence drive and would continue financial assistance. Some African governments also encouraged the Transkei—a position they reversed in unison some years later.

Some 900,000 voters registered in time for the 1973 general elections, a contest that secured Matanzima's role as head of state. About half those eligible turned out to vote and gave the NIP a clear majority over rivals led by the Democrats. Results offered 25 of the 50 legislative seats to Matanzima's group, while most of the 75 tribal leaders represented were solidly in favour of the Paramount Chief's rule. The assembly presented a plan for complete independence following the electoral event, setting aside a date in 1976 for another balloting. The Transkei elections are mocked by some, including Jim De Chaine, top aide to Rep. Richard Nolan (Dem.-Minn.). 'You can't really consider their elections to be like ours,' he said. 'There was a lot of funny stuff that went on but again you couldn't call them a complete fraud.' Brown University political scientist Newell Stultz disagreed, citing 'overwhelming victories' that 'give credence to Matanzima's contention that he has acted with the support of the Transkei public.'

The course had been chartered for independence, which arrived in October 1976 with a colourful ceremony intertwining elements of ancient tribal rite and Westernized pageantry. 'We shall persevere,' Matanzima told the country after the celebration, 'and develop along peaceful lines, for to us revolution along Marxist lines is now as irrelevant as it is obnox-

ious.' He pointed to accomplishments from 1963-76: over a dozen new hospitals built, hundreds of schools, agricultural planning, a civil service, improvement of the road systems, and establishment of power projects. A national flag was unfurled before the international community and bore three striped bands, red (the soil, a 'traditional colour for Transkei' according to the Prime Minister), white (for peace and 'the coming of Christianity'), and green ('symbolising the beautiful green fields').

The leaders are generally conservative and in harmony with Kaizer Matanzima and his brother George, who serves as Justice Minister. Matanzima is a large man, well over six feet, and has a reputation for candour. There are ministers for Planning and Commerce, Health and Welfare, Agriculture and Forestry, Works and Energy, and even a woman in the Cabinet. Together the officials manage a $300,000,000 budget. Bob Schuttinger, a public policy analyst in Washington who has written on African affairs, recalled his meetings with the Transkeian leaders. 'They pretty much follow in step with Mr. Matanzima, and don't put too much emphasis on most of the ministries there. Only one really counts now, and that one is Finance; that and trade are the most important areas for them, even more than foreign policy.'

Ngqondi Masimini bears unconventional views. A former leader of the Pan Africanist Congress who operated from Algiers for several years, he was jailed in South Africa. Tsepo Letlaka is the Finance Minister. He had close affiliations with PAC; avoided deportation and possible imprisonment with the help of the World Council of Jurists. Digby Koyana, the Foréign Minister, spent time behind bars. Mlahleni Njisane is another non-conservative voice in government and has taught at Howard and San Francisco State universities. He holds the delicate post of envoy to Pretoria.

A member of the staff at Capitol Hill on the (House) African Affairs committee described Matanzima as a 'total puppet' who 'takes his orders' from the Vorster regime. Yet, the *New York Times* observed (in reporting Independence ceremonies in 1976) that he 'consistently criticized the racial inequality imposed by South Africa's white government'. In the keynote speech during the festivities, Matanzima called for a 're-structured Southern African sub-continent which, we hope, will emerge in the not too distant future.'

Recently, Umtata has taken part in negotiations with South Africans who take a contrary line to Pretoria-ordained policy. There is disagreement over the dictates that hinder white investment capital from being channelled to the Bantustans in larger amounts than at present. A conflict has arisen over definitions of citizenship, and Masimini has denounced the conduct of the South Africans in the Steve Biko case. The *Johannesburg Times* reported a 'crisis' in January, 1977, between the two countries over application of the infamous pass laws to Transkeians who commute across the border. Difficulties are seen in the future as Matanzima tries to develop rapport with other black states, a move that will necessarily mean drifting apart from wishes of the more powerful neighbour on several issues.

A prominent figure in an April 1977 NAACP study team that visited Transkei cautioned observers: 'Any simplification would be wrong on the question of independence. If all the homelands, including Namibia, became independent, that is, truly independent, there would be no South Africa.' Friends of Umtata point to the signs of its autonomy, yet throughout 1976 almost two-thirds of the budget was subsidized by Pretoria. John Isaacs, assistant to Rep. Steven Solarz (Dem.-N.Y.), was known to have played a key role in the 1976 Congressional move that overwhelmingly denied U.S. approval to Transkei, and claimed the country to be as dependent on its neighbour 'as New York City is to the U.S. government.'

In its defence, Umtata declares itself a non-racialist state (Matanzima has gone so far as to insist that a white could emerge as Prime Minister; visitors report there are hardly any Caucasians to be seen) and has de-segregated beaches, restaurants, and other facilities. In the *New England Law Review*, Geoffrey Norman felt Transkei to be the 'illegitimate child' of its segregationist creator, and in spite of this acknowledged that in 'a strict legal sense', autonomy existed as a practical reality. Friends of the Republic wonder why the out-of-wedlock offspring is being held accountable for the apartheid of its wayward 'parents'. Naturally, the South Africans are emphatic in their pronouncements of complete autonomy for the infant state.

To promote their cause, Umtata maintains a $170,000 public relations operation in Washington. The major diplomatic thrust will be concentrated on a dozen African states, some of whom in private express sympathy with Transkei. Links are hoped for with Israel, Brazil, Argentina, Chile, and Taiwan—countries themselves denounced before the U.N. as was Transkei after its independence. For the time being, however, only Pretoria and Bophuthatswana have ties with the Matanzima government. A Freedom House report in 1977 gave high marks to the country while remaining critical of the homelands policy that gave it birth.

The attitude on Capitol Hill remains cool. There, as in the conference chambers of the O.A.U. and the United Nations, the image of Transkei is that of a puppet state. In October 1977 a diplomatic reception scheduled for potential friends at the Museum of African Art in Washington was cancelled and moved to another location through pressures placed on the museum. In August of last year, the Foreign Affairs Association of South Africa invited a group of Congressional aides to tour Transkei. Reactions to the country's status were mixed.

A debate is certain to develop over whether American recognition of Transkei would legitimize South African apartheid or usher in its downfall,—but that debate is likely to focus on the situation in Pretoria rather than on the evolution of Transkei.

[Julian Weiss is a Washington-based freelance writer whose articles have appeared in a wide range of American magazines. He concentrated on foreign policy issues while working on Capitol Hill.]

THE GENERAL ELECTION AND AFTERWARDS . . .

by Paul B. Rose

AT the time of writing, having decided not to contest my seat and take a rest from Parliamentary Politics, I hope that it is possible to make a fairly detached assessment of the new Conservative administration following upon the General Election. If the Scottish Nationalists turned themselves into human sacrifices, they took with them Labour's hopes of a dulled memory of the winter of discontent and anti-trade union feeling which undoubtedly constituted Mr. Callaghan's greatest handicap as he fought his way slowly back into contention.

Mrs. Thatcher has formed her administration with rising stars; Sir Ian Gilmour contrasting the political fortune of Scotland's answer to Mr. Powell, Teddy Taylor of Cathcart. Political success is as ephemeral as a cup final and past glories soon recede. Consequently, whether the current mood of John Pardoe may be lamentation, relief for David Owen, or horror for Labour's brightest star, Shirley Williams, that is the nature of the system.

Mrs. Thatcher has now completed the shape of her administration and it contains the usual surprises, checks and balances. Ministerial Office was rarely a function of merit below the top cabinet ranks—and sometimes not even there. More important, she has expedited promises of pay to the police and services ensuring the goodwill of the entrenched establishment. How she proposes ultimately to deal with that army of radical teachers may be a different story in the light of her own former Ministerial post at Education. But she will hardly be in the mood for industrial confrontation as she enters into office.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the great two-party divide, Anthony Wedgwood Benn, emulating predecessors such as Powell and De Gaulle, has gone to think on his strategy and perhaps a future bid for leadership by refusing nomination for the 'shadow cabinet'. It is a curious feature of Labour Party democracy that when in Office the Prime Minister has huge powers of Patronage from Cabinet to every Quango. In opposition, his choices are made for him by an electoral college of M.P.s which could well broaden if Tony has his way. However, the 'Tribune' Group has not been the least to suffer in defeat and one should not expect dramatic short-term developments in the first year or two of acclimatisation to opposition.

However, the advent of Mrs. Thatcher's Government has confirmed a submerged trend over a number of elections which psephologists with swingometers have largely failed to grasp. More than ever, we have divided geographically into two nations. The North-South gap has steadily widened with Scotland even moving towards Labour. The gap between the inner-city and the suburbs—not least in the prosperous, or relatively prosperous areas—has emphasised the social changes in which political allegiances are based on increasingly pragmatic factors rather than old time loyalties. Neither Party has been able to weld these divisions into one. Even David Steele's brave and attractive efforts to straddle the various divisions were

of little avail except in the majority of established Liberal strongholds. Strategic voting may have played a minor part but by and large voters within our system are too sophisticated not to realise the limitations placed upon their choice.

That such talented figures as Shirley Williams should fall to the swing while time-serving backbenchers and frontbenchers alike could 'weigh' their majorities is an indictment of an electoral system in which a hundred marginal seats decided the composition of Government upon a minority vote—no less true of the last two elections. When the policies of that Government are abrasive and divisive, based on a modest and varying swing, the argument for electoral reform must gain ground. The tragic death of Professor John Mackintosh who was committed to such changes and his past exclusion from office also emphasised that conformity and pliability are valued higher by the political hierarchies than originality and non-conformity. Radicalism in the true sense of the word is not in fashion in a political system where a penny off income tax causes more passion than a few thousand deaths and mutilations in Ireland or Rhodesia.

Before returning to that theme, it is curious that coalitions or even inter-party arrangements have sinister undertones on this side of the channel while being the norm in almost every other Western Democracy. Has the time therefore come to question the domination of the two monoliths which in reality embrace a wide variety of political philosophies under their sometimes leaking umbrellas? The truth is that the stark alternatives disenfranchise millions of voters and denigrate the role of the Government backbencher who has something to offer. I see no need to scrap the Constituency system, if a topping-up procedure were adopted on the German or some other model. The Irish system, while having advantages for a small country, would be ideal for regional Parliaments embracing the whole country and defusing the devolution issue which took up so much unnecessary time during the last Parliament.

However, these were hardly issues at the Election and were never likely to be in an election fought primarily on the legacy of a long, hard winter which had tarnished both Government and the Trade Union Movement alike. Labour made considerable strides during the campaign in which prices and wages were key issues but could not overcome their initial handicap. Curiously, after the tragic curtain raiser of Airey Neave's assassination there appeared to be a conspiracy of silence over the issue of Northern Ireland where Labour, no less than the Tories, displayed not one iota of initiative. Ironically, Labour's insensitivity to brutality by the authorities lost it the two non-Unionist votes which would have ensured its survival until the autumn and possibly victory as the memory of piles of snow-covered rubbish gave way to a revival of reassuring if unimaginative action by Mr. Callaghan and a chastened Trade Union Movement.

As American commentators observed, Northern Ireland is the one part of the United Kingdom where loss of life and destruction of property continues unabated. Curiously, a survey I took of election issues prior to the 1974 elections in my then Constituency of Manchester Blackley resulted in Northern Ireland being placed together with Foreign affairs as the least

important issue. Perhaps the irony is that to most Englishmen, foreign affairs is the sphere in which it belongs.

If the election was won on the legacy of rubbish tips and unfilled graves, public expenditure was at the forefront of Tory thinking. Without a drastic pruning of the welfare state to offset increased expenditure on defence and police while cutting the overall commitments, it is hard to see where significant savings can be made other than at the expense of the deprived inner cities and help for industry through the National Enterprise Board. Already, these are areas under attack and the superficially popular move of selling Council houses at a discount can only result in a further pruning of local expenditure in the most needy areas. If Mr. Callaghan was disarmingly pragmatic, the curious irony of the current scene is that Mrs. Thatcher's brand of Toryism, with its apparent snub to Mr. Heath, is deeply ideological and also calculated to push Labour into similarly dogmatic postures. Only in the growing area of the Quangos and bureaucratic bodies set up as window dressing is there a legitimate argument for pruning patronage and expense.

In the field of industrial relations, the lessons learned by Sir Geoffrey Howe, whom I shadowed for a year on his ill-fated Industrial Relations Act, may well restrain the more extravagant claims to curb the power of the Unions; but the latest proposals are more cosmetic and less abrasive than those made from the hustings. Similarly, Sir Geoffrey's ability to deliver the tax cuts hoped for by so many middle income voters looks like being another victim of the realities of power. Only by swelling inflation with increased V.A.T. could these be satisfied and once again it emphasises the two-nation concept.

A Foreign Secretary in the Lords is an anachronism we could well do without but the years have gone when massacres in Bulgaria or hanging the likes of Idi Amin could become real election issues. While Labour's attitude to the E.E.C. has appeared to be negative, there are signs that there may now be little change in our attitude to the share of the Community budget we are called upon to shoulder, and the most European of our Statesmen on both sides of the House have been voted or frozen out of their former roles. One may well see a Dutch auction—no pun intended—in insularity unless greater agreement can be reached with our Common Market partners. Certainly, Labour's slate of candidates and its voters' comparative apathy may reduce its representation in the European Assembly to an uninfluential rump of inexperienced ex-academics, while Tory businessmen may reflect Mr. Heath's rather than their leader's approach. That may well produce some interesting tensions but could lead to a dangerous offshore-mentality.

Labour now stands much nearer to the centre of the spectrum but it has singularly failed to add the dimension of radical libertarianism which would have warmed the heart of John Stuart Mill and paralysed Merlyn Rees and those who ran his Department with fear of open Government. We are no more likely to see this in the new Parliament but, straddling established political boundaries, there are genuine radicals who would be

well occupied in developing these themes while they remain in opposition. New understandings if not alignments might well result from such a dialogue but few of Labour's libertarians remain to develop this within the Parliamentary context. It is to be hoped that the concentration of immigrants and their descendants will attract the kind of attention we saw at Hornsey, rather than fifteen years ago at Smethwick, and that leaders will emerge from the ethnic groups to play a significant role in the next Election. Meanwhile, the slump in National Front votes should lull no one into a false sense of security about the need for positive action to eliminate the tensions that lie as close as ever to the surface. That is another area in which radicals can join forces across the political divide to improve community relations and end the deprivation of these vulnerable pockets of our citizens. Let us hope that Mrs. Thatcher has come to regret her past injudicious remarks.

One irony of the legacy of the incomes policy may be an unholy alliance between the Arthur Scargills and market economists in Government. Nevertheless, it is that section of the population most vulnerable to market forces for which I fear in the next couple of years. The only consolation is that Governments have a habit of being drawn towards the centre as they provoke opposition on the extremes. I foresee an era when community policies, self-help and grass roots opposition may prove more effectual than a Labour Party in need of a thorough overhaul. This is one reason why, after fifteen years on those green benches, I feel that a greater contribution may be made from outside the confines and conventions of the Westminster Division lobbies.

I therefore pose the argument for the development of a variety of approaches to find a new radical alternative based on a wide variety of topics but eventually coming together under one umbrella. The concept may cheer Alan Beith or the National Council for Civil Liberties and innumerable fringe groups which currently feel alienated from the monoliths which more than ever dominate the Commons. It may even strike panic into the hearts of professional politicians on both sides of the Chamber, were the concept to assume cohesion and able leadership. Out of it may emerge a new politics embracing liberal and socialist concepts of the past fused with ideas more relevant to the nineteen eighties. If that were to emerge during the next five years then Mrs. Thatcher's embodiment of the shopkeepers' ethic may lead to a very different window display in the supermarket that would face her. This may be a forlorn hope if we draw upon North Sea oil to create a never-had-it-so-good mentality of the kind that kept the old wizard Macmillan in power for thirteen years. However, the strains and tensions already being provoked in the first days of Government may create a broad opposition capable of drawing in disparate and original thought. Let us hope that such a radical alliance is not slow to take off in the wake of conventional two party politics. Perhaps *Contemporary Review* might play its part in sparking off such a fire?

HOW TO CONTROL THE COLLAPSE

by John Elsom

WHEREVER you went, you heard a different language. At a reception where the advertised cocktails were all the local plum brandies, sweet but explosive, I learnt how to say 'Good Morning' in Chinese. A director from Peking coached me, Shu Qiang, through a relay of interpreters, all nodding, bowing and smiling, until I had got the pronunciation right—or almost right, for I could never say it at breakfast without sending the entire Chinese delegation, four of them, into fits of imitation and, worse, retaliation, for their 'Gud Mor Ning' changed a wholesome English phrase into a sinister oriental one.

The Chinese interpreter had learnt Serbo-Croat in Peking. He spoke it with such fluency that our Yugoslav hosts could scarcely believe that he had never left China in his life before; and were amazed and flattered that he should have chosen their language to learn, rather than French or English, of which he understood not a word. His proficiency was a smaller symbol—as the whole symposium in Novi Sad on *The Modern Actor* was a larger one—of the role which Yugoslavia has come to play in world affairs, a link between East and West, East and East (for there was also a one-woman Russian delegation), a Third World outpost in old Europe; but, strictly speaking, it did not guarantee that he would be able to follow all the proceedings or the plays in the accompanying Sterijino Pozorje festival, for in this region, Slavonia, there are five official languages, of which Serbo-Croat is only one, Or two.

We saw plays in Hungarian and Slovenian; and at one of the daily televised discussions about the premières the night before, where actors met critics in a coil of cables and a sweat of lights, someone got up and spoke in Ruthenian, a very obscure local language indeed. The nearest equivalent to a *lingua franca* was French, which, with Serbo-Croat and English, was one of three official languages at the Symposium, held very formally in the regional parliament building. Most Yugoslavs understood and spoke German all too well, but they were reluctant to acknowledge that they did, for it brought back bad memories.

Novi Sad is in the north-east of Yugoslavia, about 40 miles from Belgrade, on the Danube and surrounded by those flat, fertile plains which stretch all the way north, past Budapest—the Hungarian plains, the ancient granary of Europe. At different times, Slavonia could have claimed to be an outpost of several empires—Ottoman, Austro-Hungarian and Russian—for unlike those inaccessible mountain regions of Bosnia, Montenegro and Macedonia to the south and west, by the Adriatic, where towns and villages have trumpeted their independence since the start of history, Slavonia has few natural or artificial barriers against invasion. Novi Sad, however, possesses one of them. We were staying in it, a castle turned into a hotel, on a sharp butt of a hill, overlooking a strategic curve in the Danube.

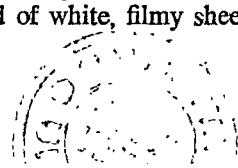
It was built mainly against the Turks. At first sight, it looked more like a country house than a castle, with no turrets or slits, and only a few pre-

served anti-tank guns from the Second World War to remind you of its recent past. But underneath the hotel, in the hill itself, were tunnels and armouries, trenches and machine gun hollows, trained towards the vulnerable river, which, in springtime, when the waters rushed down from the distant hills, could float warships from south or north. These battlements were now covered in soft grass, perfect for privacy and lovers. The hotel rooms had lost their former severity, carved wood and chandeliers softening the bullet-proof stone; while deep in the bomb-proof cellars was the most international symbol of all, a place where languages did not matter for they could scarcely be heard, a swinging disco.

Novi Sad has turned cosmopolitanism into a cottage industry. The interpreters came from local colleges, young, attractive and living at home, where their parents could keep an eye on them. This most provincial of provincial towns, for it has never had the opportunity to be anything else, is naturally polyglot; and, as an easy extension of its own linguistic diversity, it becomes every two years a theatrical united nations, with delegates coming from all over the world, from Iraq and Zaire, from Japan, Senegal, Mexico, Morocco, Cyprus, both Germanies, from countries where there is really no theatre at all and others where there is too much, a small library of academics, a thesaurus of writers, a conflict of critics and an option of producers. At this symposium, since nobody knew exactly what a modern actor was or how he differed from an ancient Thespian, we talked egotistically about ourselves, which was quite engrossing enough.

The dramatist Sterianus whom the festival commemorates is forgotten everywhere in Europe but here. Novi Sad has no particular advantages for the role which it has set itself, apart from languages, willingness and hospitality. Its national theatre—and many Yugoslav towns have national theatres, because so many nations comprise Yugoslavia—is in that familiar state of semi-completion, holes for stages, boards for lighting grids, that ours in London suffered for years. The other theatres are no more than adapted halls; and one director, desperate at the thought of staging *Three Sisters* in a long, skinny auditorium with a proscenium arch stage, turned the place inside out, sitting the audience on the stage and covering the rows of seats with parachute silk and bullrushes to look like a lake. The actors bounced on the forestage on foam-rubber mattresses. It was, under the circumstances, *very* Peter Stein; but what alarmed some foreign visitors was the lack of fire regulations. The fire exits were at the other end of the theatre; and in between, actors were carrying lit candles among flammable rushes. One slip, or a private grievance, could have set the rushes alight and burnt up a substantial part of the International Association of Theatre Critics.

Because the languages were hard to follow, despite synopses and interpreters, we became very aware of such matters as fire regulations and the low technical standards of the Yugoslav productions. The lights shed unwanted shadows, sometimes across the faces of the actors; the stage-hands were a little obvious and there were many scenic snags. There was a religious allegory for Easter Sunday, *The Legend*, in which Christ debated with his sceptical self. The set consisted of white, filmy sheets, combing to



an elegant fold of white curtains backstage; but at the side of the focal point, in full view, was a large pulley which nobody had managed to hide. Lazarus had to be resurrected twice; and his first elevation went smoothly enough. Salvo Avdic as Lazarus, with a white face and drooping anarchist's moustache, rose through the floor, amid mists, on a stage lift. On the second occasion, however, the lift stuck and the smoke gun failed to light. Avdic had to clamber out of the hole and sit on the side, striking matches to light the gun. It is bad enough, as any politician knows, to be resurrected twice without having to provide your own smoke.

This roughness had a moral, which is why I mention it, for Yugoslav theatres are very democratic places. It can be confusing if too many people have to be consulted before something gets done. When the whole company was united behind a group effort, as in two admirable student productions or in the powerful *Liberation of Skopje* where we were jostled around the concrete shell of the national theatre to the sound of gunfire, the results were impressive; but if there's a hint of hesitancy, the uncertainty can spread in all directions, into an endless discussion of ends and means, with nobody wanting to take responsibility, or everybody doing so, which amounts to the same problem. The uneven results on the stages illustrated what *Komunist*, the Belgrade paper, once described as 'the most wonderful ideological conspiracy in the world', the Yugoslav experiment in workers' self-management.

This system has been well described in Dusky Doder's *The Yugoslavs* (Allen and Unwin), good grass-roots journalism, strong in detail but a little weak in theory, from an American foreign correspondent born in Yugoslavia. What struck me about these theatrical examples of self-management was not that they didn't work well, but that they worked at all, and under conditions which, in Britain, would have brought NATTKE out on strike and drawn Equity into a lather of full-page ads in *The Stage*. Self-management, and indeed the unique Yugoslavia pattern of democracy, was one of several tantalising paradoxes which drew me to Novi Sad in the first place, along with other delegates whose curiosity overcame their apprehensions of a symposium in Serbo-Croat.

These paradoxes need to be savoured separately: collectively, they are too overwhelming, like the miracle which wantonly upsets the laws of nature. The first is of a non-aligned communist country, whose head of state provides the closest parallel, outside Monaco, to an absolute monarch, Tito. Tito's personal triumph, apart from non-alignment, has been to maintain and strengthen the national coherence of a country which once gave balkanisation its bad name. By all logic, Tito's country should have torn itself apart years ago with tribal rivalries. There are six more-or-less self-governing republics in Yugoslavia, each with its dominant race but with large ethnic minorities. In 1971, Croatian nationalists were demanding a seat in the United Nations for themselves; and there are other groups, such as the Albanians, who look across none-too-friendly borders for their national leaders. Even if we temporarily forget racial differences—hard enough in a place where the signs are in five languages and even the plum

brandies are patriotic—there are other forces, economic among them, conspiring against stability: the perpetual tug-of-war between consumerism and egalitarianism, West and East, the drain of emigrant workers (20% of the labour force) to more affluent countries and all the stresses of quick modernisation in a land regarded not so long ago as the most backward in Europe. Dusky Doder mentions some of the statistics: they are astonishing. The illiteracy rate has been cut within a generation from 50% to 15% of the population. In 1938, there were only 100 miles of paved roads: now there are 30,000 miles. In 1945, there were 3 universities, now 158. The life expectancy has increased from 46 years (in 1938) to 68. And so on, down a long list of indices of advancement. However sceptical we may feel about Tito's methods of government (and about statistics), it is quite safe to assert that these claims must be, to a large degree, true, because otherwise they would be too easy to contradict, even by a casual visitor to Novi Sad. And if true, they must have been achieved through a reasonably purposeful and united country, for nothing stops advancement in its tracks more sharply than distrust.

If national unity were not sufficiently improbable under the circumstances, it was capped by this display of power devolution. 'Yugoslavia', a young industrialist told me, during a lull at the disco, 'is the most democratic country in Europe'. He paused, and added: 'In the world'. Well, it was noisy in that swinging cellar, and there may have been wry undertones which I missed, and certainly Yugoslavs sometimes talk about the world as if it were the only place which really matters; but my impression was that he meant exactly what he said. Dusky Doder put it differently: he likened the Yugoslav central government to a kindly schoolmaster who nevertheless carries a big stick, which he uses on rare occasions.

They could both be right: much depends upon how the 1974 Constitution works in practice and it may still be too soon to decide how it will survive under real pressure. The constitution left the federal government with few direct powers — foreign affairs, the army and internal security among them. The other powers were delegated, first, to the republican parliaments, and second to the local assemblies. The local assembly is, in theory, the basic unit of government. It consists of representatives from three groups — local industry, the unions and the communities. The assembly elects delegates to the republican parliament, to reflect the composition of the three groups; while the federal government is evenly balanced between the republican delegates and those from the central authority headed by Tito. Therefore, the individual worker who elects someone to represent him at the local assembly, is at the same time determining the composition of the republican and the federal parliaments.

The theory of workers' self-management, which predates the constitution, devolves power still further, to the factory floor; while the local communities, in theory, represent many smaller associations. Ivo Bresan, the brilliant Yugoslav dramatist whose comedies, though written from a Marxist standpoint, satirize the confusions and hypocrisies of socialism in practice, has written a comedy, *The President Is Dead*, which was pre-

miered this summer at Split. His director, Marin Caric, described it to me. It was about a housing association whose tenants had to elect a chairman to represent them. Nobody wanted the job, apart from an old, rather isolated man, who had nothing else to do. He is elected, for want of anyone else; but, given the power, he proves an interfering old busybody, measuring up people's rooms to prove that they are all exactly equal. And they are not. The tenants, maddened by the meddling, resort to the ultimate political weapon—assassination; with the least willing and competent member democratically chosen to carry it out.

And so, according to Bresan, local democracy has its sinister, as well as its confusing, side. For the foreign visitors to the Novi Sad festival, however, these nuances were lost in a wash of general impressions. Here we were, sitting down together, Arab with Jew, Russian with Chinese, in a silly season of non-alignment enjoying the sun and food of a quiet provincial town in nowhere, whose very composition of tribes and languages reproached the rest of the world for quarrelling unnecessarily. Some of us came from countries with acute secessionist problems. The Basques were worrying, the Walloons troublesome, the Ukrainians impossible; while several kept asking me about what was going to happen in Northern Ireland, not to mention Scotland after the failure of the devolution campaign. The Canadian delegate dreaded the forthcoming general election, which could so easily lead, he said, to the balkanisation of Canada. He blamed the unfair voting system, not proportional representation but the British pattern.

Are there any mysterious political formulae by which Yugoslavia has managed to combat those secessionist threats which dog peaceful and affluent Canada still? In one way, Tito's recent approach has been against a certain orthodoxy in Britain and Canada. In Britain, many assume that the answer to the threat of secessionism must be the strengthening of central government; and that sounds logical. In Yugoslavia, the response to these challenges has been wholesale devolution, strengthening the very powers which could cause a collapse—encouraging Serbs to be more Serbian, Croats Croatian, praising the warlike qualities of the Macedonians and Bosnians, and allowing rival churches to pursue their independence.

My main impression, however, from too short and selective a visit was that the real strength of the Yugoslav federation came from recent folk-memories, which have been so vivid and traumatic that they have wiped out older ones. Nobody wanted to return to a situation where one race could be played off against another; nobody looked for a return to that internal weakness which left Yugoslavia as a small card in a poker game between major powers; nobody forgot the German invasion or the blood-curdling threats from Stalin. If Canada breaks up, it will be partly because it lacks external threats. Yugoslavia survives because of them.

But Yugoslavia has also been lucky in that its national independence has been so personified by one extraordinary man, that lively octogenarian, President Tito. You cannot escape from the Tito legend in Yugoslavia: his face is even on theatre programmes. Everybody tells stories about him

—his ruthlessness, his tolerance, his love of good living, his one-upmanship, his sense of priorities, his subtlety, his forthrightness, the bears he shoots, his style. Hagiography aside, Tito's political astuteness in internal Yugoslav affairs has been shown, to my mind, in the way in which he has manipulated the two most fundamental laws of government.

Since these laws are entirely of my own formulation, I had better explain them. The first is that governments always seek those powers which they deem necessary to their survival as governments. The second is that the acquisition of these powers becomes, after a time, self-defeating. The country becomes a vast bureaucracy or military camp. The simplest procedure loses itself in a mass of complications, until government collapses through the weight of its own over-centralised authority. Neurotic governments snatch power wherever they can, greedily hang on to it, thus ensuring their ultimate collapse. Sensible governments play the power game with more finesse, calculating at the very moment when they are demonstrating their authority through repression and censorship, how to give it away again, without causing too much fuss. The art of government is shown not so much by what it does in the swell of its office, but by how it anticipates and controls its collapse. Unlike almost any other autocrat you can name, Tito has learnt how to divert the forces ranging up against him into a kind of democracy. He controlled the collapse; and that, in time, may prove to be the most valuable lesson imparted by his strange federation to the bewildered, onlooking world.

KENYA ESCALATES THE WAR ON POACHING

by Thomas Land

SEVERAL members of Kenya's wildlife protection squads have been killed since Nairobi's decision last year to impose a total ban on hunting. President Moi has now agreed to become a patron of WWF and sent a Minister to Geneva to carry his 'total war' on poaching into the world of international trade and diplomacy. African countries are seeking regional cooperation to save their wildlife, a lucrative source of tourist revenue intended to finance industrial development.

A wildlife protection squad operating in East Africa's famous Tasavo West national park recently engaged a pack of poachers in a half hour shoot-out in which automatic weapons were used by both sides, according to Matthew Ogutu, the Kenyan Minister of Tourism and Wildlife. Seven suspects were arrested in possession of six rhino horns said to be worth more on the illegal markets than their weight in opium.

Ogutu disclosed the extent of the escalating war on poaching during a visit to the headquarters of the World Wildlife Fund (WWF). He also announced Nairobi's intention to ratify the Washington convention prohibiting trade in endangered species. One specialist report before the WWF estimates that, if the present trends are allowed to continue, the world's elephant herds may well disappear before the turn of the century. During the past five years alone, their numbers have shrunk by more than half both in East Africa and in India, the world's two biggest elephant habitats.

Representatives of 48 countries which have ratified the Washington convention have just met in Costa Rica to seek new ways to slow the illegal traffic despite the high financial rewards offered by buyers in Europe, the Far East and the Arabian peninsula. Another conference in Gaborone, Botswana, earlier called for research aimed at developing ways of saving wildlife without hindering the expansion of land put to agricultural use.

President Moi of Kenya has agreed to become a patron of WWF in a symbolic gesture, declaring 'total war' on poaching 'at all costs'. His Minister came to Geneva to carry that war into the world of international trade and diplomacy.

'It is at the end markets, especially in Brussels, Hongkong and, more recently, in the Yemen, where we need help,' he told a press conference at the Palais des Nations. 'As long as this high priced demand is allowed to continue, it will be impossible to stamp out the threat to our wildlife.'

Hongkong is the centre of the world ivory trade. Recently it imposed increased restrictions on the import of elephant tusks.

The idea is to give teeth to the national conservation policies by excluding from the international market all consignments of ivory lacking proper export licences issued by their countries of origin. But such measures cannot stop poachers from making their kill in one African country and then smuggling the ivory to another to obtain permission to export. And

the restrictions themselves contribute to increasing prices.

Kenya has been promised two $60,000 high-power patrol boats and some land vehicles by the WWF to close what Ogutu describes as 'one remaining serious gap in our defences'—the long coastline where the poachers often make their getaway. He also sought collective diplomatic pressure to control the markets.

He said that the national police force has now joined the government's Conservation Department in what has clearly become an escalating war against poaching. The move is part of an ambitious five-year programme to eliminate poaching entirely by investing $36.5 million in various nature conservation schemes.

Kenya's elephant herd has been 'reduced from 167,000 in 1973 to about 65,000 at the end of last year,' explains a specialist, 'and the rhino are down from 11,000 in 1968 to 1,800 at most last year—and are heading for extinction. These are the most coveted animals for poachers, but others have probably been saved just in time.'

Specialists are now calling for the appointment of a central authority to monitor elephant populations in Africa and Asia; and there are moves towards the establishment of an international fund to save the herds. The Gaborone meeting also agreed that the first priority in all the African countries was the establishment of reliably accurate inventories of existing wildlife resources, with a view to saving them with international scientific and financial assistance. Indeed, half the cost of Kenya's five-year nature conservation project is financed by the World Bank.

In the long-term, education may well be the most effective approach to wildlife conservation, says one specialist concerned with the African project. 'The Swahili word for wildlife,' he goes on, 'is *nyama* (meat), which occasionally attacks people, destroys their crops and competes for grazing with their livestock. As dead meat, it is food and money. . . . It is important that they should be compensated for the losses which they will inevitably incur through the hunting ban.'

[Thomas Land is an author and foreign correspondent who writes on world affairs from several European capitals.]

CANADA ELECTION '79

by Tom Riley

THE results of the Canadian elections are in and a winner declared—Joseph Clark, a man the Canadian press so often called Joe Who? in very disparaging tones. But he no longer is Joe Who but Mr. Prime Minister and faces an onerous task which as his term goes on might seem thankless.

Now that all the euphoria and excitement is on the decline, more sombre thought is going to be given by a lot of serious minded people to the future of Canada, for during the election it was perhaps not always possible to see the real problems in perspective, at least not from the point of view of the media. As to public sentiment, that too is difficult to assess because as in any democratic country elections bring on a rising tide of feeling that starts with a rush at the announcement or beginning of the campaign, eases off slightly in the first stages and then builds to a watershed right up to election day when a sort of mania develops, especially among the press. When there is a changeover an even more noticeable emotion grips the country as suddenly the new Government is seen as a hope factor to cure the goofs, errors and problems created by their predecessor.

This subsides within a few days as the country once again settles down into its normal way of life—the daily business of personal survival. For one brief interlude the electorate know instinctively that this one moment is their only real participation in the governing process; soon they leave it behind them and wait to see if the promised millenium will come. In most cases it doesn't!

In Canada, this holds particularly true in this election. As the Liberals have been in power for the last 16 years, with 11 of them under Trudeau, the common mood did seem one of change. People were perhaps a little more excited about this election than others because here was a new man on the scene to replace the bombastic Mr. Trudeau.

The press hypothesized this was the reason, the need for a change and the arrogance of the former Prime Minister, but close analysis reveals that it went much deeper than this. Under the reign of Trudeau inflation had become rampant, there was an erosion of civil liberties, a separatist party came to power, the central bureaucracy grew larger and more centralized and increasingly the Government was interfering in the life of the little man.

A lot has been made of the fact the Liberals did so well in Quebec (they got 67 out of the 75 seats and only 114 in the country as a whole, including Quebec) with the Conservatives getting 136 seats (2 in Quebec), the New Democratic Party 26 (an increase of 8, none in Quebec) and the Social Credit Party getting only 6 seats losing 5 (all their seats are in Quebec). There seems to be a rush to interpret this as meaning English Canada voted Conservative while Quebec went with the Liberals, thus causing a French-English split. Yes, the majorities in Quebec for the Liberals were

astounding, the Prime Minister himself winning a 39,000 vote majority. However, it must be looked at that overall in the vote-count the Liberals polled 40% of the popular vote while the Conservatives polled 36%. The Canadian system is similar to the British and it is the seats one wins, not the total popular vote gained, which determines the outcome.

The New Democratic Party polled 18% of the vote, a 1% increase from the 1974 election, but went from 18 to 26 seats. It was they who took a lot of votes away from the Liberals right across Canada.

The Liberals did not get all of their popular vote in Quebec; it is just that they were strongest in Quebec, and always have been, long before there were the strained relations which now exist between the two cultures and languages.

It is really a small percentage of people, who went from the Liberals in 1974 to the Conservatives in 1979, that changed the outcome of the vote. It is grossly irresponsible of the popular press to highlight this Canada-Quebec split in the vote, as it can only serve to antagonize the situation. A closer analysis of the actual split of the vote would be more appropriate. In many areas the Liberals were decisively routed and 12 Cabinet Ministers went down to defeat. Certainly some of them lost by 6 to 9 thousand majorities which shows a dissatisfaction, very deep rooted, with the way the country was run. It is much the same as here in England, with the traditional seats that go the same way, election after election.

The difference in Canada is that there are not as many safe seats, but there are voters who vote one way all their lives and never change no matter what happens. This is the way it has been in Quebec where the population as a whole has voted Liberal all this century with the exception of 1958 when the then charismatic Prime Minister John Diefenbaker swept through the province of Quebec, taking seats never before won by the Conservatives. It was part of the tide of hope that ran all through Canada in that Golden Year when so many Canadians saw in John Diefenbaker a man of vision and scope who would change Canada once and for all and take it out of the drab hands of the arrogant Liberals who had been in power for decades. However, this was not to be and the dream soon faded with the passing years and in 1963 the dream was lost and the Liberals were back in power. The stronghold in Quebec returned and life became for Canadians as it always was—a Liberal Government.

Voters in Quebec, because of their cultural background, always tended to distrust the Conservatives (at least in the last few decades) as definitely not being one of *them*. The Liberals often have a French leader and there has been a rotation of this since the days of McKenzie King (their leader for 27 years, 22 as Prime Minister), King was followed by 'Uncle' Lois St. Laurent, then came Lester B. Pearson followed by Pierre Trudeau.

However, the Conservatives consistently elect English Canadians and almost seem to have a death wish on this point when it comes to Quebec. When Clark was elected leader in 1976 he narrowly defeated a prominent Quebecer, Claude Wagner. And he never turned out to be an asset for the

Party, but ended up squabbling and disagreeing with the leader. He was finally appointed to the Senate and relegated out of the public eye.

It had been expected that the Quebec-based Social Credit Party (who outside the province are a negligible federal force) would sweep the northern part of the province. This did not happen and instead the Liberals took five seats away from them. Again, this is not surprising as the power and popularity of the Party came from their late leader, Real Caouette. Their popularity began to wane well before his death, when he became ill and lost a lot of his vigour and elan. The future of the party was clear long before Caouette's death.

I, then, was not surprised about the results in Quebec. My only concern is that the division of seats is not made an issue and to hope that the new Prime Minister will have the sense to treat the problem of a separatist Government in Quebec rather than try to interpret the vote as a rejection of French-Canada by English-Canada.

On this score he might do well not even to interfere in Quebec and bide his time, as it is beginning to look as if the incumbent *Parti Quebeçois* might have difficulty in being re-elected. There will be a referendum in Quebec on the question of Sovereignty Association and it is not all that certain that there will be a majority vote. Undoubtedly, this is the Prime Minister's thorniest problem and one he cannot ignore.

Another interesting aspect of this election was the coverage by the press of Mr. Clark himself. Throughout the campaign then Prime Minister, Pierre Trudeau, was cast in a most favourable light, with the exception of his tirades against the farmers when he called them a bunch of complainers, or against the unemployed when he said most of them couldn't get jobs because they were either too lazy or drunk (which I am sure endeared him to the hearts of Canada's one million unemployed. Trudeau has a way of putting the blame elsewhere instead of squarely on his own shoulders where it belongs.) Much of the press, in their editorials, finally came out against the re-election of Trudeau.

However, as to Mr. Clark he was shown in the worst popular light, comparing him (in his mannerisms) to ex-President Nixon, or bumbling and falling (remember President Ford), or being devastated in the national debates on TV by the Prime Minister and NDP leader Ed Broadbent. It seemed he could do nothing right and no one in his right mind would want him as leader, let alone Prime Minister.

However, once again the fallibility of the press in judging what people want was proven and now we shall see if Joe Clark is all those things the press were saying about him.

Joe Clark does have trouble communicating both with crowds and on Television. He does not come across as at all animated, but rather stiff. Too often his speeches seem to be delivered in a monotone not differing from one audience to another. But that is just style and the real substance of the man is what will matter in the months to come as he comes to grips with the problems and he and his team grapple with the future. It is certainly not an enviable task and sometimes causes one to wonder why any

one wants the job at all, if not for a whiff and touch of the power of office or, the highest purpose of them all, a sense of responsibility and duty to one's country.

If anything, the Canadian election of 1979 was interesting. It saw the election of the youngest Prime Minister ever (Mr. Clark is 39) and the ousting of the longest-standing leader of the Western World. Many Cabinet Ministers went down to defeat (including former Conservative MP Jack Horner from Alberta who had crossed the floor to the Liberals and gone into the Cabinet. Said one westerner: 'Here in the West we know what to do with traitors.' Looks like Mr. Horner found that out!)

As to the future of Pierre Trudeau, he has said that he will continue on, as he was sure he would be a good leader of the Opposition. His wife, Margaret, danced through the night of the election at Studio 54. Joe Clark's wife, Maureen McTeer, will continue to be known by her maiden name.

Just before the elections the famous hockey team, the Montreal Canadiens won, once again, the Stanley Cup finals, the highest trophy in hockey, proving once again the supremacy of the French Canadians as hockey players. In baseball, the Montreal Expos and the Toronto Blue Jays started off their year losing once again; a heat wave moved across the country; politics started to move off the front pages; Margaret Trudeau flew in to Ottawa to be with her children (and perhaps to console Pierre); Canadians continued to take holidays in the United States and Europe rather than spend their dollars in Canada. Life moved on as usual in Canada, but with a noticeable sense of optimism that the change in Government was good—and that things will be better.

THE LAND OF LORNA DOONE

by J. H. B. Peel

'WHEREVER I travel in England . . . I see that men, wherever they can reach, destroy all beauty. They seem to have no other desire or hope but to travel fast. Every perfect and lovely spot which they can touch, they defile.' That protest was uttered by John Ruskin in 1860. It had, of course, been preceded by William Blake's protest against the factories which were ravaging not only 'England's green and pleasant land' but also the lives of its people. Rilke summed it up when he cried: 'The world has fallen into the hands of men.' This so-called threat to the environment takes many forms, including nuclear hazard, pollution by oil tankers, and proliferation of the noisome eyesores which angered Ruskin.

Anyone nowadays who criticises any aspect of industry and commerce will find himself mocked as an advocate of hand-looms and garden privies; yet logic allows that one may condemn a part without therefore condemning the whole. In what follows I shall examine the threats to Exmoor, where I live; and although the welfare of a relatively small area may at first sight seem trivial, Exmoor itself is in some ways typical of other rural areas which, when they are added together, create a national, not simply a regional, problem. An examination of this problem must eschew orotund expressions of aesthetic sensibility. Precise facts are more effective than vague sentiments. *Pace* Keats, Beauty is not all we need to know. We need to know how to feed ourselves, how to defend ourselves, how to make good use of any invention that really does foster the good life. We must give as well as take. Above all, we must stand firm when we believe that we have given enough.

Many people have heard of Exmoor, if only because they have read R. D. Blackmore's *Lorna Doone;* but the extent and location of the region are by no means widely known. Exmoor — the place where the River Exe rises—lies partly in North Devon and partly in West Somerset. During the Middle Ages it was a royal chase or hunting ground. Some maps still mark it as Exmoor Forest ('forest' being the ancient word for any sizeable expanse of wild and uncultivated country). Although Exmoor's boundaries were at one time clearly defined, they are now commonly equated with the wider boundaries of the Exmoor National Park which extends from a point near Elworthy in Somerset to a point near Combe Martin in Devon and thence southward to Dulverton. The total area—about fifteen miles by twenty-five—is a Park only insofar as certain landowners have granted access to certain parts of it.

Several tracts of Exmoor remain as wild as ever they were, notably The Chains, a treeless and desolate region on the Devon-Somerset border, 1,700 feet above sea level. No roads reach The Chains. You must arrive either on foot or astride a horse. Having arrived, you will find only a few hardy cattle and sheep. A second moorland tract—less bleak but more

beautiful—lies around Dunkery Beacon, the Moor's highest point, overlooking Wales across the Severn Sea. Other comparable tracts exist between Molland and Dulverton, and along the coast near Heddon's Mouth in Devon (this was the cliffscape that evoked Charles Kingsley's *sursum corda*: 'What a sea-wall they are, those Exmoor hills! Sheer upward from the sea a thousand feet . . .'). When Robert Southey visited Exmoor he rated Lynmouth as one of the three most beautiful places he had ever seen.

All the Exmoor villages are small, and none of them lies in the desolate tracts. The majority of Moorfolk either work on the land or in some way serve those who do so work. Sheep come first, then cattle, then arable produce. There are no factories nor any railways. On the rare occasions when I do visit London I must drive nearly fifty miles to a main line station across the Somerset border. I live four miles from the nearest shop (the only one in the district) and twelve miles from any place which a townsman would regard as more than a large village. One might suppose that such a spectacular region would be adequately protected against the Philistines, if only because it is among the very few wild landscapes still left in southern England. Exmoor, however, is *not* adequately protected against the Philistines; on the contrary, it has already been assaulted, and the breach will soon widen.

One of the assaults comes from the RAF, and it is this that has aroused the greatest anger. As recently as 1976 Exmoor seldom heard an aircraft. In 1977, however, the RAF announced that it would re-open a derelict airfield near Barnstaple *subject to local reaction* (i.e., the airfield was not absolutely necessary). Naturally, the local people assumed that the North Devon District Council would oppose the plan. To most people's amazement the council enthusiastically approved the plan, saying that it would enrich some of the Barnstaple tradesmen. The local MP, who at that time was Jeremy Thorpe, likewise rejected the protests. In fact, he favoured the opening of a civil airfield. So, the people organised their own protest. Local and regional newspapers carried angry letters from farmers and hoteliers; the *Daily Telegraph* published two articles of protest; ITV showed several television protests; and the BBC broadcast a long radio talk in which the speaker did not pull his punches (the North Devon District Council, he said, 'has surrendered Exmoor as a practice ground for screeching fighters and rumbling bombers').

Although the RAF airfield will not open until 1980, Exmoor is already sampling the sound of things to come. Unless you have experienced attacks by low-flying planes you cannot fully understand how terrifying they are. The planes travel so fast that they arrive before you know it. They fly so low that you fear for your own roof. I know of Exmoor people who have been injured when their frightened horses bolted. I know of ewes that ran amok and lost their lambs. I know of tourists who left after one day; and the North Devon District Council knows, too, because it has publicly admitted that parish councils have protested against the danger to people and animals.

Night-flying over Exmoor was almost unknown until a year ago. Now it

occurs throughout the week. I was lately in a moorland house when Concorde passed over. After the customary explosions, plaster fell from the ceiling, a door slammed, and a small vase toppled from the shelf. In 1978 the moorland village of Brayford was five times awakened by low-flying aircraft between midnight and six a.m. on a spring day. Yet in 1976 an article in a national newspaper said: 'If holidaymakers want to escape from traffic and aircraft they should choose Exmoor. We spent a whole week near the Poltimore Arms and heard no aircraft at all.'

Not long ago a number of protesters monitored the increase of the noise. After careful checking, some of their reports were sent to the North Devon District Council. I have the council's reply, signed by the chief executive. It consists of two short sentences dismissing the reports as not worthy of comment. A second letter was sent to the council, stating that the monitors included naval and army officers as well as farmers and housewives. To this no reply was received.

As though aircraft were not enough, a rifle range at Filleigh now disturbs the peace. Until a few years ago the range was seldom heard, and then only for short periods; today it is used by troops with automatic weapons, and the din may last for several hours. It can be heard at a point called Orstone Cross overlooking one of the highest parts of the Moor. Moreover, several villagers find that their access to the main road and the nearest shops is now barred by signboards announcing that no compensation will be paid if a user of the various lanes is killed or wounded by gunfire. As a result, people must make a steep and devious detour when the guns are firing.

A second assault is reclamation of moorland by farmers who have already destroyed thousands of acres. Now if the area in question were large enough to make a significant addition to our home-produced food, and if the farmers themselves were suffering hardship through lack of land, then expediency might plead a case for yet another reduction of the dwindling remnants of moorland. But the area in question is far too small to make a significant addition to our home-produced food, and the farmers are conspicuously prosperous. Nevertheless, some of them would like to destroy an ever bigger tract of the Moor and with it the flora and fauna that thrive thereon, notably the red deer, the feral ponies, and the heather and gorse. A machine can destroy an acre of such land in half an hour, but to re-create that acre would take centuries. Fortunately, in 1978 the government accepted a report which limited the amount of moorland that can be reclaimed. Yet no one believes that the farming lobby has accepted permanent defeat.

A third threat comes from commercial interests which would like to exploit the Moor's mineral deposits. A certain amount of prospecting has already occurred. If the prospectors ever do find what they seek, the Moor and its environs will suffer the roar and stench of heavy lorries on new roads, and an army of strangers will arrive, bringing with them a brand of industrial relations which the Moorfolk have hitherto regarded as an urban and therefore a distant evil. A similar threat was made by the Knights, a

Victorian family of Worcestershire industrialists, who acquired a large segment of Exmoor from the Crown. Having bestowed real benefits by reclaiming a reasonable amount of land, the Knights proposed to transform Exmoor into a mining area and to 'develop' Porlock Weir as a huge harbour. Hundreds of Irish labourers were imported for the task, but the cost soared so steeply that the scheme collapsed. Today, therefore, Porlock Weir is still a yachtsman's haven, and the Moor itself does not resemble a derelict slag heap.

But, you may, say, such 'development' is nowadays impossible because National Parks are protected by Act of Parliament. In theory this is so; in practice it is sometimes not so—witness the testimony of Lord Strang when he was chairman of the National Parks Commission: 'Where a government department has had plans for erecting large installations of one kind or another in a National Park, I can remember no case where it has been diverted from its purpose by anything that the Commission might say. . .' In other words, if the prospectors ever do decide that Exmoor is worth ravaging they will certainly be supported by local councillors, and probably encouraged by Parliament itself.

A fourth threat comes from tourism, which an eminent historian, Dr. J. A. Williamson, has described as 'the sale of a country's charms for money, a species of harlotry. . .' National Parks attract a spate of visitors whose presence destroys the silence and solitude which some of them seek. Exmoor is *not* enhanced by publicity, Park signposts, information offices, litter bins and car parks.

There are places where even one motor vehicle shatters the numinous spell. Unlike Blackpool, Exmoor observes an Horatian *Odi profanum*. You may deplore this fact of life, but you cannot alter it. At present we are spared the more profitable excesses of tourism. Granted, Dunkery Beacon in August must be avoided by those who dislike seeking solitude in the company of hundreds of strangers; granted, too, that no sane person willingly enters Lynmouth during high summer. Nevertheless, even in August the heart of the Moor beats at its own steady pace, and a native has no difficulty in finding its secret places.

A fifth assault comes from a factory near South Molton on the edge of the Moor. Until last autumn this factory did not disturb people living several miles from it. Lately, however, the noise can be heard six miles away, even at the moorland village where Blackmore first heard the legend of the Doones (from his grandfather, who was the parson there). Some of the local people are kept awake by the noise, and several visitors have left guest houses in order to get a night's rest. Not long ago I was in Blackmore's parish at one o'clock in the morning. The high-pitched whine from the factory sounded like an approaching train—yet I had driven more than six miles from South Molton. The first complaint to the North Devon District Council was made several months ago by a farmer whose family was kept awake by the noise. Today the noise is as loud as ever.

The effects of these disturbances on tourism are serious. Some months ago, for example, a party of Americans intended to stay at a guest house

only a mile or so from Blackmore's parish. Arriving at 9 a.m., they were greeted by low-flying aircraft which sent them sprawling on the concrete yard. This welcome was followed by three hours of high-flying. Just before noon the gunnery range at Filleigh joined in and then maintained the battle until teatime. When silence did at last return, it was soon shattered by the whine of the South Molton factory which continued for several hours. Next morning the Americans departed, angered because the English Tourist Board had assured them Exmoor was a quiet region. At about the same time a party of thirty young people cancelled their Exmoor pony trek because of the danger from low-flying aircraft. In March 1978 I went to a field overlooking the Moor, intending to make a BBC programme about the district. After three hours of patient waiting I gave up because we had failed to get twelve minutes of respite from aircraft and the rifle range. Next day I tried again, with the same result.

We are told by the voice of expediency that many other rural areas endure similar assaults. We are told that all protest is a waste of time; that the individual citizen is nowadays negligible; that only Big Business and trades unions can impose their will on the State. To this we reply as follows: Exmoor really is among the few English regions that are still wild and majestic; people really do need such regions as oases to which they can retreat *pour mieux sauter;* national defence and international trade really can fulfil their own needs without deafening and disfiguring a unique blend of coast and moorland not elsewhere to be found in Britain; and in some cases a reasoned and powerful protest really can rout the Philistines. It is irrelevant to claim that Exmoor is still a comparatively quiet and unspoiled oasis; the point at issue is, the comparative unspoiled quietude is being rapidly eroded.

Such, then, in brief, are the plight and the prospects of the land of Lorna Doone, with particular reference to North Devon, which Blackmore himself rated as the fairest corner of 'the fairest county in Britain.' Ultimately, of course, the matter transcends ecology. It requires us to ask whether we can forever and ever produce an increasing quantity of sellable objects, some of which are harmful to our true welfare. It requires us to ask what will happen when the masses find themselves with nothing to do between Friday afternoon and the following Wednesday morning. I confess I have no answer to those questions, though I suspect that the first of them invites a resonant 'No!' Progress—our current catch-word—comes from the Latin *progredior,* meaning 'I go forward' . . . . which is what the drunkard did when he fell downstairs. Since technology has also taken leave of its wits, the world desperately needs a large number of anti-Progressives who, like Luther, will declare: 'Here stand I. God help me, I can do no other.'

[J. H. B. Peel writes the fortnightly essay, Country Talk, for the *Daily Telegraph.* His latest book of poems, *Light and Shade,* is published by Robert Hale.]

A NEW DEMANDING ROLE FOR THE LADY ZHAOJUN

by David Pollard

THE plain fact, as recorded in the *History of the Former Han,* is that Wang Zhaojun, a lady in the palace of the emperor Yuan, was given in marriage to the khan of the Xiungnu (Hun) barbarians in the year 33 B.C. in order to keep the northern frontier of China quiet. She had a son by him, and after he died in 31 B.C. the khan's son by a former marriage took her as his wife, as was the barbarian custom. She bore him two daughters. End of history, as far as concerned her.

Chinese ladies of rank—princesses indeed—had crossed into tartary before her to serve similar diplomatic ends, and more were to take that dusty trail after her, but for some reason the flair for romance that chroniclers and poets are led by found its quarry in Zhaojun more than any of the others, and her story was taken up and refashioned many times in subsequent ages. The popular legend that her tomb knoll remained forever verdant amidst the surrounding wastes usually got a mention, but otherwise the only two constants in these accounts were that Zhaojun was a peerless beauty and that her lot was not a happy one. Now Zhaojun has a brand new image, created for her by the foremost playwright in China, Cao Yu. He started work on his play in the early 1960s, at the suggestion of Premier Zhou Enlai (Chou Enlai), but then the Cultural Revolution intervened. For the ten years it lasted there was no possibility of an episode from feudal history being enacted on the stage, besides which Cao Yu was removed from the active list, along with the majority of established writers. Work was not resumed until after the 'Gang of Four', who had directed the Cultural Revolution, was disbanded at the end of 1976. The play *Wang Zhaojun* was published in November 1978 in *Renmin wenxue* ('People's Literature'), the leading literary magazine. Before we can consider what Cao Yu made of the Zhaojun story, however, we need to catch up with the knowledge and share the expectations of the Chinese audience that was to read and see it. This we can do by tracing the evolution that the story went through.

The chroniclers who followed Ban Gu, compiler of the *History of the Former Han,* supplied the personal details needed to humanize his bald account, though one does not know from what source these details derived, if any. The *History of the Later Han* (5th century A.D.) tells us that Zhaojun was elected as a daughter of a family of blameless reputation to join the ranks of the imperial concubines. As several years passed without the emperor showing his face (the number of concubines being embarrassingly large), out of resentment she volunteered to be one of the five palace women promised by Emperor Yuan to the khan Huhanye on the occasion of the latter's visit to the Han (Chinese) court. She attended the parade in her finest array, dazzling the assembled notables. The emperor himself

was bowled over and would fain have retained her services, but could not go back on his word. Later, when the khan's son sought her as wife on his father's death, Zhaojun petitioned to be allowed to return to China, but the new emperor Cheng decreed that she follow barbarian custom; consequently she became consort to the next khan.

Further elaboration appears in the *Western Capital Miscellany* (possibly 6th century A.D.), a work of more uncertain credentials. The reason why Zhaojun was not favoured is explained. As the emperor could not manage to fit all his concubines into his nightly rounds, portraits were painted of them and his choice was made on their basis. Zhaojun alone refused to bribe the painters, so her portrait was unflattering and she was 'relegated to the cold palace'. The reverse rule operated when the need was to dispose of a concubine, hence Zhaojun fell to the khan. At her farewell audience she was revealed to her crestfallen lord in all her glory, and proved to be refined in bearing and able in discourse into the bargain. The court artists were subsequently rusticated. Among them was one Mao Yanshou.

The direction Zhaojun's story took in these later accounts hinged upon one thing: their authors evidently felt she was to be pitied, and took her side. Sympathy most readily attaches itself to outstanding beauty, so the next step was to declare that she was the pick of the bunch. But then an explanation had to be found for that beauty not catching the emperor's eye. The inventory of portraits filled that need and also added to Zhaojun's moral stature by having her refuse to indulge in bribery.

At the same time as history was adjusting itself, the poets were not idle on Zhaojun's behalf. The first extant piece of verse which presented her as a subject of pathos was written about the end of the third century, by Shi Sui. It pictured her as a delicate bloom withered by the cold wind of history. Many more poems in the same vein were composed in the Tang dynasty, expressing sympathy for her having to leave her civilized homeland and bury herself in the desert. Perhaps this wave was stimulated by the revival of the practice of cementing alliances by the export of Tang princesses, this time to the Turks. In the poetic process her ethical scruples and cultural loyalties were emphasized by making her poison herself rather than marry her stepson—a notion particularly abhorrent to the Chinese.

The transition of the Zhaojun story to the stage was eased by its being framed as a *bianwen* in Tang times. This form of popular literature combines prose narrative with long verse passages, which is not far removed from the arrangement of arias linked by spoken dialogue that became the convention for Chinese drama. *Bianwen* is the name given to scrolls discovered in caves at Dunhuang, in the westernmost part of China, at the turn of the present century. The scroll dealing with Zhaojun, apparently dating from the eighth century, as it says 800 years have passed since the event, eschews most circumstantial detail, concentrating instead on the Ruth-like figure of Zhaojun, sick for home, standing in tears amid the alien steppes, lost and lorn away from all she knows. The feeling may not have been unknown to the Han Chinese settlers in Dunhuang, which

was situated on the trade route that led across central Asia, but the *bianwen*, prudently perhaps, does not exaggerate Zhaojun's plight by making her hosts obnoxious; on the contrary, by showing the khan considerate and eager to please her, it heightens the pathos of cultural incompatability: the magnificent hunt he lays on for her distraction only increases her homesickness. She wastes away and dies. The khan accords her extravagant funeral honours, and the piece ends with a tribute from the Chinese emperor's envoy, also lamenting her fate. There is, then, no villain to this version of the story. Her cruel lot is the only adversary that Zhaojun, now fully fledged as the tragic heroine, needs. Tragic heroines, though, tend to be cut off in their prime, so her career is here further foreshortened.

From a brief unhappy sojourn among the Xiungnu before finding journey's end to dying without setting foot on barbarian soil at all is only a short step. It is taken on the next major appearance of Zhaojun, in the Yuan dynasty play called *Autumn in the Han Palace*. Written by Ma Zhiyuan about the end of the thirteenth century, this is the piece which more than any other has immortalized the lady. Its success can be attributed in some measure to the fact that its theme touched a nerve exposed by the recent humiliation of the Han people. The house of Song (Sung), which had reigned for 300 years, had fallen to the Mongols, and the whole of the Chinese homeland was for the first time under alien rule. Such a catastrophe must entail culpability, and indeed the name of one minister at the Song court has gone down in infamy as the blackest kind of traitor. It seems more than coincidence that the play introduces two new elements, those of Chinese weakness and of a treacherous minister. Perhaps, too, the portrayal of forcible separation of man and wife may have meant more to an audience that had known the carrying off of Chinese women by the Mongol conquerors. But any political protest would have to have been covert, and would in any case be extraneous to the nature of the play, which centres on a *grand amour*.

In the *Autumn in the Han Palace*, the emperor has ample knowledge of Zhaojun before she is sent off to tartary. On one of his crepuscular mystery tours he is drawn by the sound of her plaintive lute to make her acquaintance, is immediately captivated by her beauty, and thereafter dotes on her to the exclusion of all affairs of state. Their idyll is brought to an end by the threat of the powerful khan to unleash his hordes against China unless he is given Zhaojun. With a staff adept only at empty ceremonial posturing, the emperor is forced to accede to the demand. Zhaojun makes the trek to the northern frontier, but rather than cross into barbarian territory she drowns herself in the Amur river. The last act plays out the anguish of the emperor as he listens to the honking of a wild goose migrated from the barren regions whither his love has been exiled.

Consuming passion of this kind obviously had to be built on a firmer footing than the glimpse the emperor had had of Zhaojun in previous accounts, however devastating its effect might have been: the pair had to become entwined. If so entwined, the possibility of accidental selection of

Zhaojun for exile is excluded: somehow the khan, albeit unfamiliar with the ladies at court, has to demand her and no other. To engineer this, a twist is given to the motif of the disfigured portrait. Mao Yanshou, mentioned in the *Western Capital Miscellany,* is revived in this connection, but from being a painter he is promoted to the role of evil minister. Originally he had been given the task of scouring the country for beauties to recruit to the imperial harem; Zhaojun's father could not afford the customary bribe, but Mao included Zhaojun nevertheless, distorting her portrait so that she would be condemned to perpetual neglect in order to get his revenge. He congratulates himself that 'To be of little spite is a petty thing; without venom a man is not a real man': a villain then akin to Iago. When his plot is discovered by the emperor happening on Zhaojun, he works out his malice by fleeing to the khan and telling him that Zhaojun herself begs to come to him but is prevented by her churlish master. Any doubt on the part of the khan is swept away by the production of a second portrait representing Zhaojun in her true splendour. Honourable man though the khan is, he is not made of stone.

All these changes follow naturally from the conception of the play as an imperial romance, and the transition to a full-blown dramatic production. Of the partners to the romance, the male predominates. It is the emperor who is given the singing role, so it is his delight, his impotent fury, and his anguish that are principally conveyed to us. In this respect the play is a cousin to the contemporary *Rain on the Wutung Tree,* which is about the similarly ill-starred love of the Tang emperor Minghuang for his concubine Yang Guifei. For her part, Zhaojun's suicide can be seen as a token of an equal attachment, but it is as well desirable dramatically for the shock of its impact. In like vein, it is surely in part at least to strike a thrill into the audience that Mao Yanshou is swollen with such diabolical spite. At the same time the recent doleful history of the state undoubtedly played a part in the play's conception too. At the most elementary level, it is unlikely that without it the premise of Chinese weakness vis-à-vis the barbarians, quite contrary to historical fact at the time the events took place, would have been acceptable.

The lyrical beauty of its arias, together with its appeal to wider issues, ensured the dominance of Ma Zhiyuan's play in the Zhaojun tradition. A later play from the end of the sixteenth century called *Zhaojun crosses the Frontier* failed to challenge its position, while the Peking Opera version of the same title was popular only as a stage production; but they did restore Zhaojun to her central position.

The end of empire and China's launch into the twentieth century could not fail to bring about a radical change in the Chinese psyche. No creative writer could be expected to conform to the established tradition, besides which the adoption of the Western-style spoken form of drama inevitably called for a different kind of play, one with less direct outpouring of the emotions and more intellectual content. It should occasion no surprise therefore that Gu Qinghai, who published *Zhaojun* in 1936, should have rejected the view of Zhaojun as a love-object or simple vehicle of sensibility

and given her more to chew on. Gu's heroine thinks for herself, stands up for her sex, and even more weightily, finds herself in the circumstances charged with the burden of maintaining the integrity of her nation. This modern play retains the Mao Yanshou subplot, but he is recast as a lecher; he disfigures Zhaojun's portrait because she rejects his advances. However, his duplicity is soon revealed, and he loses his head before the first act is over. In his end there is no thematic loss, for a greater lecher stands behind him, the emperor himself. The latter figures as a worthless rake, who numbers his years by the count of women he can enjoy. Clearly the question of sexual rights and practices is of some moment to the author: Zhaojun later speaks out against the double standard which demands virtuousness in women but condones philandering in men.

Important though this theme is, sexual dissoluteness is only symbolic of the general decadence at court. Little ceremony is observed there, and the level of intercourse is debased. Intrigues are blatant, and no concern is taken for the safety of the nation. Zhaojun is initially ignorant of this sorry state of affairs. She is chosen to be passed on to the Huns sight unseen as the ugliest of the palace women, on the basis of her portrait, and only meets the emperor fleetingly. She is appropriately melancholic on her expedition, until increasing intelligence induces contempt for those who sent her and she willingly throws in her lot with the khan. She dies in the northlands six years later, apparently from grief at the death of the khan. But her chance to denounce the malefactors is not lost. She returns as a ghost to warn the emperor that now neither she nor the khan is there to restrain them, the Xiungnu are again poised to attack China, He is on his deathbed, but though he temporarily revives at the sight of her, he proves unregenerate. The crown prince, a chip off the old block, is no more likely to heed her. So Zhaojun's constant hope in her six years in tartary that the Chinese would strengthen themselves has been in vain.

There is no poetry in this play, and no thought has gone into making it dramatically telling. Its point therefore must be in the accusations it makes, against a code of sexual morality certainly, but more importantly against those in charge of the nation's destiny who try to buy off a threat to their security by sacrificing an innocent victim, instead of meeting the threat with the despatch of a powerful army. The proportion of love to politics created in the Yuan play is here inverted, with the added difference that love has given way to lust. In essence, it is at the maggots that have eaten away the core of the Han apple that the play's animus is directed. In view of the loss of Manchuria in 1931 and China's passivity in the face of Japan's continuing encroachment in the north, it is understandable why this should have been so. Relatively poor thing though it is, *Zhaojun* is significant in that it reflects a new apprehension of womanhood and an urgent anxiety about the reality of a foreign menace.

The current *Wang Zhaojun* is no less a tract for its time, though its purpose is not to sound the brazen clangour of alarm bells, far from it. It preaches a lesson of amity between the Han Chinese and the minority peoples of the borderlands—who are, in the author's view, in no sense

foreigners. When Zhou Enlai suggested the theme to Cao Yu before 1960 he had in mind the problems created by Han chauvinism, the particular issue that made Zhaojun's story relevant being the reluctance of Chinese girls to cross the marital divide. The purpose being educational, it could be served only by making Zhaojun's experience inspirational, not lamentable. Fortunately, things were going Cao Yu's way. The example of the play from the 1930s shows that regardless of political trends the character of Zhaojun was evolving towards the degree of positiveness and independence that would qualify her for the role. Given further the bold and resourceful image of woman in Communist China, our heroine seemed likely to be able to exchange her reluctance for eagerness with the minimum of public embarrassment.

Cao Yu's initial research for his play took him to Inner Mongolia, where he found, much to his satisfaction, that Zhaojun was still a living legend, occupying an honourable place in folk history, and credited with a personality quite opposite to that of the 'snivelling' creature pictured in Chinese works. Seeking to be 'truthful' to historical fact, it was the 'truth' of this view that he held to when he was free to complete the writing of his play. On the other hand, he asserted that the historical drama has an obligation towards 'drama' equal to that towards history. Indeed, the wide lacunae in the historical record are filled in the finished work with material brimful with dramatic excitement. Since Cao Yu did not describe the local legends one does not know how much of this was of his own invention, but high tension was the trademark of the plays of his youth.

True to his declared design, Cao builds up his picture of the Chinese court following the facts and expanding on hints in the *History of the Former Han*. Later accretions, including the whole affair of the paintings and Mao Yanshou, are completely ignored. The conditions of life in the rear palaces are plausibly recreated; while emphasis is laid on the futility of existence for the concubines shut off from the world and the jockeying for position among them, or their sponsors, the first is not untrue and the second is not unimaginable. Nor is there any heavy-handed denunciation of feudalism in any part of the play. Ceremony is strictly observed and rank meticulously respected—even reverentially honoured. At the same time, signs of the play's authorship are also evident: the common people are all fitted out with the right sentiments, and Zhaojun herself, from healthy commoner stock, has her sights fixed on serving her country rather than her prince. Fortunately there is no dislocation between the two, as Emperor Yuan is an enlighted statesman. He, the khan, and their chief advisers are united in their aim to seal the bond between the Han and the Xiungnu and establish a modus vivendi that will benefit both peoples. Where, then, does the conflict come in, without which there would be no 'drama'? It derives from the atavism of Wendu in the khan's camp and the Han chauvinism of Wang Long at the emperor's court. Wendu is the brother of the khan's deceased consort and Wang Long is the brother of the Chinese Empress. Chauvinism is merely a guise of stupidity, so Wang Long is no more than vain and stupid. Wendu is in a different league;

his championship of the ancestral warrior values of the Xiungnu is bound up with private ambitions: his plan is to kill the khan and take his throne. To bring this about he has to sow dissension between the newly joined allies, which he attempts by secretly ordering a raid on a Chinese caravan and manufacturing evidence to persuade each side that the other is preparing for war. In these schemes he is aided by the credulity and prejudice of Wang Long. On the domestic front he also has to counteract the winning ways of Zhaojun by undermining her standing with the khan. It is a nearly run thing. In the end Zhaojun has to take the field with her regiment of women alongside the khan to overcome this monster.

This last exploit points the contrast between the robust modern Zhaojun and the fragile beauty of earlier literary fantasy, who is so weak that she can hardly stand without the support of maids. Cao Yu's heroine loves the life of the desert, and sits her horse as if born in the saddle. Morally too she is fearless, and can be imperious when the occasion demands, though she is not overbearing. She has the steel to see her through her ordeals, the pliancy to change her life style, and the personality to win the affection of her adopted people. And she is no less favoured physically than her predecessors. If she was meant to be inspiring, then she is so universally and potently. But men need not lose heart either: the khan matches her in all vital respects.

Artistically *Wang Zhaojun* retains some traditional features and introduces some imaginative innovations. Music and song, the lifeblood of the Chinese theatre, have a part in it. At least one song is adapted from a contemporary lay, the one that runs through the play as a kind of theme song, entitled 'Keeping faith with you'. The arias in the old opera that conveyed the major actors' private feelings have a modern counterpart in the long spoken monologues given to Zhaojun and the khan, in which each line has its own spacing, as in verse. As for innovation, the final act may strain the resources of even the best equipped theatre. The location is the darkened tent of the khan, where his slave Kulingding is leading the prayers for his victory in the battle with Wendu out on the plain. Apparently by dint of Kulingding's shamanistic powers, a vision of the battle comes into focus and fades against the background of the tent. When the battle is won, a chorus takes over from Kulingding to sing of the peace the victory ushers in. Kaleidoscopically the scene is shifted to the altar where Zhaojun is to be invested as consort, and the regal procession immediately follows. How productions will cope with all this it will be interesting to see. Cao Yu has said that he holds himself ready to make revisions in the light of stage experience.

A Chinese proverb says, either don't do a thing, or see it through to the end. Cao Yu ends his play with the incident of the coverlet woven for the khan by Zhaojun to symbolize their mutual warmth and protection. She bestows it on a poor old man. The old man is then reported to have changed into a golden goose, and the coverlet to have soared heavenwards after him, to which event Zhaojun deems it an appropriate response to hope that 'no one on earth will suffer from cold'. This ending may have

come from local legend, or it may have been inspired by 'revolutionary romanticism', but it is perhaps not fanciful to see some connection with the final curtain for the revered Zhou Enlai, who willed that his ashes be taken up in an aeroplane and scattered wide over the land of China.

The latest Zhaojun, to sum her up, is transplanted from a generation that 'will go anywhere, do anything,' if one may borrow for her rhetoric that is foreign but not alien. A young woman very liberally endowed and admirably motivated, she is, it must be said, no more than the sum of her qualities. Ultimately she belongs to the world of the pin-up, albeit of the very best class. Still, pin-ups are not to be despised. This one has after all enticed Cao Yu out of retirement to write a blockbuster of a play—and he will be seventy next year.

[David Pollard was Lecturer in Modern Chinese, SOAS, (1962-78) and is at present Professor of Chinese at the University of London. Publications include *A Chinese Look at Literature*, C. Hurst & Co., 1973, and numerous articles on Chinese literature.]

The August issue of the *Contemporary Review* includes *The Identity of Finland* by W. R. Mead, *Population Perspectives in Asia* by John A. Loraine, *Where are the Clowns*? *The Health Service Then and Now* by Norman L. Goodland and *The First English Men of Letters Series* by Myron Tuman.

Looking Both Ways in Venezuela by Steve Ellner is unavoidably held over to a later issue.

SHERLOCK HOLMES REVISITED

by Robert Rubens

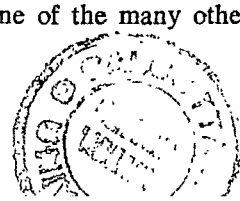
THE recent production of *The Crucifer of Blood* by Paul Giovanni at the Haymarket Theatre, recently produced on Broadway, which was inspired by characters created by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle may not be entirely successful as a play, but it does help to revive the public interest in one of the most fascinating fictional characters in English literature. Although Sherlock Homes will always be associated with an image of Victorian London shrouded in fog with gas lamps and horse-drawn carriages, there is nothing in the least old-fashioned about his personality and in many ways he may well have been ahead of his time.

Not only was Holmes a master of the science of deduction and a dedicated fighter against any form of evil, but he was also a pure individualist in the true sense of the word. When his friend Dr. John Watson first got to know him in the novel, *A Study in Scarlet,* he was struck by the fact that Holmes' ignorance was as remarkable as his knowledge. This unquestionably brilliant man knew practically nothing about politics, philosophy or contemporary literature and when confronted with the fact that he was completely ignorant about the Solar System and had been unaware that the earth revolved round the sun, he replied, 'Now that I know it I shall do my best to forget it.'

Holmes believed that any skilled workman must be selective in what he puts into his 'brain-attic'. He felt that nothing but the most important tools should be stored there and it was therefore a mistake to clutter one's mind with useless facts. Watson was soon to discover that Sherlock Holmes had a profound understanding of chemistry, an accurate but unsystematic awareness of anatomy, a detailed knowledge of every sensational crime committed in the nineteenth century and the ability to tell at a glance the colour and consistency of the soil or mud from practically any part of London.

Holmes devoted most of his energy to the perfection of his powers of observation. He considered detection an exact science which offered him the mental stimulation which he required. 'Give me problems, give me work,' he said. 'Give me the most abstruse cryptogram, or the most intricate analysis and I am in my own proper atmosphere. . . .' It was because he understood the nature of his own restlessly analytical mind that he chose, and in fact, invented his particular profession.

Unfortunately what Holmes feared most and was unable to cope with was the routine of ordinary existence. When he had no mystery to solve, he resorted to the artificial stimulation of taking cocaine. Although Dr. Watson warned him of the possible physical and mental dangers of that particular drug, there was never a moral judgment made on Holmes either by Watson or by Conan Doyle himself. The detective's addiction to the drug was simply presented as one of the many other facets of his



personality such as his playing of the violin, his taste for wearing old dressing gowns, his swordsmanship and his pipe-smoking.

It is difficult now to imagine the extent of Sherlock Holmes' popularity in the 1880's and 1890's, but it is a well-known fact that long queues were formed at bookstalls all over England whenever his latest story appeared in the *Strand Magazine*. In view of the amount of publicity in recent years concerning the use of hallucinatory drugs, one cannot help wondering what the readers at the turn of the century thought about Mr. Holmes' addiction to cocaine.

Now, in 1979, when the question of narcotics has become an extremely controversial and still unresolved moral and political problem, it seems curious to realise that the most popular fictional hero of a hundred years ago—admired by men, women and children of all ages—was not only an exciting and compelling character, but he was also a confirmed drug addict.

The first page of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's brilliant and popular novel, *The Sign of Four*, opens with a detailed description of Sherlock Holmes injecting himself with his hypodermic syringe after which he sinks back into a velvet-lined armchair '. . . . with a long sigh of satisfaction.' Later, when Dr. Watson refused to try the seven per cent solution of cocaine for fear of it being a strain on his constitution, Holmes smiled and said:

> **'I suppose that its influence is physically a bad one. I find it, however, so transcendingly stimulating and clarifying to the mind that its secondary action is a matter of small moment.'**

Holmes' reasons for taking cocaine could almost be the same as any articulate man of today explaining why he enjoys a dry martini or a whisky and soda. The author implies nothing sinful or degrading about his particular predilection, but simply describes it as a stimulant which happens to suit his character's personality.

This casual attitude towards narcotics makes one wonder whether the nineteenth century reading public was in fact less moralistic than they are often assumed to have been. And it also seems possible that the popularity of the strange and complex character of Mr. Sherlock Holmes might be proof that the Victorians were actually much more tolerant in accepting the vagaries of human nature than we who are the products of this supposedly enlightened and permissive twentieth century.

[*A Study in Scarlet*, with an introduction by Hugh Greene and *The Sign of Four*, with an introduction by Graham Greene, were re-issued in 1974 in a uniform editor of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's novels and short stories by John Murray and Jonathan Cape.]

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

QUARTERLY FICTION REVIEW

by Rosalind Wade

Elgar on the Journey to Hanley. Keith Aldritt. Andre Deutsch. £4.95. *Territorial Rights.* Muriel Spark. Macmillan. £5.95. *Death of an Expert Witness.* P. D. James. Sphere Books. 95p. *The Plate Shop.* John Harvey. Collins. £4.95. *Monday Morning.* Bill Thompson. Constable. £3.95. *Family.* Miranda Miller. Hutchinson. £5.95. *The Coup.* John Updike. Andre Deutsch. £4.95. *Kit's Hill.* Jean Stubbs. Macmillan. £5.95.

Sometimes a novelist is inspired by a comparatively trivial happening in the life of a famous character. This can be rewarding, although the problem is to impart essential information without irritating the well-informed reader. The advantage lies with the opportunity to deal with a minor incident in depth.

An example is *Elgar on the Journey to Hanley,* in which Keith Aldritt concentrates on a mildly discreditable episode in the life of Edward Elgar, in which the 'establishment' image of the composer becomes somewhat tarnished, although revealing him as far more interesting and complex than is generally supposed.

The origins of his success was rooted in the Midlands of the late nineteenth century, against a background of genteel poverty contrasted with the genuine deprivation of the unorganised industrial worker. Elgar must have been suitably grateful to his elderly and comparatively affluent wife for making his advancement possible, yet he was never in love with her; neither was she the source of his inspiration. Fortunately for him, the general drabness was brightened by a most unusual love affair. On one occasion, the Elgars halted their journey to and from an engagement at Hanley to call on an old friend of Mrs. Elgar's, now married to a particularly bigoted and self-obsessed cleric. What might have been a rather tedious interlude was made memorable by the presence of the Rector's beautiful daughter, Dora Penney. Dora herself was an accomplished musician and the mutual response was instant. True, she regarded him more as a romantic hero than a potential lover; and he for his part was not prepared to declare his love for a girl scarcely out of childhood. It was a situation rife with tension. He was in a sense the victim of her passionate obsession; she was to become increasingly teased and frustrated by his intermittent attentions. Once, in the aftermath of a great effort of composition, he actually struck her, injuring her right arm. But this deplorable incident was merely an instance of the strain imposed by the fluctuating relationship; during which period he composed music specially for her and wrote the Enigma Variations. The Elgars moved up in the world socially as his fame gathered momentum and Dora became a mature though disappointed woman. It was inevitable that ultimately his allegiance shifted to younger and more influential admirers, leaving Dora bitter and disillusioned as to her future. With the benefit of hindsight, Keith Aldritt assumes the mantle of the omnipotent author to let us know what happened to Dora in the end. These interpolations intrude rather clumsily into an otherwise perfectly balanced narrative. This technical error apart, the little publicised love affair, so sensitively conveyed against the Worcestershire countryside, provides a worthwhile basis for one of the season's most satisfying novels.

For Muriel Spark also, a district plays an integral part in the plot. But there the comparison ends, for whereas Keith Aldritt hovers between the gracious and the squalid, in *Territorial Rights* Muriel Spark has sketched in a consistently drab Venice where emotional tangles and political intrigues crop up and take control as they might do anywhere else. It is only fair to admit that through this off-beat treatment the city emerges as a living organism, rather than as a tourist's paradise. At the same time, the motley party of dilettantes, drop-outs and refugees are as difficult to fit together as the pieces of a jig-saw puzzle. They are associated with each other when one would not have expected them to be even acquainted. They have been involved in long-ago scandals to an extent which places them dangerously at risk, when they seem more suited to a suburban spree. And yet, though unconvincing and improbable, their antics build up to a compulsive interest.

The centre of action is Robert, a sinister character for so young and ingenious an art student, who flees to Venice to evade the attentions of his elderly homosexual patron, and to link up with his Bulgarian girl-friend, Lina, who has come to the city of lagoons to locate her assassinated father's grave. The revelation that the body was cut in half to placate his two mistresses is just one example of a bizarre incident tossed off as an ingredient of high comedy. Close upon the trail of this red-herring is the arrival of Robert's father and his female travelling companion; a couple of investigators into the affair and Robert's mother, who plays out an absent role on the end of a long distance telephone. Somehow, they interweave and play their alloted parts; even if rather like mechanical toys, and in the end everything is reasonably clear. It is all very diverting, yet tantalising that so much atmospheric observation and the ear to catch the relevant thing about each and every character should have been deployed on a situation so totally lacking in credulity.

Few people can resist a well-plotted detection story. Unfortunately, with the passing of Dorothy L. Sayers, Margery Allingham and Agatha Christie these are now hard to come by. A writer who very capably fills the void is P. D. James, author of seven 'thrillers', all notable for their authentic backgrounds and gallery of credible characters. *Death of an Expert Witness* is well in keeping with her usual formula. Once again, the solution of the mystery is in the hands of her 'resident' detective, Adam Dalgleish, a man of poetic talent as well as being a pillar of the C.I.D. The setting of *Death of an Expert Witness* is the fen country around Ely, and this desolate territory provides a fitting backcloth for a grim story of murder and conspiracy in a forensic science laboratory. Suspects abound, but they are not mere puppets; all are interesting and individual, tempting the reader to wish that an entire novel had been devoted to some of them. But the psychological novel for its own sake is not P. D. James' objective. She is primarily concerned with the development of the serious thriller which tends, though obliquely, to emphasise the dividing line between 'right' and 'wrong'.

One function of contemporary fiction is generally assumed to be the reflection of current problems. Much press and media space is devoted to the industrial scene and so it is scarcely surprising if at any rate two novels of the present season describe life on the factory floor. Superficially, *Monday Morning* by Bill Thompson and *The Plate Shop* by John Harvey may appear to be very similar but actually there are considerable differences between them. (Both, coincidentally, are first novels.) *The Plate Shop* is by far the most proficient and engrossing of the two; partly because the action is concentrated into a period of thirty-six typical hours, thus creating a claustrophobic atmo-

sphere which is most effective. The personality clashes which arise out of the hated 'work-study', and the accidents which may be due to human frailty as much as managerial inefficiency, are conveyed in terms of a dead-span understatement which precludes any temptation to dramatise what is inevitably a work-life of almost unbearable monotony.

Monday Morning offers a far more light-hearted version of the same scene. Once again, there is the frustration of repetitive tasks and the sub-conscious determination of the individual to withstand the annihilating effect of speed and clamour; yet Bill Thompson interprets his theme as mainly a comic one, and is often extremely witty at the expense of minor industrial anarchy. The central character, Ernie Carter, is a likeable, easy-going young man who abhors any kind of regular employment. His idea of heaven is to switch off the alarm clock on a Monday morning and remain in bed. How he would elect to spend his time if the choice was open to him poses an interesting question in an era of mounting redundancies and the shorter working week.

An almost total contrast will be found in Miranda Miller's new novel, *Family*. Miranda Miller has a marked ability to convey an emotion-charged atmosphere, in which a small group of people work out their private vendettas and aspirations. These operate against a Rome background, all aspects of the heterogenous city having been meticulously observed.

Louise Alden is the third child of 'progressive' parents who are willing to let her develop in her own way. Unfortunately their tolerance has resulted merely in an unhappy love affair and a mediocre start to a musical career. As a means of escape, Louise seizes the opportunity to study singing in Italy, unaware that tedium rather than acclaim is likely to be the outcome. Dreary lodgings and a withdrawn personality impede progress and she is thankful to accept a situation as 'baby-sitter' in the home of her music teacher, the celebrated Anna di Matteo. Alas, family life Italian style is outside Louise's comprehension; the only compensation being an 'affair' with Anna's nephew, Paulo. Not that he is much of an improvement on Louise's previous lover but, just as she is becoming resigned to his limitations, national politics take over. Soon, Paulo is arrested on a charge of terrorism and quite one of the most dramatic incidents in an otherwise slow-paced narrative is the scene in which Louise joins the crowd of wives and mistresses congregating outside the prison where Paulo is being held, shouting endearments and messages which almost certainly cannot be heard. But the strength of Miranda Miller's performance does not rest with protest marches and bomb-throwing; rather, these tend to detract from her quiet, incisive conclusions. Two original though irritating devices tend to mar the general excellence; these are the double columns of her characters' private thoughts and public utterances, and a proliferation of asterisked translations of Italian words and phrases.

John Updike has certainly posed a problem for his many admiring readers with *The Coup*. In place of the expected marital jungle he has chosen for his new novel the ambitious theme of the emergence and decline of a recently liberated African territory. Obviously, the plight of the 'emerging' nations had moved him deeply and he has gone to enormous trouble to present the problems fairly: choosing as his mouth-piece Colonel Hakin Elleloû, the President of Kush, an imaginary kingdom situated on the edge of the drought-stricken Sahara. Elleloû himself, despite his exalted position, is little more than a pawn in a confused situation of coup and counter-coup. Having enjoyed or suffered from American indoctrinisation, he regards his own people from an uneasy vantage-point, hating them and himself for the botched guillotining of the

deposed king; so shamed and humiliated by the brutality that temporarily he becomes sexually impotent. But such personal incidents are mere glass-splinterings against the wider canvas of Elleloû's political and social progress to the moment when he suffers a fate common to most dictators.

The method of processing a complicated plot through the President's often confused recollections may have been technically the most convenient for dealing with such a vast canvas. Presumably, the odd, inverted style of both narrative and dialogue is intended to suggest translation from the original Kush; yet it has the disadvantage of sounding artificial and is certainly irritatingly repetitive. Taking the novel as a whole, the reader may ask whether, with so many talented African novelists emerging to write about their own scene, it is really worthwhile for the Western writer to assume their mantle?

And finally, a tranquil and thoroughly satisfying novel, *Kit's Hill*, by Jean Stubbs. In her well-researched family saga, Jean Stubbs appears to be telling in part at any rate a true story, providing references to letters and documents still preserved in historical society archives. Although there are few surprises in her account of the marriage between well-born, impoverished Dorcas Wulde and uncouth, affluent Ned Howarth, the skilful build-up to the engagement ceremony and all that comes afterwards provides good, steady reading for the holiday period.

ALSO RECEIVED

The Hydra Head. Carlos Fuentes. Secker & Warburg. £4.95.

Carlos Fuentes has followed his successful *Terra Nostra* with another excellent 'tension' novel set in contemporary Mexico. A complicated background of documented historical events sometimes threatens to overshadow the development and motivation of the characters; yet taking the overall view, the progress of Felix Maldonado over hurdles of political opportunism and deceit is well worth the readers' attention.

Hester. Brian Cleeve. Cassell. £5.95.

Once again Brian Cleeve has devised an absorbing story centred on one major woman character. His success is largely due to his skill in blending historical accuracy with vigorous and convincing characterisation. *Hester* must rank as one of his most successful novels.

The Ministers. Fionn MacColla. Souvenir Press. £3.00.

The discovery of the manuscript of an unpublished novel, *The Ministers*, among the papers of the late Thomas Douglas Macdonald (Fionn MacColla) was an exciting literary event. Fionn MacColla is at his best when portraying the less presentable face of life in a small Scottish community and in *The Ministers* he has created some amusing as well as rather menacing characters.

Going After Cacciato. Tim O'Brien. Jonathan Cape. £4.95.

Even though the Vietnam War has long since ceased to be a talking point, and is believed by many people to be best forgotten, *Going After Cacciato* compels the reader's attention; and not only because it puts the war in perspective and supplies much valuable new information. It is also a fine example of Tim O'Brien's narrative drive and the presentation of some interesting and original characters.

NON-FICTION REVIEWS

THE OLD BRITISH INTELLECTUALS OF THE LEFT

Liberals and Social Democrats. Peter Clarke. Cambridge University Press. £10.50.

Peter Clarke's study of the key intellectual figures in Britain from the 1880s to yesterday is an impressive blend of history and biography, and in some respects Namierite both in style and quality. It is fascinating—and in places very sobering—to have the basic texts of one's own undergraduate days (Graham Wallas's *Human Nature in Politics*, Laski's *Communism* and Keynes's *General Theory* and many more) all reduced to a remarkably consistent pattern and set in an interwoven chronological sequence. These intellectuals of the early twentieth century were an interlocking directorate, linked together by marriage ties and family connection and—often—sons or daughters of the manse. They inherited and shared a strong idealism and reform spirit; they founded the London School of Economics; and they regularly provided from their number one or more leader-writers for C. P. Scott's *Manchester Guardian*, which they saw as almost a house journal. Gladstone was for most of them a God, and his word was at last made flesh in Lloyd George's Budget; though, it should be added, that the post-1918 Lloyd George was for many of them less God than devil.

They were, most of them, singularly long-lived, and lived—for the most part—cushioned lives. They thus found that two wars, Stalinism and Hitlerism—and even British Socialism—made savage nonsense of their idealism. Despite this, most of them held to the faith in the perfectability of man until the end; and of those who did, Lawrence and Barbara Hammond are probably the two most noble, dedicated and scholarly in a remarkable and talented company. There were one or two sharp critics. Leonard Woolf said that they were all 'so high-minded—the particular brand of high-mindedness seemed to be peculiar in those days to Liberals who lived in Hampstead and Golders Green—that I always felt myself to be a bit of a fraud in their company'. They went, now and then, to Manchester but of the rest of the industrial world they knew, by direct experience, very little. By the end, in that world of the Welfare State that they and notably the Webbs had done so much to build, they complained of the lack of servants, and surviving widows like Mary Stocks admitted that in 1951 they voted Conservative. 'Whatever would our husbands say if they knew we were going to vote Tory?' She wrote to Barbara Hammond. 'I answered that I felt certain that Lawrence (who had died two years before, at 76) would be voting Tory too.' Malcolm Muggeridge came to his disillusionment early. He left the *Guardian* and in 1932 he left for Russia, intending to make it his home. His frustration came swiftly, and his scorn was indeed Swiftian. Within sx months he was equating the *Manchester Guardian*, which had savaged his despatches, with 'the Kingsley Martin-Bernard Shaw-Sidney and Beatrice Webb slop that frothed round that dark tyranny.'

Democrats? Egalitarians? Not at all. They were an aristocracy of talent, shaping intellectual and political opinion, using *The Nation, The New Statesman, The Political Quarterly* and the LSE as their platforms and workshop. They did not look for seats in Parliament, though Sidney Webb did go to the Lords to help the first Labour Government. They did not become bureaucrats. And for the most part they did not like the Bleak Age which they had largely fathered.

Peter Clarke's book is a vivid, thoroughly researched, original and disturbing study.

ESMOND WRIGHT

PLENTY AND WANT

Plenty and Want. John Burnett. A social history of diet in England from 1815 to the present day. Scolar Press, London.

English dietary habits, particularly in the 19th Century, continue to be vested with myths which are both persistent and pervasive. When applied to nutritional standards. Disraeli's concept of 'two nations', the rich and the poor, is regarded as a chimera; by the 1870s cheap and plentiful food was flooding the country from overseas; manual workers and professional classes were eating equally well; rural rather than urban dwellers were the main beneficiaries from nascent industrialisation.

John Burnett's careful, authoritative and absorbing survey systematically destroys this area of fiction. He stresses that, of all working people in the Victorian era, agricultural labourers were the worst fed. The rich and fashionable ate better than any civilisation since the Romans; the poor laboured in conditions of semi-starvation eating a diet which was highly impure and often deliberately and unashamedly adulterated. By a glance at a man's dinner table, his standing in society was clear to the world.

By the early 20th Century, the overall situation had improved only marginally, and Britain entered the First World War a chronically undernourished nation. So much so that wartime rations for the majority of soldiers and civilians represented the highest standard of feeding to which they had ever been exposed.

David Lloyd George had no doubt that 'the food question ultimately decided the issue of the war'. Certainly the holocaust highlighted the importance of diet in relation to national health and this interest was maintained in the inter-war period and during the exigencies of the war of 1939-45.

I found the final chapter describing events since the end of World War Two especially informative and thought-provoking. Burnett is much less optimistic than in his previous writings. The era of the 'affluent society', the political siren song 'you've never had it so good', have gone and will not return. The world has been in recession for most of the Seventies. It is now proceeding to move into an era of increasingly scarce resources where, even in developed countries like Britain, want may again replace the new found plenty. Yet, as of the late Seventies, more Britons than ever before are able to eat a nutritious diet adequate in calories, and this in spite of the fact that the rampant and intractable inflation relatively more of the family budget is having to be spent on food bills than was necessary in the era of burgeoning economic growth.

During the past 15 years, the British diet has become lighter and less bulky; animal protein and fat are gradually being replaced by vegetable sources; in recent years sugar consumption has soared. Whether these changes are ephemeral or permanent cannot, of course, be predicted. However, Burnett sees little role for novel and synthetic foods in the foreseeable future. Their touchstone is acceptability; and the British taste in foodstuffs, although complex and sometimes unpredictable, has as its hallmark an intense conservatism with a preference for familiar flavours and an almost pathologically hostile reaction to food additives in any form.

Burnett's book covers a broad span of history with sparkling erudition and

consummate skill. It should be essential reading, not only for nutritionists and dietitians, but for sociologists, economists and contemporary historians.

JOHN A. LORAINE

THE EXPLOSION OF SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE

Biology and Ethics. Bruno Ribes. UNESCO 1978.

This seminal, authoritative and elegantly written book describes the proceedings of a UNESCO Conference held in Varna in Bulgaria in 1975. The themes are fundamental to the world of the late 20th century. Whither is the explosion of scientific knowledge leading mankind? How can the apparently inevitable confrontation between all-pervasive biological innovation and the necessity to safeguard the rights and integrity of the individual in society be avoided? What are the likely global connotations associated with burgeoning scientific endeavour, particularly their effect on fragile ecosystems? Above all, how can an increasing dialogue between scientists and moralists be stimulated in the hope that in this way a new 'ethic' will eventually emerge?

Areas of scientific discovery most germane to ethics receive extensive consideration. These have, of course, been much publicised recently and include genetic intervention and counselling, intrauterine diagnosis, new methods of concepton including *in vitro* fertilisation (test tube babes), sex choice, artificial insemination, organ transplantation, behavioural regulation and euthanasia. Yet, at the same time, the huge lacunae in our scientific knowledge are stressed. Here two examples are singled out by Ribes—our lack of adequate understanding of the relationship existing between mutations and evolution, and our ignorance of the physiology of the brain in human subjects with special reference to the frontal lobes.

I found the section of the book dealing with aging and death especially thought-provoking. The whole world, both developed and developing, is in the process of aging; senescence with its 'melancholy, long withdrawing roar' is tenaciously following the lodestar of better medical care, improved hygiene and sanitation and plummeting mortality rates in early life. How do we deal with our vastly increased life expectancy and what should our approach of death be? The author argues strongly and in my opinion rightly, for the pivotal role which the doctor must play in the awesome decisions facing him within this general area. Not only must he take into account the views of the medical team of which he is the leader but he must also pay the closest attention to the human implications of any decision he may reach. On euthanasia, Ribes is eminently and justifiably cautious. Society should reject it 'for it cannot possibly endorse it'. However, at the same time society should abstain from judging it 'as if it were an offence'. Nevertheless it is the bounden duty of society to probe ardently into circumstances of suspicious death in an attempt to bring them to light.

Biology and Ethics is a remarkable compilation which deserves to circulate widely on an interdisciplinary basis. The author is to be congratulated on the lucidity of his presentation and in particular for his courage in grappling with a field of gargantuan complexity and yet of supreme importance to the well-being of mankind.

JOHN A. LORAINE

THE PAPACY'S ANNUS MIRABILIS

The Year of Three Popes. Peter Hebblethwaite. Collins. £6.50.

In all the long and astonishing history of the Papacy there is no year com-

parable to 1978—a year that saw the death of two Popes, and the election of a third from a Communist country. Those who criticise the Roman Catholic Church for its inherited rigidity, and seeming inability to change its style, have had a sharp exhibition of how Rome can change.

When Pope Paul VI died, after fifteen years of trouble and uncertainty, the Cardinals in conclave were faced with the issue of finding a new style Pope and they found him in the comparatively unknown Albino Luciani, Patriarch of Venice. He was elected on August 25 and chose the name John Paul. Within 33 days, on September 29, he was dead leaving behind the memory of a friendly smile which immediately captivated a world audience. Once again the antique machinery of the church began the process of electing his successor, and came up with an even more startling name—a name that only a few cardinals could pronounce—Karol Wojtyla.

On October 16 the world learned that the Cardinals in conclave, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, had voted for the Archbishop of Krakow, a non-Italian Pope in St. Peter's chair for the first time for 455 years. But even more startling to the crowds outside St. Peter's was the thought that the new Pope John Paul II was a Pole who had lived within a Communist regime and was aware of the problems that lay behind the phrase 'iron curtain'.

What then are we to expect of all these changes in the Papacy, an institution that has moulded the religious and cultural life of millions? Mr. Hebblethwaite —who himself has seen sharp changes in his own life—likens it to the change which could be summed up in the phrase 'From Papacy to Petrine ministry'. Pope John Paul II is to be conceived of as 'minister' rather than 'Pope' a 'servant' rather than 'master'. In many ways the new Pope is a continuation of the revolutionary approach of John XXIII who in his human, loving manner changed the face of the Papacy without, perhaps, knowing what he was doing. His successor from Krakow knows what he is doing, and the signs are that he will do it! Mr. Hebblethwaite provides a lively, well written footnote to this marvellous year of 1978 which gave the Papacy a fresh look and provided the Popes of Rome with a new stature. Names remain but their interior workings are refurbished even sometimes without their office holders knowing what is happening.

CECIL NORTHCOTT

PROJECTION IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY NOVEL

Picturing: Description and Illusion in the Nineteenth-Century Novel. Michael Irwin. George Allen & Unwin. £8.50.

It is now well known that there is great variation in the human ability to entertain a visual image; some of us are effortless, habitual and prolific visualisers, while others respond in some abstract way, difficult to analyse, to even the most determined onslaught upon the inner eye. No such distinction inhibited the great Victorian novelists, who battered at their readers to impel them to visualise, intensely to imagine, those persons, places, and circumstances which they wished so to transfer as it were from their own minds to the mind of their reader. As Mr. Irwin puts it, in one sense, the novelist's 'true end product is not the printed page, but the illusion created in the reader's mind.' The novel is a double process of imagination: first by the maker, and secondly by the reader. Novels of realism strive to picture life, but further questioning then arises: how can a fictitious character be 'real'?

What do we mean when we say that character 'comes to life'? Is a character 'drawn from life' more 'real' then a character totally invented (in so far as that is possible)? Is Casterbridge more 'real' (if, indeed, it be Dorchester) than Little Hintock in *The Woodlanders*?

Dickens or Hardy, nonetheless, would have realized instinctively that their readers' capacity of imaginative re-creation would not have been uniform, but they constantly sought either, again, instinctively, or by conscious artifice to stamp and to perpetuate throughout a novel those impressions which are vital to the relationships and connections within that novel. Mr. Irwin, in a pleasant, diverting and original book, examines the Victorian novelists' 'picturing' techniques—their descriptions of face, gesture, clothes, houses and towns—and in so doing relates the academic study of fiction to the technicalities of composition in a manner which is as helpful to the contemporary novelist as to the student. Thus, for example, he demonstrates how 'the mature novelist only resorts to adverbs where he cannot contrive to imply them.' Although he clearly finds, and conveys, a great deal of pleasure in his analysis of, say, the way in which Dickens makes clothing psychologically revealing, he does not fail also to remind us that 'the energy, stamina and consistency of imagination that are necessary to the creation of a strongly visual novel require, almost by definition, the stimulus of some larger purpose.' By his selection of elements from 'the infinitude of circumstances' that would be attached to a comparable situation in actuality, the novelist suggests what are those aspects of life which he feels are the most important.

MOLLY TIBBS

THE SECOND MRS. HARDY

Florence Emily Hardy. Robert Gittings and Jo Manton. Heinemann. £5.50.

Poor Florence Emily Dugdale, her only claim to literary fame is not as the second wife of Thomas Hardy but as the second wife of Edward Driffield in Somerset Maugham's *Cakes and Ale*.

When this daughter of a small master in Enfield married Hardy, she was nearly forty years younger than himself. During the rest of his life she looked after him, both physically and spiritually, promoted his poetry wherever she could and suddenly found herself the subject of the satirical treatment of Somerset Maugham. Dr. Gittings and his wife Jo Manton seek in this third volume relating to Thomas Hardy to reinstate Mrs. Hardy as a character in her own right. Sadly for all their skill and diligence in research, she seems to have been a fairly dreary character. She worked on the Enfield Observer in her early years and met Hardy through Alfred Hyatt, a freelance writer who published *The Pocket Thomas Hardy*. From then on she lived with the literati. She swam in a small pool with other literary fish such as Bram Stoker, J. M. Barrie, Wells, Rebecca West; but little of this was, however attractively argued by the Gittings, anything more than as Hardy's companion and comforter. Somerset Maugham argued, perhaps because he felt another libel action such as the one which followed the publication of *The Painted Veil*, that Driffield and his wife were composite characters. *The Second Mrs. Hardy* does prove his singularly accurate assessment of the situation.

JAMES MORTON

THE BRITISH IN KENYA

Happy Valley: The Story of the English in Kenya. Nicholas Best. Secker & Warburg, £6.95.

Kenya's story is here mainly the story of the settlers who colonised it. The pioneer was Scots explorer Joseph Thomson who, in 1883, led a small expedition into the dreaded Masai country, seeking a short cut from coast ports to Lake Victoria and the central kingdom of Buganda. No fighting man, he preferred to buy his way out of trouble with gifts from his stock of 60,000 sets of coloured beads. Surrounded by Masai warriors intent on cutting him up, he took out and brandished his false teeth. This made him, in their eyes, a sorcerer and medicine-man to be feared. His penetration of the interior opened the way for the building of the railway from Mombasa to the Lake.

A man of different stamp at the turn of the century was Old Harrovian Richard Meinertzhagen of the King's African Rifles, nephew of Sidney and Beatrice Webb. Posted up-country, he avenged the brutal murder of a white settler by killing every adult in the offending Kikuyu village. Yet Mr. Best calls him 'not really a bloodthirsty man'. He liked the intelligent Kikuyu, made many black friends, but had a soldier's job to do in a savage country.

Eminent Kenyans who fostered the colony's growth and helped to keep the fertile Highlands from Kikuyu encroachment included Ewart Grogan, opposition member of the Legislative Council for a quarter of a century, who once said 'East Africa is the home of the leopard, the tick, the baboon and the amateur official'; Lord Francis Scott, the Duke of Buccleuch's son; Governor Sir Joseph Byrne; Lord Delamere and the Duke of Portland, settler representative on the Executive Council. Typical of settler enterprise was Eric Sherbrooke Walker of the Outspan Hotel, Nyeri, who built for his wife the famous Treetops house and was host to Princess Elizabeth the night she became Queen. To earn enough to marry the Earl of Denbigh's daughter he had bootlegged on America's Rum Row, among other adventurous rôles.

Among notable women settlers was the Danish Baroness Blixen, recalled by the Duke of Portland as 'plain, fat and very tiresome'. After her marriage broke, she fell foul of the Government by staging on her lawn Kikuyu dances for up to 2,000 which 'usually consisted of naked men and women waggling their private parts at each other before dashing off into the darkness'. A martyr to her principles was elderly Hilda Stumpf, an American who served for twenty years the African Inland Mission at Kijabi and condemned the Kikuyu custom of circumcising girls. One night she was swooped on, herself circumcised and suffocated by a pillow used to stifle her cries.

Mr. Best gives an intimate account of the mission-boy Kamau who ultimately emerged as Jomo Kenyatta, educated in England, socially lionised in the West, leader of the ferocious Mau Mau, then of an independent Kenya that prompted some settlers to sell up and clear out, others to make the best of a bad job and carry on under a changed regime. A partiality for sardonic asides adds spice to a well-written narrative of nostalgic Empire appeal to place beside our souvenirs of lost yesterdays.

TREVOR ALLEN

SHORTER REVIEWS

British Intelligence in the Second World War. Vol. 1. (H.M. Stationery Office, £10). This is the first volume in a new series in the Official History of the Second World War, devoted largely to the impact of intelligence on strategy and major operational decisions. The principal author of this volume is Professor F. H. Hinsley, with E. E. Thomas, C. F. G. Ramsom and Dr. R. C. Knight. As with the other official histories, they have been given free access to official documents, subject to continued 'secrecy about intelligence techniques and with respect to individuals'. These restrictions do not, however, affect consideration of the influence of intelligence gained, right or wrong, upon events. The work is much concerned with the general organisation of intelligence, and the first Part of the book is devoted to this at the outbreak of war and the state of intelligence at that time. It is also, of course, concerned with later re-organisation. For the ordinary reader and many historians the most compelling chapters are on the influence of intelligence in relation to the great issues. This volume ends with the invasion of Russia on June 22, 1942. The intelligence background over the previous month is of particular interest. The build up and concentration of German forces along the Russian border was well known to the British General Staff but they and the Cabinet hesitated until the last moment before reaching a firm view as to the purpose behind the German moves. Sir Stafford Cripps, our Ambassador in Moscow, was doubtful almost to the last.

There were long thought to be secret negotiations between Russia and Germany and that the former would finally give way. Russia was considered too weak to fight. On June 16 Cripps reported that 'Russia would be unable to hold out for more than three to four weeks'. Whitehall agreed, although the Joint Intelligence Sub-Committee of the Chiefs of Staff on June 9 estimated that the Germans would take 'four to six weeks to occupy the Ukraine and reach Moscow'. The authors comment that 'the lack of intelligence about Russia, and information from Russia, was wellnigh complete'. It appears that only the Prime Minister placed much more highly the Russian capacity for resistance. In this work, the war in the Far East is omitted. The authors point out that 'it is not possible to provide an adequate account on the basis of the British archives alone'.

Masquerade (Hale. £5.50). 'The amazing camouflage deceptions of World War II' is a penetrating and dramatic study by Seymour Reit, himself a professional graphic designer and animator who served in the war on camouflage and deception projects and later was a photo intelligence officer in the U.S. Ninth Air Force.

In this fascinating volume, the author does discuss the various forms of camouflage and visual deception, with numerous examples and illustrations. He appreciates fully, of course, that visual camouflage was only a part of the whole process of deceiving the enemy. Indeed a large part of this volume is devoted to describing major deception campaigns by the Allies between May 1940 and September 1945. Prior to the Battle of El Alamein, October 1942, the British successfully tricked Rommel as to the date of the intended attack and the sector from which the main blow

would be delivered. The author provides a detailed and graphic account of this. Operation Mincemeat was perhaps the most dramatic of all. It was the brain child of Ewen Montagu who told the story in his *The Man Who Never Was*. Mr. Reit's account is largely based upon that book. In the Spring of 1943, the Allies, having driven the Axis out of North Africa, were planning the invasion of Sicily. On the 30th April, a British submarine unloaded into the sea off Huelva in Southern Spain a body dressed as a British major in an inflated life jacket. It was duly picked up by the Spaniards and the secret documents attached to it were shown to the Germans. They were utterly deceived by the false information, guardedly phrased, pointing to the Allies invading either Greece or Sardinia, and not Sicily as the main invasion target. Mr. Reit describes vividly two massive deceptions organised to divert the Germans from the planned Normandy landings. There was the phantom Fourth Army in Scotland preparing for the invasion of Norway, and in the South the diversionary deceptions at and from the Dover area to confirm Hitler's belief that the main invasion would come either first to Norway or finally across the Dover straits. This is a volume of great interest which brings together so much of deception tactics comprehensively together in one volume.

Beyond the River Bend. (Cassell £4.95). In this informal and friendly book, Heinrich Gortz tells of life in the West African bush in his early manhood when he left his native Switzerland for some 12 years in and around the jungle. 'Most of what I write is first-hand experience; some is second-hand. I don't want to create any worldwide sensations—just to describe the last days of the old Africa, before the great revolutions came, to paint a picture of the Africa of tribes, chiefs, witch doctors, missionaries, traders and hunters'. It is a vivid warm picture, sometimes dramatic, soiled a little by the hunting and killing, depicted with great affection for the whole African scene, in those days.

Cruelly Murdered (Souvenir Press. £6.50). On the 29th June, 1860, a little boy aged four was murdered in a house in the West country. During that night there were twelve in the house, including the boy's father and mother, being the father's second wife, two other children of that marriage, and five children of his first marriage, including Constance aged 16, and three servants, a nurse, cook and nursemaid. The house was locked with no sign of a breaking in. For five years the crime was unsolved. Then Constance confessed to the murdur of her step-brother and was sentenced to death and then reprieved. Her confession has long been considered suspect; much of it was clearly untrue. Now, in this carefully researched analysis and reconstruction, with new material, Mr. Bernard Taylor argues with much force that her confession of the murder was true, albeit also designed to protect her father from involvement as an accessory after the fact. It is an intriguing account which is well worth reading.

Contemporary Review

Founded 1866 incorporating The Fortnightly

August 1979 Vol. 235 No. 1363

THE IDENTITY OF FINLAND

by W. R. Mead

'WE have grown accustomed to the fact that hardly anybody knows anything about us, and we have not found it surprising', wrote Edvard Westermarck the Finnish anthropologist eighty years ago in the first article about his home country to appear in *The Contemporary Review* (LXXV, 1899). The sentiment has been echoed by many younger and smaller states—the more so when, as with Finland, they have discovered their national identity but have yet to succeed in bringing it to the attention of the rest of the world. Westermarck was one of the group of artists, scientists, authors, architects, composers and constitutionalists who set about the task of making Finland known in western Europe. The immediate purpose of the exercise, which was one of the varied reactions to the pressure being applied to Finland by Tsarist Russia, was to present the plight of the Grand Duchy.

Other responses to the stress suggest that it was a stimulus to a number of impressive artistic achievements. Above all, they found their expression at the Paris Exhibition of 1900, where the Finnish pavilion became an international talking point. Its contents, which embraced all that was best in craftsmanship and design, were stamped with all that was unique in the national romantic tradition. At the same time, Finland sought to put itself on the map by producing in *The Atlas of Finland* (1899) the world's first national atlas, and by circulating *Finland in the Nineteenth Century* (1894), a substantial volume in which the achievements of the country could be disseminated among the libraries of the world.

Finland became independent on December 6, 1917, though it suffered a civil war before attaining political stability. In the winter of 1939-40 it experienced invasion and defeat by the USSR. At the end of the continuation war of 1941-44 it was subjected to a harsh peace. Both the associated reparations and the resettlement of the fifth of its population that were displaced through territorial losses were completed by 1952. The treaty of Friendship and Mutual Co-operation upon which present relations with the USSR rest was signed in 1948. Complementary to it stands Finland's association with the Nordic Council, dating from 1955 and an expression of the fact that it is ultimately a member of the Scandinavian community.

The international image of independent Finland is a mixture of the inherited, the acquired and the commercially projected. A number of figures

stand firmly in the centre of the scene. They continue to include Marshal Mannerheim (initially associated with the Winter War during which the Finns were the heroes of the western world), Jean Sibelius (of international stature in any case, but quintessentially Finnish), Alvar Aalto (who lifted Finnish architecture to new levels of eminence) and Paavo Nurmi (who blazed Finland's trail to the international athletics arena). The scenic backdrop, over which the blue and white flag flutters, is sketched in by those who promote tourism and those who conduct trade. There is a scatter of Lapps and reindeer lost in the forests that have met Western Europe's softwood deficiencies for a good many generations and reflected in lakes the number of which are loosely counted in thousands. Somewhere in this setting are (what most encyclopaedias have mistranslated as) 'the peasants' who contrive to reconcile with their Lutheran faith the stimulus of the sauna, the folk lore of *Kalevala* and the excesses of alcohol. Ice, snow and darkness, during which the wolf is never far from the door, prevail over the long light nights of a brief summer, the joys of which are reduced by the mosquito.

All this amounts to an outmoded caricature, most features of which most Finns would willingly discard. It is a profitless exercise to try and replace it with an image more in keeping with the facts, not only because it is impossible to agree a formula for their selection but also because of the speed with which they change. In fact. the speed of change in Finland has been greater than that in most countries. There are several reasons for this. First, almost all technical changes have had disproportionate advantages for people who live in relatively hard physical environments. Nowhere is this better illustrated than in Finland's new-found ability to cope with its sub-arctic winters. Within living memory, Finland has had its maritime communications with the outside world severely restricted (and sometimes absolutely halted) by winter icing in the Baltic Sea. Today, as the world's leading constructor of ice-breakers, it is theoretically (if not economically) possible to keep all of Finland's harbours open throughout the year. Secondly, it is only a generation since Finland had a predominantly rural economy. Today it is a predominantly urban and industrial country, with the physical appearance of the landscape much changed as a result. High rise buildings, Scandinavian in the quality of their construction, replace wooden dwellings; broad surfaced highways (tarred with the by-product of oil refineries) contrast with the unsurfaced roads of twenty years ago; domestic air services largely escape the problems posed by bog, swamp, lake and granite outcrop, to railroad engineers. Thirdly, the best minds in the applied sciences have concentrated themselves on resource management. Examples are found in forest management and dairy farming.

With the exception of Sweden, no country in the world has conducted such detailed surveys over such a long period into its growing stock of timber. Elaborate programmes of investment in drainage, planting, seeding and fertilising have ensured that the annual cut remains below the annual increment. In agriculture, the transformation of grassland husbandry coupled with the selective improvement of the dairy herd has resulted in an embarrassing surplus of dairy produce. A fourth factor which has in-

creased the pace of change is the continuingly powerful national drive. This is inseparable from historical considerations, not least from Finland's relationship to Sweden. Finland aims to do all that Sweden does and—sometimes for better, sometimes for worse—aspires to improve upon the Swedish model. The visitor immediately encounters the effects in the ferries that ply between Sweden and Finland, each attempting to offer a more elaborate service than the other. Finland claims the ultimate in Baltic passenger vessels, *Finnjet* operating between Helsinki and Travemunde. The results of Swedish rivalry are encountered everywhere in the commercial and administrative fields. Thus, the iron and steel complex at Rautarukki, south of Oulu, may be regarded as the counterpart of the north Swedish plant of Lulea. Again, if Sweden recasts its local government boundaries, experiments with new educational ideas, attempts to counteract centrifugal influences by dispersing civil servants and research institutes, introduces new legislation for restructuring agriculture, Finland somehow feels that it must follow suit. On balance, the incentive has positive rather than negative consequences.

The rate of material progress, for a while regarded as exponential, has been accompanied by a resurgence of the arts. The growth of towns has provided plenty of stimulus for the architectural profession. Civic centres, educational institutions, hospitals, libraries, theatres, museums and (possibly above all) churches have rolled off the drawing board and appeared in the landscape in such profusion that it is a source of wonderment that 4½ million people can raise the capital for them. Designers of fabrics and furniture, glass and porcelain have benefited incidentally. Some measure of the contribution of the generation that succeeded Aalto is provided by J. M. Richards' 800 *Years of Finnish Architecture* (David & Charles, 1978). At the same time, Finland has experienced a new lease of musical life. Sibelius remains unrivalled — and the background to his mastery has been reappraised in a three volume study by the musicologist Erik Tawastjerna (London, 1978). As if to challenge the authority of Sibelius, the quantity of musical composition in Finland was never greater. Some has been introduced to the outside world by the considerable number of Finnish soloists and conductors who are on the international circuit. The travels of the Finnish National Opera have enabled major new works to be heard, principal among them Joonas Kokkonen's peculiarly Finnish *Last Temptations*, Aulis Sallinen's highly articulate *Red Line* and Levi Madetoja's strangely neglected *Juha*.

While most Finnish musical compositions are only rarely heard outside the home country, the immense volume of its literary output achieves, at least in part, a wider audience. Two generations ago, Finland already boasted Europe's largest bookstore. At all levels, the literary appetite of the Finns remains omnivorous. The publication of scientific material, most of it finely printed and necessarily heavily subsidised, is especially impressive. The tradition is old-established, but at a relatively early stage it was apparent to Finnish scientists that their results were likely to remain internationally unknown unless they provided at least summaries in one of the major European languages. The language barrier has been an even greater

obstacle to the novelist and poet. Finland has had a generous share of both of them, but the volume of their work in translation is small and the quality of translation often fails to do justice to the original. The English language periodical, *Books from Finland* provides quarterly glimpses of contemporary publication; something of the flavour of a variety of Finnish authors may be gleaned from *Snow in May* (ed. Richard Dauenhauer and Philip Binham, Granbury, N. J., 1978) while Irma Rantavaara has summarised nineteenth century Finnish literature in a nutshell (*Literature and Western Civilisation*, D. Daiches and E. Thorlby ed., London, 1972, ch.11). The supply of translators from Finnish to English is incapable of meeting demand, and translation is correspondingly expensive. Related to literature are folkloristic studies and in no country have they been pursued with greater vigour and scientific acumen than in Finland. The tape recorder came in before oral transmission of folk poetry expired.

The collections of manuscript records at the Finnish Literary Society and of other linguistic materials at Castrenianum in Helsinki are unique. An impression of the origins and present status of the study of Finnish oral poetry is given in the introduction to *Finnish Folk Poetry, Epic* (M. Kuusi, M. Branch and K. Bosley, London, 1977). The translations of traditional Finnic runes by Keith Bosley convey a completely new impression of Kalevala materials familiar from the translation by W. F. Kirby (London, 1907) that Westermarck knew.

The speed of material progress, the degree of artistic achievement and the demand for Finnish services and products in the world market have given a new confidence to the present generation of Finns. Comparatively speaking, Finland is no longer among the world's younger independent nations. With its new-found Scandinavian affluence and its growing maturity the feeling of insecurity has diminished and the sensitivity to criticism has declined. Folk heroes and a national mythology matter less when a country is aware that the world recognises its status and contribution. The role that Finland has played as a neutral state in the SALT talks, the contributions that it has made to world-peace-keeping forces, the endless international conferences to which it plays host, all increase the respect that it commands. So, too, does the expertise that it provides for international development programmes (complement to the know-how that constitutes such a valuable invisible export).

At the same time, the maturing of a generation of young people who have been well-nourished (in contrast to the malnutrition that remained widespread in Westermarck's day), who have for the first time in the century escaped involvement in war, and who have experienced contact with other countries to an extent quite unknown to their predecessors, has given rise to new attitudes. Not only has the present generation been exposed to new ideas, it also questions old ones. Accepted explanations of past events and established views on those who were responsible for them are challenged. In the process, taboos have been gradually broken down. Thus, it is no longer impossible to discuss the Civil War dispassionately. Doctoral dissertations have probed into white and red atrocities alike, while Vaino

Linna's fictional trilogy *Under the North Star*, partisan or no, is sufficiently compelling to have been accepted as a national epic. The black and white in which Fenno-Russian relations have been painted assume varying shades of grey in the light of political autobiography, military memoirs and popular fiction. The passage of a generation has also witnessed a fundamental change in Fenno-Russian trade. Throughout the inter-war years, the eastern border of Finland was, commercially speaking, a closed border. Today, the USSR is Finland's largest trading partner—as it was (though in a different context) when Westermarck was writing in 1900.

Another change since Westermarck's day is the relationship between Finnish-speaking and Swedish-speaking Finns in this constitutionally bilingual country, where about seven per cent of the inhabitants are Swedish-speaking. The so-called language question was placed in its true perspective during the war years and the economically and socially difficult period that followed. A minority issue of a complementary character has emerged in Sweden as a result of the substantial immigration of Finns—especially of Finnish-speaking Finns from the northern provinces. The number fluctuates, but they constitute an ethnic minority of about a quarter of a million. Away from the Swedish-speaking coastal areas of Finland, the chances are that English rather than Swedish is likely to be the second language of communication. English is at the same time American and a large number of Americans of Finnish descent retain close contact with the homeland. In Westermarck's day, Russian was a compulsory language in the schoolroom. Although many children deliberately refrained from learning it, the language stood a generation of Finnish statesmen in good stead during the time of troubles. In spite of the significance of Russia as a trading partner and neighbour, Russian appears to be a language with as little appeal in Finnish as in British educational circles.

While post-war Finland has been consolidating itself socially and economically, outside commentators upon it have multiplied rapidly. They include a new generation of foreign academics who, for the first time, have acquired sufficient competence to meet the rigorous standards of Finnish scholarship. While Finns respect their own past in their own ways, it is inevitable that others should view it from alien perspectives. Pioneering historians were already reinterpreting modern Finnish history before the Finns themselves had been able to escape from the emotional crisis of their war experience. Not surprisingly, there were strong and interestingly widespread reactions to L. Lunden's *Finland and the Second World War* (Bloomington, 1957) and A. F. Upton's *Finland in Crisis* 1940-41 (London, 1964). Similar protestations also greeted Anthony Glyn's novel *I can take it all* (London, 1960), which satirised every feature of Finland's national mythology. It will be interesting to see if future appraisals of sensitive areas in Finnish history by foreign scholars (e.g. David Kirby's *Finland in the Twentieth Century; a History and Interpretation*, London 1979) encounter the same reaction or whether, to borrow a metaphor from Thomas Carlyle, the 'burning fire ship' has sailed away 'into the Deep of Time'.

Most Finns are inclined to be stirred much more by issues which had

little impact when Westermarck was writing. Conservation is one of them. It might appear on the surface that Finland has more than enough space for its people, given the stabilisation of population numbers and the present level of capital investment. Yet there is a growing concern for the landscape as distinct from the land. An effective conservation lobby has recently contrived to prevent the siting of a major oil refinery on the Hangö peninsula in the vicinity of the old-established biological research station at Tvärminne; while the anti-pollution campaigners keep a watchful eye on waste from the nuclear power reactors near Loviisa. National parks have multiplied and to them have been added a great variety of protected areas of ecological interest. Wildlife conservation has raised problems. Over-fishing, especially in the Baltic Sea, calls for international controls. By contrast, stocks of certain animals—the elk and the Bothnian seal—are an embarrassment because of the damage that they cause to farmer and fisherman respectively.

The concern for nature is inseparable from the fact that most Finns have roots in the land. On the other hand, concern could not be genuinely expressed until a certain level of social and economic well-being had been attained. In Westermarck's day a depressingly large rural proletariat sought to exchange its limited opportunities and absence of amenities by emigrating to the New World or migrating to factory and town. It is ironical that the grandchildren of those who moved to the town now seek to escape from urban life by acquiring second homes—frequently in areas abandoned by their ancestors. The broad basis of property ownership in Finland can be partly measured by the fact that second homes are numbered by the hundred thousand.

Among the many perceptive Finnish authors who were writing at the time of Russian pressure was Juhani Aho. Westermarck was familiar with Aho's collection of allegorical sketches, *Lastuja*. In it, there is a study of the juniper, a sinewy resilient conifer which, through miracles of adaptation, contrives to survive—indeed to thrive—under the most difficult circumstances. The pine, spruce and birch that claim the pictorial monopoly of trade and tourist brochures are for popular majority consumption. The *cognoscenti* know that the juniper is the real symbol of Finland.

[Professor W. R. Mead is Head of Department of Geography at University College, London, and has visited Finland annually since 1947. Publications include *Winter in Finland* (1967) and *The Aland Islands* (1974)]

EUROPE FOR WHOSE SAKE?

by Paul B. Rose

IF the insularity of British politics needed underlining, the turn out in the European Elections did so with a vengeance. However, since local authority elections frequently produce the same lack of fervour it could be equally argued that as a democratic nation we are comparatively apathetic and lack the fervour that marks those who have not been blessed with three hundred years of uninterrupted peaceful development. Development however, can give way to decay and if ever the campaign to change the electoral system was given a boost it was in the ludicrous lopsided representation arising from mammoth single member constituencies. Those of us who voted for a regional list system were vindicated.

For Europeans, the tragedy is that Barbara Castle was the only cabinet ranking figure among the pathetic number of unknown fortunates who join what should have been the largest single grouping in the European Assembly. That Assembly contains some of Europe's distinguished elder statesmen. Labour's inability to look forward rather than fight over old battlegrounds was another lesson. If it continues to consider British politics as a simplistic reflection of the 1930s rather than look forward to 1984 and beyond it will be in danger of becoming irrelevant other than in deprived areas of inner-urban decay and regional neglect. A radical think-tank will do more good than all the knocking up by a diminishing band of the faithful on election day.

Europe, however, is not the world. Like the U.S.A. and other advanced corners of our man-despoiled planet, it has an obligation to give moral and material aid to those areas where half the children born die before they are five and the rest have an evens chance of living beyond adolescence. The obscene spectacle of the inhumanity accorded to refugees from Cambodia or Vietnam mirrors Man's selfishness and the callousness that emphasis on the nation state can produce. We have seen it all before over the pitiful remnants of European Jewry in 1945 or the millions of refugees in the Indian sub-continent, the West Bank or Africa, who are the world's forgotten. The justification for Europe, at once united and democratic, can only be in setting an example to the world in using its joint accumulated wisdom to solve the problems created in the wake of Empire and ideological divisions in which it played the major role. Europe for Europe's sake would be as abhorrent a concept as the squalid isolationism preached by Peter Shore and Enoch Powell.

Fortunately, many honourable opponents of the Community, from M.P.s Joan Lestor to Neil Martin, oppose out of a wider sense of destiny. However, the British were never political abstensionists and one might hope that now the damp electoral squib has fizzled out, those former opponents and protagonists will unite to advocate positive social and regional policies by the Community. Above all, Europe should set an example in solving the problems of hunger, poverty and disease which affect less fortunate con-

tinents. The alternative is more Vietnams, Angolas and poverty stricken countries squandering their pitiful resources on the weapons of destruction, happily supplied to them by the affluent consumers of credit card and Party card societies alike.

The flexing of Arab and Iranian oil muscle is both a reaction to and a form of colonialism in itself as the oil rich nations chop off hands and render more difficult the task of pressurising the West to use its potential productive capacity to channel resources to what Fanon so aptly described as 'the wretched of the earth'. Nor will Europe and its partners carry weight in the Councils of the world if it fails to produce social and racial harmony within its own sphere.

On a personal note, I find it stimulating to live in a multi-ethnic community in Brent. My next door neighbours happen to be Cypriot and Japanese. West Indians, Irish, East Europeans, Gujerati and Hindi speaking Indians are as common on the shopping parade as the dark eyed blond-haired little boy who holds my hand and waves a Union Jack as we go to shout for England at the International match at Wembley. We are delighted with the skills of Kevin Keegan and Steve Coppell. Our language may not quite match up to Shakespeare and Milton and our massed singing may do little honour to Elgar but there is no malice in our display of national partisanship. The cricket green nearby is multi-coloured and far from dividing, we are united in diversity. Internationalism in its true sense should recognise and glory in the different cultures that enrich the totality of mankind. By the same token our own community is enriched by the flow of new blood. After all, those dark eyes come from a liberated Lithuanian Jewess who, several generations ago, sought sanctuary in the bustling industrial city of Manchester. That blonde hair comes from a dashing young Magyar artisan whose now white hair has lived through occupation by Germans and Russians and rule by Fascist and Stalinist despotism; which has known red revolution and white counter terror; the streets of its capital rumbling with tanks and running with blood as the spirit of freedom and nationhood refused to yield. That old lady's son gave his life fighting against Fascism in Spain while his brother fought his way from Dunkirk to Burma.

There is no shame in patriotism and the European idea need not be the property of multi-national corporations. Patriotism recognises the contribution that diversity can make to the totality of mankind. The European idea can strengthen the commitment to democracy based on a common heritage of the Judeo-Christian tradition and Greek political and legal theory. It signifies the end of an era in which the Rhine was the great divide and Strasbourg has a symbolic significance. However, within Europe the diversity of Basques and Bretons, Walloons and Welshmen could be given greater emphasis as regional authority and devolution diminish the power of national Parliaments, while the European Assembly acquires greater powers and more authority. Of course, traditionalists who find the green benches of the Commons to be the personification of our democratic tradition will not be persuaded to yield some of their precious sovereignty.

What saddens me is that because the European idea is linked more with the C.A.P. and petty regulations from bureaucrats in Brussels, it has failed to fire the imagination of the new generation. However, there is so much in common in the dress, interests, attitudes and the opportunity for travel that young Europeans have created a common subculture of their own. Much of it is influenced by the commercialism of the United States but their music owes as much to steel bands from the Caribbean as to Mozart and the Ode to Joy is more likely to be associated with the Clockwork Orange than with the European Anthem. Perhaps the very concept of Europe which fired the ardour of Europe's post-war statesmen after two wars has itself become parochial and outmoded in the context of a shrinking world. It need not be if Europe, expanded by new member states, assumes a special role in the world where super-power domination has turned small nations into testing grounds for their weapons and mere squares on the chess board of International diplomacy.

The irony of the European Election results for the less than enthusiastic Labour Party is that had they come after the first Tory Budget, the scene would have been very different.

As I forecast last month, cutting direct taxation would be offset by increased V.A.T. The scale of this was even greater than one might have expected. The result is to hit the lower paid worker hardest. Combined with cuts in the public sector, it will mean higher unemployment and a danger of streets running with sewage as we fail to modernise those areas still decaying after the Industrial revolution, beneath a surface of new houses and office blocks. Mrs. Thatcher has widened even further the gap between the two nations which was evident in the General Election results. Paying more to policemen will not reduce crime if local authorities have to cut back on public provision for the young. Reduced income tax is small comfort for housewives coping with increased shopping bills. In the wake of inflation will come industrial unrest and the Government has its legislation to curb Trade Union power ready and waiting.

Thus we see division at home; division in Europe; division between East and West, rich and poor, white and coloured. The world has learned little from the horrors of the past and mankind displays that curious mixture of selfishness and idealism that characterises the human race. In Europe we had a chance to take one step towards unity. Two thirds of the population didn't know or couldn't care what it was all about. Meanwhile the boat people are driven from shore to shore and the Iranian idealists have created a new despotism of their own. The SALT talks almost seem irrelevant as the power struggle is played with puppets all over the globe. It is not a very pleasant picture but we had and still have the chance to make Europe a beacon of hope. So far, Europeans themselves and we more than any, have displayed little faith or enthusiasm. Perhaps in four years' time these elections will assume a new significance but the very lack of authority which the small poll implies could make the Assembly analogous to our House of Lords—the paradox of a newly created anachronism.

POPULATION PERSPECTIVES IN ASIA

by John A. Loraine

ASIA is the most heavily populated continent in the world. By 1979 numbers were approaching the 2,500 million mark. Official projections by the UN, World Bank and other prestigious authorities suggest that by 2000 AD Asia's population will exceed 3,500 million, more than half the earth's total.

The outstanding feature of the current Asian population scenario is its variability in terms of conventional demographic indices. Birth rates are both low and high; so are death rates and infantile mortality rates. However, there seems now little doubt that the waves of the demographic transition, characteristic of the Western world earlier this century, are starting to lap on the shores of the Asian continent. Given this postulate, the marked discrepancy in population dynamics visible throughout the region merely testifies to the fact that the denizens of individual countries are at different stages of this fundamental process.

The variation in birth rates is especially striking. They are over 40 per 1,000 population in countries such as Jordan, Afghanistan, Syria, Yemen, Bangladesh, Bhutan, Nepal, Pakistan, Laos and the Republic of Vietnam. Asian members of OPEC—Bahrain, Iraq, Kuwait, Oman, Qatar, Saudi Arabia and the United Arab Emirates—also show high fertility rates. In all these nations, given a continuation of present trends, numbers could double in 25 years or even less.

At the other end of the spectrum there are some countries with birth rates below 20 per 1,000. The figure in Japan is 16, in Hong Kong 18. In terms of rapid change the Singaporean experience is probably the most striking of all. In 1965 the birth rate exceeded 30 per 1,000; however, by 1978 it had dropped to 19 and there is every indication that the decline will continue. Singapore, under the dynamic albeit autocratic leadership of Lee Kuan Yew, has been prepared to operate her fiscal system vigorously in order to damp down procreative activity. The Government puts a limit on maternity benefits; in particular it refuses to grant maternity leave to married women following the delivery of third and subsequent children. Accouchment fees on an incremental basis are levied on patients delivered in Government sponsored hospitals. Rich people in Singapore are asked to pay at least $S300 for the delivery of their first child; by the time the fourth pregnancy is reached the fee will have been trebled. Singaporean tax laws have been modified to encourage the two child family, tax relief being disallowed after the third child. Housing policy and educational facilities strongly favour those with small families.

A mixed group of Asian countries have birth rates in the range 20 to 30 per 1,000 population. China is reputedly in the category and will be referred to later. Cyprus (20 per 1,000), Sri Lanka and Taiwan (both 26 per 1,000) maintain the tradition that islands throughout the world tend to be more susceptible to measures for population control than do mainlanders. In

South Korea the birth rate is also falling and is now reputedly below 25 per 1,000. The four last mentioned countries are developing markedly with a continuously rising per capita Gross National Product. In all of them family planning services are now quite broadly based; liberal abortion operates *de facto* if not yet *de jure*; illiteracy is declining rapidly. Female emancipation is becoming a powerful historical force, and particularly in Sri Lanka and Taiwan serious attempts are being made to redistribute land and wealth on a more equitable basis.

Within Asia, Israel illustrates *par excellence* the problem of differential fertility. The country's population is estimated at 3.7 million; numbers are growing at just over 2 per cent per year and could double in less than 35 years. Within Israel, Arab fertility is much higher than Jewish. In 1972 Arabs notched an average of 7.3 births per woman, Jewish only 3.2. Although as the Seventies proceeded the differential became somewhat less obtrusive, and although Jewish fertility in Israel is higher than any other part of the developed world, the imbalance will remain a major feature of the Israeli demographic map for the foreseeable future.

The average death rate in Asia in 1979—12 per 1,000—is the same as that for the world as a whole. The figure masks a high degree of variability. Some countries still classed as 'developing' now have death rates similar to those in the West—for instance, in Sri Lanka, Malaysia, Hong Kong, Singapore and the two Koreas the figure is below 10 per 1,000 population. On the other hand obstinately high death rates—20 per 1,000 and over—persist in Afghanistan, Bangladesh, Nepal and Laos. In the latter group of nations the medical revolution with its battery of antibiotics and vaccines has been slow to evolve as have better hygiene and sanitation. Infantile mortality rates—the annual number of deaths of infants under one year of age per 1,000 live births—still remain unacceptably high in many Asian countries. For example, figures in excess of 150 are currently being reported from Saudi Arabia, the Yemen Democratic Republic, Afghanistan, Bangladesh, Nepal and Laos.

The assumption has generally been made that only the industrialised countries need feel concern about their aging population and that the major problem in the Third World is an explosion of youth exemplified by the fact that in many areas over 40 per cent of the inhabitants are under 15 years of age. However, such a view is no longer tenable. Developing nations are now beginning to experience dramatic increases in their numbers of old people. Asia and Latin America show this trend to the most marked degree. In South Asia between now and 2000 AD over 60s in the population are forecast to rise by 137 million (150 per cent). East Asia had 78 million people over 60 in 1970; the projection for 2000 is for a doubling to approximately 160 million. Figures in respect of the over 80s in East Asia are even more striking. By the late 1990s numbers in this age bracket will have risen by 170 per cent and the region will contain the greatest number of octogenarians anywhere on earth.

In 1979 about a third of the world's people lived in India and China. By 2000 AD India is likely to have a population in excess of 1000 million,

China close to 1,300 million. The population policies of these two population giants are often compared, the sombre outlook in India contrasting vividly with the relatively successful Chinese paradigm.

India has had a population policy, based on family planning, from the early 1950s. Since then numbers have grown by over 300 million and now are approaching 650 million. Various birth control methods have been applied over the years. The intrauterine device—particularly the Lippes loop—was popular at an early stage. During the Sixties, condoms held sway together with male and female sterilisation. However, the oral contraceptive Pill has never attained the primacy in India that it has elsewhere in the Third World, and even now the medication is still rigidly controlled by the medical profession. It took the Government until 1971 to introduce a liberal abortion law based on the British model.

The story of forced vasectomy in India—initiated by the Indira Gandhi administration in 1976, pushed with great energy by the whole governmental infrastructure and eventually turning out to be a major factor in the *dégringolade* of the Congress Party in the election of the spring of 1977—has now passed into history. Unfortunately the policy has done much harm to India's demographic prospects mainly because it defiled and denigrated the image of birth control; indeed it is only very recently that the latter is being reinvested with the mantle of respectability. Whether the Janata Party—basically a gerontocracy and with strong fissiparous tendencies—will have sufficient political clout to make socioeconomic development a rubric of the population policy and *pari passu* to put the family planning movement firmly back on the rails is one of the great unanswered questions of the decade.

There is no evidence so far that the new Chinese regime is veering away from Maoist doctrine in the field of fertility control. Soon after taking office, Chairman Hua Kuo-feng enthusiastically endorsed the country's 'planned birth' programme and the ebullient Deng Xiaoping, currently much involved in decision-making, has given no indication of a switch in this area. The Chinese birth control programme remains one of the most eclectic in the world with the oral contraceptive Pill and liberal abortion as its spearheads. The training of barefoot doctors is continuing apace; the women's rights issue—fundamental to the success of any population policy in the Third World—does not seem to have run out of steam. The New China News Agency is on record as stating that in 1977 the birth rate in Kwantung province was 18 per 1,000 and in Szechwan only 14.7 per 1,000. By late 1977 the Agency was claiming that 9 Chinese provinces had population growth rates of less than one per cent per annum. A leading China-watcher writing in *The Washington Post* in December 1978, proclaimed that 'we are witnessing one of the great demographic events in human history.'

Amongst the developed nations of Asia Japan holds primacy. Her demographic transition commenced in the late 19th Century and, apart from the OPEC countries, Japan has the highest per capita GNP in Asia. Japan was, of course, the site of the 'population miracle', which stemmed from the

passage of the celebrated Eugenic Protection Law, in 1948, the latter legalising abortion and making female sterilisation much easier to obtain. The results of this legislation were striking. In 1949 the birth rate stood at 34 per 1,000; ten years later it had plummeted to 18 and during the same period the number of births per woman fell from 4.5 to 2.0.

In 1979 Japan with a population density of 303 persons per square kilometre is (exclusive of islands and city states) the fifth most densely settled country on earth—after Bangladesh, Taiwan, the Netherlands and Belgium. Numbers are now just short of 115 million; the growth rate is 1 per cent per annum and the forecast for the end of the century is for a population of 130 million.

The current Japanese population policy is replete with equivocation. On the one hand overcrowding is perceived to be a major problem. But the demands of a burgeoning labour force are heavy and as a result successive Governments feel obliged to tread warily in this area. Birth control methods have changed little from the 1950s except that the condom has now become increasingly popular. The Pill was banned in Japan until very recently, reportedly because of its unacceptable side effects. It is only now beginning to make a small dent in the contraceptive market.

Undoubtedly the overriding impression of Japan in 1979 is of its fragility. This is in spite of the fact that the country is at the peak of its economic prowess with the Yen riding ever higher in international markets. However, the Japanese population is manifestly out of tune with indigenous resources; Japan imports 99.9 per cent of her oil mainly from the Middle East and has less than 60 days' overall supply; more than 96 per cent of all raw materials have to be imported together with 92 per cent of grain supplies. In a finite planet with diminishing resources and the necessity to move towards greater sustainability the outlook for Japan in the 21st Century will certainly be much less rosy than it is today.

The Asian population scenario of 1979 is a fascinating admixture of hope and stress, of promise and lack of promise. In the future, Asia could well become the cockpit of world history as did the Balkans in the era preceding the First World War. Should this happen the population policies adopted by individual nation states and the efficacy with which such policies have been prosecuted will be seen to have been of transcendent important for the whole of mankind.

SELECTED REFERENCES

Loraine, John A. (1977) Twenty-five years of the World Population Crisis. *Contemporary Review* Vol. 231. No. 1341, p.208.

Loraine, John A. (1977) A Terrifying Society. Populi Vol. 4. No. 4, p.12.

Loraine, John A. (1977) *Syndromes of the Seventies.* Peter Owen, London.

Loraine, John A. (1979) *Global Signposts to the 21st Century.* Peter Owen, London —in press.

Population Reference Bureau (1978). World Population Data Sheet.

Schuman, Tarek M. (1978) 'Greying'—a new global phenomenon. Populi. Vol. 5. No. 4, p.16.

THE FIRST ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS SERIES

by Myron Tuman

LESLIE STEPHEN'S *Johnson*, the first volume of the first *English Men of Letters* series, was published by Macmillan's under the editorship of John Morley on February 4, 1878. During the next fourteen years, thirty-eight additional volumes were published completing the first series.[1] Today this series is little more than another dusty relic of late-Victorian culture, perhaps best remembered for an aphorism or two, James's, for example, 'The flower of art blooms only where the soil is deep,' or Mark Pattison's, 'An appreciation of Milton is the last reward of consummated scholarship.' Critical notice of the series, either recent or otherwise, has been scant.

John Gross, in discussing John Morley in *The Rise and Fall of the Man of Letters*, does note that the first series is 'more distinguished' than the following two and that the 'level of workmanship is high.' 'Most of the early volumes,' he writes, 'are well-proportioned and solidly constructed."[2] Richard Altick, in his full-scale study of literary biography, expresses a different, more critical opinion. In an expanded footnote, Altick cites the generally low level of scholarship of the individual volumes, the lack of a definite editorial policy, and the misguided values of a society that encouraged students to turn to such short literary biographies as a means of cramming for competitive examinations.[3] Neither Altick's criticism nor Gross's praise fully accounts for the achievements and shortcomings of the series. One hundred years later, the first EML series deserves to be placed in a larger historical perspective.

It is not particularly helpful to try to assess the quality of the thirty-nine individual volumes. As might be expected, they are a mixed lot. Briefly, they may be placed into three categories. Some volumes are outright failures, often because they are anaemic condensations of earlier, more noteworthy material (e.g., Hutton's *Scott*, Ward's *Dickens*, Dobson's *Fielding*, Smith's *Cowper*, Shairp's *Burns*, and Oliphant's *Sheridan*). Other volumes retain some historical importance, either as one of the few one-volume biographical studies available until recent years (e.g., Courthope's *Addison* and Jebb's *Bentley*) or in light of the author's own significance. James's *Hawthorne*, the odd cousin in the series, is here the best example, but others include Trollope's *Thackeray*, Huxley's *Hume*, Morley's own *Burke*, and Leslie Stephen's three studies of eighteenth-century figures, *Pope*, *Johnson*, and *Swift*. The third and perhaps most interesting category contains those volumes written by men with an intimate knowledge of their subjects and presenting sympathetic, although at times dated, literary portraits. Four volumes in particular stand out as still offering readers sound, well-written introductions to their subjects; these are Dowden's *Southey*, Colvin's *Landor*, Saintsbury's *Dryden*, and Pattison's *Milton*.[4]

Instead of considering the strengths and weaknesses of individual volumes, however, a more satisfactory approach involves an analysis of

certain characteristics common to all volumes, both good and bad. Such an approach requires better understanding both of the critical thinking that went into the shaping of the series and of the historical situation that created its need. The first EML series is, if nothing else, very much the product of the established, late-Victorian, literary culture.

The basic idea of treating an author's life, works, and times in a short biography reflects not only John Morley's critical persuasion but the prevailing historical-mindedness of the times. In an address of 1887, Leslie Stephen clearly stated this belief: 'So far, then, as the study of literature can be . . . treated in a scientific spirit, that is examined impartially and placed in due correlation with all the truths known to us, it is essential to understand in some degree the time as well as the man, because only through the time can we fully understand the man'.[5] John Morley, in an essay on Byron, used the term 'synthetic criticism' to refer to the attempt to view the composite work of a great writer 'on every side.' The first step in 'synthetic criticism' is 'analysis', which reveals 'to us the peculiar qualities of form, conception, and treatment.' The second step requires bringing together the results of analysis in order to 'construct for us the poet's mental figure in its integrity and just coherence.' The final step involves tracing 'the relations of the poet's ideas, either direct or indirect, through the central currents of thought, to the visible tendencies of an existing age.'[6]

Practically all volumes in the first EML series make an attempt at 'synthetic criticism'; the best volumes succeed in vividly demonstrating the importance of an author's specific historical situation. Here, for example, is Mark Pattison discussing the 'thrill of awe-struck expectation', which he finds in *Lycidas* beginning with the line, 'Last came and last did go':

> For the reader to feel this, he must have present in memory the circumstances of England in 1637. He must place himself as far as possible in the situation of a contemporary. The study of Milton's poetry compels the study of his time.
>
> All I desire to point out here is, that in *Lycidas* Milton's original picturesque vein is for the first time crossed with one of quite another sort, stern, determined, obscurely indicative of suppressed passion, and the resolution to do or die. The fanaticism of the covenanter and the sad grace of Petrarch seem to meet in Milton's monody. Yet these opposites, instead of neutralising each other, are blended into one harmonious whole by the presiding, but invisible genius of the poet. The conflict between old cavalier world—the years of gaiety and festivity of a splendid and pleasure-loving court, and the new Puritan world into which love and pleasure were not to enter—this conflict which was commencing in the social life of England, is also begun in Milton's own breast, and is reflected in *Lycidas*. (I, 28-29)

Or, another example, Saintsbury's summation of Dryden's character:

> But Dryden was not only in his literary work a typical Englishman of his time, and a favourably typical one; he was almost as representative in point of character. The time was not the most showy or attractive in the moral history of the nation, though perhaps it looks to us not a little worse than it was. But it must be admitted to have been a time of shameless coarseness in language and manners; of virulent and bloodthirsty party-spirit; of almost unparalleled self-seeking and political dishonesty; and of flattering servility to which, in the same way, hardly any parallel can be found. Its chief redeeming features were, that it was not a cowardly age, and, for the most part, not a hypocritical one. Men seem frequently to have had few convictions, and sometimes to have

> changed them with a somewhat startling rapidity; but when they had them, they had also the courage of them. They hit out with a vigour and a will which to this day is refreshing to read of; and when, as sometimes happened, they lost the battle, they took their punishment, as with some arrogance we are wont to say, like Englishmen. Dryden had the merits and the defects eminently; but the defects were, after all, in a mild and by no means virulent form. (III, 185-86)

In this passage from Saintsbury it is possible to see both the strong and weak points of the EML series. Besides the keen historical awareness, the vivid description, and the vigorous writing, there is the reassuring sense that the writer is dealing directly and openly with his response to his subject. Saintsbury, in fashion typical of the EML series, considers Dryden, not as a literary institution to be venerated or explicated, but as a distinctive personality with many rather ordinary features. Major authors are thus treated as fellow Englishmen becoming at once less extraordinary and more lifelike to the general reader. At such moments the series reveals its most characteristic and, in some ways, winning quality—the openness of mind and spontaneity of judgement that strikes one as more typical of journalism than of literary criticism.

This authorial attitude reflects the thinking of John Morley, who, as editor of the series and as spokesman for his age, believed that non-specialists could best write literary study intended for the general public. 'There is something to be said,' he wrote in 1882, 'for the writer by profession, who without being an expert, will take trouble to work up his subject, to learn what is said and thought about, to penetrate to the real points. . . . He is at least as likely as the expert to tell the reader all he wants to know, and at least as likely to be free from bias and injurious prepossession.'[7]

The immediate danger to the EML series in such a journalistic approach was not so much with unqualified or incompetent writers, as might be the case today, but with the ever present tendency to reduce literary discussion to, at best, social history or, at worst, literary gossip. Few modern readers would agree with Leslie Stephen's assertion that 'the true object of the study of a man's writing is . . . to make a personal friend of the author.' There are other ways of knowing an author than, in Stephen's words, being able to 'recognise him if I met him at a railway station.'[8]

When Stephen succeeds in making an author real for us, we can see this characteristic weakness of the EML series at its most engaging:

> To imagine Pope at his best, we must place ourselves in Twickenham on some fine day, when the long disease has relaxed its grasp for a moment; when he has taken a turn through his garden, and comforted his poor frame with potted lampreys and a glass or two from his frugal pint. Suppose two or three friends to be sitting with him . . . Suddenly the mention of some noted name provokes a startling outburst of personal invective from Pope; his friends judiciously divert the current of wrath into a new channel, and he becomes for the moment a generous patriot declaiming against the growth of luxury; the mention of some sympathising friend brings out a compliment, so exquisitely turned, as to be a permanent title of honour, conferred by genius instead of power; or the thought of his parents makes his voice tremble, and his eyes shine with pathetic softness . . . (III, 194-95)

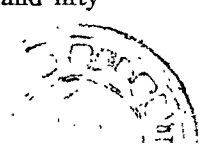
Here Stephen is almost exclusively concerned with what E. S. Dallas called 'the human side' of a great man's character, 'the very points about him, which are not exceptional, and which, therefore, are not heroic but

common'.[9]

Yet, by neglecting the exceptional elements in an artist's life, one readily overemphasises the eccentric or the banal elements. When the biographer has only the crudest conception of the dynamics of human personality, the resulting analysis is almost a travesty of true historical-minded literary biography. Stephen, for example, plays the role of a 'spiritual physician' in suggesting that the 'love of a good and sensible woman' would have been the best 'prescription' for Pope's psychic ills: 'A nature so capable of tender feeling and so essentially dependent upon others, might have been at once soothed and supported by a happy domestic life' (III, 100). Stephen has made Pope a Victorian contemporary, who is forced to live without the saving power of womanly love.

This passive acceptance of an extremely limited Victorian morality represents the single greatest shortcoming of the first EML series. Various authors are praised or damned insofar as they conform to or reject any number of Victorian virtues. Domestic felicity, for example: 'English in many things, [Dickens] was most English in that love of home to which he was never weary of testifying' (VII, 221); or kindheartedness: 'Scott's attraction for dumb animals was only a lesser form of his attraction for all who are in any way dependent on him' (VII, 81); and the ultimate compliment, manliness: Dryden was 'far too manly' to attack Rochester after his death (III, 81), Gray was 'more manly' in his last illness than Keats (XI, 5), Sir John Denham was a 'thoroughly masculine' poet (III, 31), John Gay was 'wanting in manliness of spirit' (III, 113), and finally Pope's *'Eloisa'* is marred by a 'taint of something unwholesome and effeminate' (III, 38). Many of the subjects in the first EML series seem to fit Stephen Potter's model hero of the late-Victorian man of letters, what he calls 'the hero of this nineteenth-century sub-culture—solitary, kind, sad, humorous, hidden tragedy, Christian'.[10] Perhaps most closely modelled on Alfred Ainger's portrayal of Charles Lamb, this model generally fits the portrayals of Gray, Gibbon, Goldsmith, Cowper, Dickens, Carlyle, and Johnson as well.

Richard Altick suggests that another major shortcoming of the EML series is due to the prevailing climate of the late-Victorian age. He calls the thirty-nine volumes 'unhappily characteristic of their era, with its passion for predigested, condensed information and its youths' need for quick aids on examination eve.' Altick here displays a well-justified, pedagogical dislike for works which tend to act as substitutes for the reading of primary material. The terms 'predigested' and 'condensed' suggest the twentieth-century onslaught of student guides and plot outlines that enable some people to a pass literature course without having to read literature. One can readily agree with Altick that the study of literature in the late-Victorian period was too positivist-oriented, placing far too much emphasis on historical data and literary facts. Such a conviction, however, should not be used to deny either the usefulness or the merit of short literary biographies designed for beginning students. Mark Pattison openly stated that his biography of Milton was written for those readers 'who cannot afford to know more of Milton than can be told in some two hundred and fifty



pages' (I, 2). One should criticise the series itself and not the uses to which it is put.

Behind Altick's attack on the EML series, probably lies a wider dissatisfaction with late-Victorian culture and its overvaluation of the humanising effect of literary study. One of the motivating factors behind the series was the belief that a wider knowledge of England's literary heritage would do much to enhance the quality of life for the urban masses. Competitive examinations, particularly for the civil service, gave practical support to such a project as the EML series, but men like John Morley sincerely felt that literary study would have an uplifting effect on the new urban population. Addressing the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching in 1887, Morley stated that it was 'the business and function of literature . . . to bring the Periclean ideas of beauty and simplicity and cultivation of the mind within the reach of those who do the drudgery and the service and the rude work of the world.'[11]

Today it is not always easy to take seriously such a seemingly naive faith in the uplifting power of literary studies. But everywhere one looks in the England of the 1870's and 1880's one sees signs of his faith in the value of literary study in general and in English literature in particular. There is, for example, the dominating influence of Matthew Arnold, the rapid expansion of the university extension movement, or the immense popularity of Green's *Short History of England* (1874) with its emphasis on the achievement of English literature.[12] The first EML series is just one facet in this relatively unstudied age of literary nationalism; its strengths and weaknesses are those of the age. The first EML series deserves to take its place with the other two monuments of late-Victorian literary studies, the *Oxford English Dictionary* and the *Dictionary of National Biography*, as a reminder of an age that was fully committed to preserving its literary heritage and in making that heritage accessible to a new reading public. It is doubtful if literary studies will ever again be so much a part of national life.

NOTES

[1]The remaining thirty-eight volumes with author and year of publication are as follows: 1878—*Goldsmith* (William Black), *Scott* (R. H. Hutton), *Gibbon* (J. C. Morison), and *Shelley* (J. A. Symonds); 1879—*Spencer* (R. W. Church), *Southey* (E. Dowden), *Hume* (T. H. Huxley), *Hawthorne* (H. James), *Defoe* (W. Minto), *Burke* (J. Morley), *Burns* (J. C. Shairp), *Thackeray* (A. Trollope), *Chaucer* (A. W. Ward), and *Milton* (M. Pattison); 1880—*Locke* (T. Fowler), *Bunyan* (J. A. Froude), *Wordsworth* (F. H. Myers), *Byron* (J. Nichol), *Cowper* (G. Smith), and *Pope* (L. Stephen); 1881—*Landor* (S. Colvin), *DeQuincey* (D. Masson), and *Dryden* (G. Saintsbury); 1882—*Lamb* (A. Ainger), *Gray* (E. Gosse), *Bentley* (R. C. Jebb), *Macaulay* (J. C. Morison), *Swift* (L. Stephen), *Sterne* (H. D. Traill), and *Dickens* (A. W. Ward); 1883—*Fielding* (A. Dobson) and *Sheridan* (Mrs. Oliphant); 1884—*Bacon* (R. W. Church), *Addison* (W. J. Courthope), and *Coleridge* (H. D. Traill); 1886—*Sidney* (J. A. Symonds); 1887—*Keats* (S. Colvin); 1892—*Carlyle* (J. Nichol).

The second EML series was begun in 1902 with John Morley as supervisor of the project for Macmillan's but no longer as editor. Between 1902 and 1919, twenty-eight

volumes were published, including G. K. Chesterton's *Browning* (1903), F. Harrison's *Ruskin* (1902), L. Stephen's *George Eliot* (1902), and W. Raleigh's *Shakespeare* (1907). A third series was begun in 1926 under the editorship of J. C. Squire; thirteen volumes were published, the last being E. Blunden's *Hardy* in 1941.

The first series has been published in many editions and is still available as an AMS reprint. I have used the thirteen volume Portrait Edition (New York: Harper, 1894), which has three separately numbered biographies in each volume.

[2](New York; Macmillian, 1969), pp. 107-08.

[3]*Lives and Letters: A History of Biography in England and America* (New York; Knopf, 1965), pp. 181-82n.

[4]Lionel Madden claims that Dowden's *Southey* 'was the first attempt to provide a rounded assessment of Southey's life and work. The final chapter . . . offers a thoughtful and sensitive survey of his literary achievement'; see *Robert Southey: The Critical Heritage* (Boston; Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1972), p.474. Ernest Dilworth, in the annotated bibliography for the Twayne series volume on Landor, calls Colvin's study 'the best book on Landor'; see *Walter Savage Landor* (New York; Twayne, 1971), p.162. James Osborn notes that Saintsbury's study was 'the most invigorating addition to Dryden criticism since Dr. Johnson's "Preface".' He goes on to call Saintsbury's work 'the most balanced, the most readable, and the most stimulating biography of the great poet that has appeared to this day'; see *John Dryden: Some Biographical Facts and Problems,* revised ed. (Gainesville, Fl: Univ. of Florida Pr., 1965), pp.101, 110. James Hanford claims that Pattison's 'brief life of Milton is among the best'; see *A Milton Handbook,* 5th ed. (New York; Appleton-Century-Crofts 1970), p.290.

[5]The Study of English Literature, *Cornhill,* 8 (1887), 493.

[6]Byron, *Nineteenth Century Essays,* p.6. This essay first appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* (December 1870). René Wellek briefly discusses this essay in *A History of Modern Criticism* (New Haven; Yale Univ. Pr., 1965), IV, 142. While not mentioning the EML series specifically, Wellek does dismiss the 'growing flood of dictionaries, monographs, contributions, notes, and queries' as implying 'a static conception of literature' and therefore being 'inimical to the writing of literary history'.

[7]'Valedictory', in John Morley's *Nineteenth Century Essays* (Chicago; Univ. of Chicago Pr., 1970), p.285. This essay first appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* (October 1882).

[8]'The Study of Literature', p.487.

[9]*The Gay Science,* II (London; Chapman and Hall, 1866), 271-72. Quoted by Altick in *Lives and Letters,* p.143.

[10]*The Muse in Chains: A Study in Education* (London; Jonathan Cape, 1937), p.83.

[11]*Studies in Literature* (London; Macmillan, 1907), pp.193-94.

[12]The university extension movement was formally begun in 1873 and reached its climax in the late 1880's and early 1890's when there were up to 60,000 students enrolled; see Brian Simon's *Education and the Labour Movement,* 1870-1920 (London; 1965), pp.86-92. Besides Stephen Potter's *The Muse in Chains,* D. J. Palmer's *The Rise of English Studies* (London; Oxford Univ. Pr. 1965) and E. M. W. Tillyard's *The Muse Unchained* (London; Bowes and Bowes, 1958) provide some account of the rise in interest in English literary studies during this period. There is no single survey of the interrelationship of literature and society during this period. Spokesmen for the period, however, offer interesting observations. Morley, for instance, in his London speech of 1887 claimed that 'in the present government, including the Prime Minister, there are three men at least who are capable of earning their bread as men of letters'. G. M. Young, who grew up during the time of the EML series, felt that from mid-century into the nineties there was a 'far more widely diffuse interest in the culture-bearers and their doings than we have known before or since'; see *Victorian Essays* (London; Oxford Univ. Pr., 1962), pp.206.

[Myron Tuman is Lecturer in English at the University of New Orleans.]

WOMEN AND 'HOLY ORDERS'

by Cecil Northcott

THE Church of England is an exasperating, conservative and yet most lovable institution. It has the characteristic of the English in its individualism, eccentricities and affectionate devotion to things as they are, with even more devotion to things as they used to be. It is conservative in the best sense of the word, caring for the Christian faith as it has been handed down by saints and martyrs, scholars and administrators, the learned and the simple minded and above all in the co-operation between men and women in thousands of parishes where the faith is regularly preached and the sacraments observed.

The Anglican Church's natural conservatism is seen at its best in the ministry, the 'Holy Orders' of Bishop, Priest and Deacon, which it conserves and protects with tenacious energy and which up to recently no woman had ever entered. Not that women have been outside the ministry of the Church of England, or excluded from exercising an honourable ministry within the fellowship of the faithful. They have been, and still are, the strength and support of thousands of parishes, and the sight of any average congregation would lead to the certain conclusion that the male-led church has a noble army of women in its ranks. They 'minister' in the broadest sense of the word through a host of channels 'caring' for members of the congregation in a personal manner that goes far beyond and more intimately than the ministrations of the welfare state. But entry to the ordained ministry of 'deacon, priest and bishop' is still barred—largely, it would seem, because the 'woman' is a 'woman' and carries the marks of her sex which 'Holy Orders' is unable to countenance.

The question of women's ordination to the priesthood has come alive for many reasons. It is not simply an off-shoot of 'Women's Lib.' or of the latest left-wing offensive in the church. It is not concerned with women alone but with the ministry of the church in the twentieth century of the Christian era. In this ministry, through the power of the Holy Spirit, women have already achieved a permanent place of authority and leadership. Why, then, should they not be recognised within the holy of holies of the ordained ministry? In a century that is undoubtedly 'the women's century' the Christian ministry seems to be minus the power and devotion that women priests could provide, and in a day when the debate on sex and sexuality wages strongly, within and without the church, the ordained ministry is weak at the point where it should be strong, namely at the point of intimate co-operation between men and women.

As the Bishop of Birmingham said in the General Synod debate of November, 1978:

> The status of women has changed. To insist on an all-male priesthood in a society which has abandoned all-male leadership in other areas of life is to distort the meaning of Christian priesthood. It leads to serious distortion in doctrine. If the priesthood is to be fully representative, if it is to be catholic in

> the real sense of that word, we need both men and women. If we do not extend the historic ministry of the church in response to these changes in the ordering of our society, we endanger the church's mission to the world.

Dr. Coggan, when Archbishop of York, speaking to the General Synod in July, 1973, went to what he called the 'fundamental question':

> What in fact is the basic qualification for ordination? Is it masculinity or is it redeemed humanity? If women are full members of the priestly body, the Church, what precisely is it in them which disqualifies them from ordination to the Church's priesthood? If the ordained ministry is the extended priesthood of Christ himself, and if He represented and represents the human race, does not a priesthood restricted to males only lose something of its representative character?

Following Dr. Coggan's lead, there was much searching of the Scriptures and investigating the earthly ministry of Christ, especially in his dealings with women. St. Paul and his Epistles came in for exegitical study and declaration such as that of the Bishop of Chichester who summed it up in this way:

> Our Lord chose only men as His apostles, the Church following Him chose only men as bishops and priests. Is this limitation of choice to be explained solely by the prevailing circumstances, or does it rest on something deeper and more permanent in the order of Creation on which our Lord and His church have built?

Despite Bishop Kemp's warnings that there may still be some important fundamental questions to be faced, the movement towards the ordination of women gained impetus.

Two years later, in 1975, the General Synod passed a resolution which declared that there are no 'fundamental objections' to the ordination of women, a resolution that shook the Catholic elements in the Church of England and gave warning that women's ordination had become an issue of contemporary significance. No longer was it to be left to Hong Kong alone to make decisions, but the Church of England itself was now arraigned before church and public opinion.

In 1978 came the Lambeth Conference of 400 bishops of the Anglican Communion who owe allegiance to the See of Canterbury. The Lambeth Conference was expected to give a powerful lead, one way or the other, to women's ordination. But in fact its advice was mellow and muted, largely because the issue had already been decided for some of the constituent members of the Anglican Communion and particularly the Episcopal Church of the U.S.A. which, in September 1976, by a small majority authorised the ordination of women and their consecration to the priesthood. All that the Lambeth Fathers could do was, by every possible means, to hold the Anglican Communion together by recognising inter-communion between the churches, even though a woman priest might be the president of the Celebration. They 'recognised the autonomy of each of its member churches, acknowledging the legal right of each church to make its own decision about the appropriateness of admitting women to Holy Orders'. Women and their ordination had become a powerfully divisive issue.

In particular there was a threat to the good relations, and regular dia-

logue, between the Anglican Communion and the Roman, Orthodox and Old Catholic churches. But it was pointed out to these churches that the peculiar Anglican heritage was one of 'holding together of diversity within a unity of faith and worship'. It was also pointed out that 'those who have taken part in ordinations of women to the priesthood believe that these ordinations have been into the historic ministry of the church as the Anglican Communion has received it.'

So the Church of England General Synod met on November 8, 1978, having done a considerable amount of 'homework' on the issues raised by the debate and the vote on women's ordination. Never before had a church issue received such a thorough study both in public debate and among clergy and people. From being thought of as a branch of 'women's lib' and yet another invasion of a traditional male profession, women's ordination appeared in its proper and authentic light as an issue of church faith and practice, a challenge to the accepted order and a threat to the Anglican church in its relationships with the rest of Catholic Christendom.

To those who have become convinced about the rightness of women's ordination the question is no longer one of church tradition, but of the 'truth'. What Councils and Synods can do, said Bishop Montefiore of Birmingham, 'is to recognise truth'. But opposed to this is the powerful belief that in dealing with women as priests we are proclaiming a different sort of church from the one where the male priest is representative of Christ.

Said Dr. Graham Leonard, Bishop of Truro:

> I believe that the scriptures speak of God as Father, that Christ was incarnate as a male, that He chose men to be His apostles, not because of social conditioning but because, in the order of creation, headship and authority is symbolically and fundamentally associated with maleness. For a woman to represent the Headship of Christ and the Divine Initiative would, unless her feminine gifts were obscured and minimised, evoke a different approach to God from those who worship.

The faith of Anglicanism is lashed to 'its historical moorings', said Bishop Leonard. 'By these tenets we must assess the admitted innovations, for as far back as the early 3rd century Irenaeus condemned Marcion both for his cavalier treatment of Scripture and his attempts to ordain women'. Bishop Leonard went on to say that God is neither male nor female but yet 'it is evident that God created a world of which sexuality is an integral part, and in the revelation of himself in and through human history he made use of the distinction between the sexes in the human race. I do not and cannot believe that it was a mere accident of history that God was incarnate as a male, nor that the highest vocation of any created being was given to a female, the Virgin Mary. I believe it is of abiding significance for a true understanding of the Gospel. Although in Christ male and female have equal access to God, the created distinctions between men and women were not abolished and we cannot try to behave as if they were'. In the Bishop's argument against women's ordination he pleaded with the Synod to recognise the fact that 'equality between the sexes does not mean identity and interchangeability. In the diversity of gifts between the sexes I would

expect to find the distinction between the sexes which God used as the stuff of revelation reflected in the ordering of that part of the Body which is here on earth in space and time.'

Along these lines ran the main argument of those opposed to women's ordination, with the result that the voting was 272 against women's ordination and 246 for, an overall majority against of 26. An examination of the figures shows that the bishops voted 32 to 17 for, the clergy 94-149 against, and the laity 120-106 for. The decisive vote against the proposal by the clergy re-asserted once again the traditional conservatism of the parish clergy, and their determination to keep the Church of England on its traditional lines.

This situation was re-affirmed on July 6 1979 when the Synod turned down a proposal that women who had been lawfully ordained priests by Anglican churches in the United States, Canada and New Zealand should be allowed to officiate at Anglican altars in England. With the two Archbishops and leading bishops strongly in favour, as well as the laity, the house of clergy failed to get a majority: their voting was 113 against and 87 for. Many in the Synod regarded this as an affront to the member churches of the Anglican Communion and also to the English Free Churches now in serious discussion on unity with the Church of England. They are not likely to enter a united church where the ordination of women is not practised while, on the other hand, the Orthodox and Roman Catholic Churches, in any unity plan with the Church of England, would find women's ordination an almost insuperable barrier. There lies the Anglican dilemma.

But what of the future? The Anglican Church is no longer confined to the British Isles. Its range of churches is spread across the continents and women's ordination is accepted in many of them. Will their pressure influence the Church of England in departing from the rigidities of 'Holy Orders'? and will the developing leadership of women in politics and industry compel the church to open its doors to women as priests and bishops? The prophets prophesy another five years. But you must always reckon with the Church of England and its subtle ability to resist change, and to maintain the barriers against the coming of women in Holy Orders.

[Dr. Cecil Northcott was until recently Religious Affairs Correspondent for the *Daily Telegraph*.]

THE CONSEQUENCES OF INFLATION FOR SCIENCE, UNIVERSITIES AND INDUSTRY

by The Rt. Hon. Lord Bowden of Chesterfield

THE word 'Inflation' has been used so much that its meaning has become unclear. I shall refer in this article first of all to the dramatic increase in the cost of some items of our national budget and then to the effect of the change in the value of money which makes all prices rise at once. I hope to explain how other countries have learned to survive it, and sometimes to cure it. I think we could learn a great deal from some of them.

First of all, then, let us consider as an example the astonishing increase in the cost of scientific research.

When I became Minister of State for Science in the first Wilson administration of 1964, I was, of course, very much concerned by the mounting cost of science in England. I already knew that the number of scientists in the world seemed to increase by about 12 per cent per annum, and had done ever since the time of Sir Isaac Newton. This meant that of all the scientists who had ever lived, two-thirds were alive at the time. Furthermore, although there used to be very few scientists in the world, there were more in Great Britain in 1964 than there were ordained clergymen or commissioned officers in the army. It was easy to show that if the number of scientists increased in the same way for another two hundred and fifty years, then every man, woman and child in the world would be a scientist and so would every dog, every horse and every mule. This possibility didn't worry us, but we were much concerned by the fact that the cost of equipping each of our scientists in Great Britain increased by about 4 per cent a year, so that the overall cost of the science for which the Government was responsible increased by 16 per cent a year. It doubled every four or five years. It was obvious to me when I joined the government that this could not go on, at a time when the gross domestic product was increasing by 3 per cent every year. It turned out to our surprise that the same sort of thing was going on quite independently in most other countries in the western world—in particular in America and in Russia.

I went to America to discuss the matter with American officials. They hadn't thought about it, but their view was that as the cost of their science had gone up as ours had done by about 16% compound interest for so long, this was obviously the figure that God had ordained and we had better stick with it, despite the fact that the national budget for research and development was already as big as the whole budget of President Roosevelt at the time of Pearl Harbour. In Russia they told me that to discuss the subject at all was almost treasonable and they didn't want to think about it. But it couldn't go on. Ours was the first generation to realise how much the progress of mankind depended on science. We were the first to notice the growth in the cost of science and it fell to us to reduce

its rate of growth. No-one can say what effect this change will have on the economic prospects of the community.

The funds for British scientific research were cut after Mrs. Williams announced that, 'for scientists the party is over,' but the cuts were made at a reasonably steady rate. In America the cost of science went on expanding until it was suddenly cut right back by President Nixon. American universities suffered much more from what they call stabilisation shock than ours ever did.

I must emphasise the point that the increase in the cost of science in most western countries took place at about 16% per annum compound interest for very many years. It was a rate four or five times as great as the inflation in the cost of ordinary goods and much greater than the rate of increase in the national income. It is only in the last few years that the inflation in the cost of science in England has been taking place at a smaller rate than the inflation in the cost of goods. To-day the cost of science in real terms may even be declining, but I do want to emphasise the fact that there has been inflation in specific areas long before we began to experience what we now describe as 'inflation.'

Money has lost its value many times in history; some civilisations have been ruined by inflation, some of them have survived it, a few have cured it. The story is interesting and important to us to-day. I believe that we have a lot to learn from the experience of our predecessors. I want to explain very briefly why inflation is so dangerous and so destructive to-day. After the first world war, in 1919, Maynard Keynes, who was the greatest economist of his generation, studied the crisis in the economy of Europe. Russia, Germany, Austria and Italy were all enduring a great and unprecedented inflation. He wrote a wonderful book called, *The Economic Consequences of the Peace*. At the time Lenin was organising the Russian Revolution. 'Lenin has said', Keynes remarked, 'that the best way to destroy the capitalist system would be to debauch the currency', and by this he meant to make money lose its value. Keynes went on, 'in times of inflation governments confiscate secretly, arbitrarily and unobserved a great part of the wealth of their citizens. Furthermore, they do so in a manner which not one man in a thousand either observes or understands and all the forces of economics and of law are engaged on the side of the despoiler'. He added, 'Governments are fast destroying the economic order, but they have no plan to replace it!'

This was Keynes, writing about the effects of inflation in 1919. We think of inflation as the appalling process by which the price of food and clothes goes up. In 1972 the price of houses in this country rose so fast that the average Englishmen earned as much by living in his house as he did in taxed income and the nominal book value of the 18 million houses in this country increased by a sum equal to the Gross Domestic Product. The situation couldn't last, and the housing boom came to an abrupt end soon afterwards. Our experience in England, when we used houses as a medium of speculation, was very much like that in America in the 1920's when men speculated in ordinary stocks and shares. Furthermore, Englishmen

paid for Mercedes cars and French wines by buying and selling houses in Richmond. Millions of people in this country who did very well during this period are apt to look back on the property boom as a golden age.

The extent to which successive governments of both parties have been robbing ordinary people in this country to-day is not commonly understood. First of all, as we all know every government borrows money and repays it 20 or 30 years later with devalued currency. Consider the particular case of the government bonds, usually called Consols, which were sold in 1952 at £98 per 100 and carried interest at 2½%. To-day these Consols were being quoted at about £20 per £100 bond and of course the purchasing power of modern pounds is about a quarter of the purchasing power of pounds in 1952, so that when the Government comes to repay those patriotic, but gullible people who put their money into the Consolidated Fund, it will have confiscated something like 95% of the total purchasing power which was so confidently entrusted to it all those years ago. This is a system of licensed daylight robbery. The Government has been operating what, were it to be proposed by anyone else would be denounced as a bucket shop. By following the Government's example the Building Societies have become agencies which transfer purchasing power from the hands of those who lend money to them into the hands of those who borrow it to buy houses, but that is another story.

My next example is the effect of inflation on income tax. Sir William Pile, who is Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue, said after the last Budget, 'As usual, inflation has been the chief tax gatherer'. Wages and salaries go up to follow prices, but in England income tax is levied in the same way for years at a time. This means that as their wages creep up, quite poor people find themselves paying income tax and everyone finds that he is paying tax at a higher rate than before. This process is called 'Fiscal Drag'. The original tax system was designed to tax the rich—and leave the poor alone. Recently, the Former Chancellor, Mr. Healey, announced with enormous pride that by the changes he introduced in his last Budget, 800,000 people would cease to pay income tax. They should never have had to pay it in the first place.

Three years ago the Ottawa Government in Canada passed a law which insists that when prices rise and wages rise to match, so must the threshold at which income tax is paid. No Finance Minister in Canada will ever have the pleasure of saying that thousands of people will stop paying tax. They will never be taxed in the first place. Our own Parliament decided in 1978 that the threshold of tax should be adjusted in accordance with the cost of living. This was the so-called Rooker Wise Amendment. In future our own Chancellors may not boast so proudly of the buoyancy of the revenue!

Even more insidious and far more dangerous to society is the way the Government seizes a very large part of the capital wealth of every ordinary manufacturing organisation. *The Times* once described this as an arcane subject. Perhaps it is and I may be one of the few people who believe that the long term damage it has caused to British industry has been more serious and widespread than any of the troubles produced by bad manage-

ment or recalcitrant trade unions. I go so far as to say that although our industrial decline may have several causes, this one single process could account for our troubles all by itself. Industry deceives itself and allows the Government to rob it because industrial accounts and balance sheets are traditionally based on what are called 'historic costs'.

The point is fundamentally quite simple. When, for example, a machine wears out in a factory, the firm should have accumulated in its balance sheet a sum of money equal to the original cost of the machine, and with it they are expected to buy a new one. In times of inflation this is not enough. A firm can't buy a machine to-day for the same amount of money as it spent on the original machine ten years ago.

A friend once told me. 'I have six buses with which I run tours. My buses cost me £7,000 each and I am now making profits on which the Government levies tax at 51%. My profits are inflated because I am depreciating the cost of the buses at their historic cost, but when they wear out, as they are soon going to do, it will cost me £17,000 for each new bus. I shall barely be able to afford three new buses to replace six'. In other words, he will have lost more than half his working capital in ten years because of the way he has to do his accounts. He has to pay out in dividend or taxes the money he will need to keep his little company up to date.

Every company overestimates its profits in times of inflation for several reasons. The assets with which it is working are undervalued. Moreover, the actual raw materials which were brought in one year and used two or three years later will have to be replaced by more expensive material, but this is not usually allowed for in the selling price.

Even when inflation is small, these effects are serious. Professor Stamp, who is Professor of Accounting in Lancaster University, has computed that if inflation is at $3\frac{1}{2}\%$ per annum, the average firm declares a profit which is 50% greater than the real profit would be if it allowed for the maintenance of its capital resources properly. It turns out that from 1950 to 1970 the average rate of inflation was about $3\frac{3}{4}\%$ so that Professor Stamp's calculations show that most firms in England have been paying out 50% more money in dividends and taxes than they should have done. This money must have come out of capital because there is nowhere else it could come from. About 15 years ago I was told of the results of an investigation which had been undertaken by the Treasury; I do not think it was ever published. They compared the true worth of the capital invested in British industry in 1961 and in 1951. In spite of the fact that there had been a very substantial investment programme throughout the whole of that time, the total worth of the capital resources of British industry was several thousand million pounds less in 1961 than it had been in 1951. This was because of the insidious effects of inflation and the traditional, but arbitrary, system of historic accounting which is imposed on us by the Treasury and is interpreted by the accountants.

Since inflation rose so dramatically a few years ago many firms have published two sets of accounts. One is computed in the old fashioned way using historic costs, the other uses a system of 'inflation accounting' which

has been devised by Sir Francis Sandilands and his committee and attempts to allow for the changes in the value of money. The results are horrifying. I.C.I. for example, made 19% profit on capital—or it made 5%. Turner & Newall's made several million pounds profit—or they made a loss. On average British industries' profits appeared to rise from 13% to 17% between 1967 and 1975. In fact they fell from 10% to 4%, and worse was to come as inflation rose again,

Now, of course, the governments of all parties tax industry on the same misleading accounts as the workers use when they claim more pay. The private sector has to grant wage increases it cannot afford and the public sector follows. We are all paying ourselves more than we earn and we are doing so because we use a system of accounting which completely distorts the truth.

Between 1950 and 1972 we had a small but insidious Capital Levy of the worst possible type in this country. It was particularly dangerous because its effects were arbitrary and its very existence seemed to be unknown to our legislators. As inflation rose in 1974 it became obvious that our industry was bleeding to death and in his second budget of that year, Mr. Healey removed the ridiculous tax on the increased value of inventories.

If the Government of the day is determined to take away the capital upon which British industry depends and spend it as if it were recurrent income, it should at least say so and it should not do it by subterfuge, as it does now, with the connivance of our highly paid accountants.

In times of inflation the citizen is robbed, industry is robbed and the Government does it, as Keynes remarked fifty years ago, without arousing the suspicion of the ordinary citizens whose wealth is being taken from them, and being spent as if it were ordinary recurrent income. I believe that inflation can actually destroy the community in which we live. The Labour Government's efforts to cope with the problem have made matters worse. For example, we try to cut public expenditure and at this moment about 400,000 civil engineers and builders are unemployed. No country ever became rich by keeping its most productive workers in idleness and I find it very strange that we make such a fuss about the mistakes of the Crown Agents, whose inefficiency seems to have lost us a matter of £200 million, but we ignore the fact that Government policy which is justified by the fight against inflation, is costing us at least £5,000 million every year. The Crown Agents lost fairy gold—the civil engineers could be making roads, schools, hospitals and houses. Roads are being neglected. Some minor roads in Dorset will be resurfaced once every 370 years—on present plans. The motorways are being looked after properly, but we might remember that one of the first signs of the imminent collapse of the Roman Empire was the neglect of secondary roads which were important for local commerce and the preservation of main roads along which the legions could march.

Other civilisations learnt to survive inflation. I am not suggesting that it is not better to cure inflation if we possibly can, but I am sure that until

we know how to cure it we had better not destroy ourselves and our industry in our attempt to stop inflation at any cost. What can we learn from Antiquity?

The Emperor Augustus Caesar issued sound money for the whole Roman Empire. It was he who declared that 'all the world must be taxed'. For about 150 years after his death the Roman Empire was stable and prosperous. This was the Golden Age of the Antonines in which, so Gibbon tells us, ordinary men had the best life of which history has record. But then an impecunious Emperor discovered that by putting a little less gold in coins the Mint could make a profit which helped to pay for splendid new buildings, for wars and for some expensive gladiatorial games with which he entertained the citizens. No-one realised that by debasing the currency the Emperor had started an inflationary spiral which no-one could stop. For about a hundred years Rome endured inflation at an average rate of about 12 or 13% a year. Not very big by our standards, but we have never had inflation at 12% for a hundred years at a time—yet. Between 200 A.D. and 300 A.D. the price of wheat in Rome rose 300,000 fold. It was impossible to collect taxes, it was impossible to pay for ordinary public works and maintain the roads, and most important of all, it was impossible to pay the army. The army disintegrated and the barbarians conquered the Roman Empire of the West.

The Emperor Diocletian, who ruled the Eastern Empire, was very conscious of rising prices. He enacted a most complicated prices and incomes code. He specified the price of olives, the price of wheat, the price of meat, the cost of transport from Alexandria to Rome, the wages of artisans and the fees a lawyer could charge for representing a client in court (lawyers were absurdly overpaid in those days). In his preamble the Emperor denounced profiteers and said that it was inconceivable that men should be so callous and so unaware of public interest as to charge such prices. He went on, 'We, (that is to say himself as Emperor) who are the guardian of the public interest, have decided on decisive action and firm government'. The Emperor enforced his rule with the full rigour of the Roman law, including the use of the death penalty, but it didn't work, and prices kept on rising. After a few years the Emperor became disheartened, he abdicated, he divested himself of the Imperial Purple at a very famous ceremony and, as Gibbon tells us, he spent the rest of his life growing cabbages.

If we can skip nearly 2,000 years, we have had a statesman who introduced a prices and incomes policy which was not very successful. He, too, retired and I believe he is growing cabbages in the Scilly Islands. This seems to be a very remarkable coincidence,

But about this time a method for coping with inflation was introduced by the prophet Mohammed and his followers. Mohammed married the widow of a wealthy merchant and he seems to have been more familiar with the problems of trade and commerce and with the effects of inflation than any other religious leader has ever been. I got myself into trouble some time ago by paying tribute to what I said was the extraordinary

genius of the Arabs and the sophistication of the ideas enshrined in the Koran. I was publicly rebuked by the Minister of Education for Saudi Arabia, who said, 'You must realise that these ideas and these reforms were not introduced by men of genius; they were inspired by God'.

Howsoever these ideas originated, they were remarkably ingenious. They have inspired the Muslims ever since and they govern their operations to this day. The Muslims insist that when a Believer pays a bill or repays a debt, he does not pay cash for cash, he repays in terms of purchasing power. To quote freely from the Koran, he must 'repay gold for gold, camels for camels, tents for tents, wheat for wheat, corn for corn and salt for salt'. Now this implies that when a Muslim repays a debt he is required to hand over funds whose purchasing power is equivalent to that of the original debt which he incurred, and this means that he may not charge interest on loans. This has been the policy of Muslims ever since the time of the Prophet. In a sense, all transactions are a form of extended, long term barter.

If one Muslim kills another, he is required to pay a sum of money in compensation to the bereaved family. One man absconded and was brought to justice twenty years later. How much did he owe? It was ruled that he owed a sum of money which would allow the family to buy the same amount of wheat and the same number of horses and camels, as the original sum of money which was first awarded to them. To this day, if one Arab kills another with his car, his debt is assessed in camels, and if he absconds, he still owes the same number of camels. This rough and ready assessment of the current value of an old debt is the basis of the case which has so often been made by the O.P.E.C. oil producers. They want the price to be so adjusted that they can buy as much for a barrel of their oil this year as they could last year. Who are we to blame them? We don't realise that their argument is based upon their ancient religion. Ordinary English working men feel betrayed if their wages won't buy as much as they once did—after tax. It is an ancient idea, and it is also very modern.

The Caliphs of Baghdad controlled a large empire. They had all the problems that every government has in trying to raise money quickly to pay their armies, so they established Court Bankers who undertook the functions for which our own Bank of England was founded a thousand years later. They provided the government with ready cash, but they had one complication we never had. They soon discovered that they couldn't run a bank without paying interest and no True Believer can do that. So the Caliph could not use a Muslim as his Court Banker. He had to employ infidels. The Caliphs appointed Christians or Jews to be their bankers. On his accession to power the Caliph had to swear that he would not appoint an Unbeliever to a position of power. He then went straight home and appointed a Jew to be Court Banker. These men became wealthy, as bankers often do, and once they had been appointed they tended to stay in office for a long time. One particular Caliph had fifteen Viziers in the course of his reign, but only one banker.

The Caliph's bonds were used for all sorts of purposes. For example, the students at the University of Babylon used them to pay their fees. Merchants used such bonds to buy food for themselves and fodder for their horses and camels wherever they went, from Spain to China. One has the impression that caravans moved freely throughout Asia along the Silk Road and the Golden Road to Samarkand. They had 'negotiable instruments', as we might call them and local bankers would cash them. The same bond would pay for wool in England or alum in Algiers to scour the wool. I doubt if any of the travellers' cheques we use to-day are as useful over such a large part of the world. Mr. Healey was very proud of the indexed bonds he introduced for Old Age Pensioners, They were no more than a modern version of the bonds which the Caliphs' bankers sold in Baghdad 1,000 years ago.

Our own King Edward I went to the Levant as a Crusader. When he came home he introduced fully indexed pensions for his civil servants. The law about them—they were called corrodies—was consolidated by the great lawyers who advised the King in an Act of 1285. They retained their value regardless of changes in the value of money. A man could be given a corrody by the King, or he could buy one for himself. A corrody entitled the pensioner to, let us say, a house, fuel, servants, food from the Abbot's table, to cloaks, trousers, and other clothing, a palfrey and fodder for the palfrey. A man could arrange for his wife to have the whole corrody or part of it. The details of each corrody were recorded in great detail. Corrodies were completely indexed pensions which were introduced into this country 700 years before Mr. Edward Heath introduced indexed pensions for our civil servants. They were abolished by King Henry VIII and since then they have been forgotten.

I came across a letter written by an Abbot in Leicester about 600 years ago. He had sold several corrodies to raise ready money to rebuild the west end of his abbey. Now, of course, the poor man didn't have what we should call proper life tables, There were no actuaries to calculate them in those days. Furthermore, he didn't seem to realise that a man with an indexed pension is likely to live a long time because he has nothing to worry about. He wrote very bitterly to an ecclesiastical colleague, 'our pensioners live for ever and devour our substance.'

For two hundred years the state of Virginia based its currency on tobacco. It first became legal tender in 1642 and contracts based on gold were illegal in Virginia. America was on the gold standard for less than half as long as Virginia was on Tobacco. Several British economists in the nineteenth century knew that college dons were paid a salary in terms of bushels of corn, as they had been for hundreds of years.

Lord O'Brien, who was Governor of the Bank of England, once asked Sir Winston Churchill which decision in his life he regretted most. 'In 1926', he said, 'when I was Chancellor of the Exchequer I wanted to introduce the "commodity pound", but I was talked out of it and my advisers persuaded me to put the country back on the gold standard. I have regretted this decision ever since'. Some commentators have

suggested that this policy was one of the fundamental causes of the slump which so nearly destroyed us soon afterwards.

In 1933 there was an international conference in South Kensington to discuss world prices. Professor Galbraith has described it as 'one of the truly bizarre international convocations of the century'. While the American delegation was on its way across the Atlantic, President Roosevelt went sailing, and read a book about commodity price stabilisation. He wrote a letter to the American delegation which completely changed their plans. They had expected to link the dollar to the pound and to the franc, via the gold standard. Roosevelt wrote, 'let me be frank in saying that the United States seeks the kind of dollar which a generation hence will have the same purchasing power and debt paying power as the dollar we hope to attain in the near future. That objective means more to the good of other nations than a fixed rate for a month or two in terms of the pound or franc'. This idea was received with horror by the British press. The *Manchester Guardian* described it as a 'Manifesto of Anarchy', but Keynes wrote in the *Daily Mail*, 'President Roosevelt is magnificently right'. One of the American delegation was so appalled at the implications of this revolutionary plan that he was found in Claridge's Hotel sitting in the butler's pantry, in the nude, in the sink, with the tap on, under the impression he was a statue in a fountain!

So in 1926 and in 1933 the decision to link our money supplies to goods was contemplated and rejected—I often wonder what would have happened had the decision gone the other way, the way Churchill and Roosevelt wanted. They might have changed the whole course of history.

There was appalling inflation in China in 1948 after the civil war. It was at the rate of 10% per day! Prices doubled every week. No-one would invest in anything, commerce came to a dead halt and the whole country seemed to be heading for total catastrophe. The Communist government did two things immediately it had seized power. It indexed wages and it indexed bank loans. A man knew from week to week what his wages would buy for him and he knew that when he put his money in the bank, the money he got out would buy as much as the money he put in. The index the Chinese used was extraordinarily simple. It was based on the price of a basket full of five commodities—rice, millet, cooking oil, firewood and cotton cloth for making clothes. The economy of China was saved, people started working again, they started investing again, the banks had money to invest in industry. The productivity of the country improved so fast that in four years goods became freely available, prices stopped rising, people stopped panicking and inflation stopped. Between 1952 and 1976 prices in mainland China rose by 7% and then fell by 5%, so that over a period of more than twenty years prices in China have risen by 2%.

So much for the experience of the Chinese who were saved from catastrophe by indexation. We may now turn our attention to the experience of Brazil. In 1964 inflation in Brazil was at the rate of 100% per annum. Work stopped, everyone was speculating, everyone wanted to spend his money, no-one would invest in anything and industry was being bled white

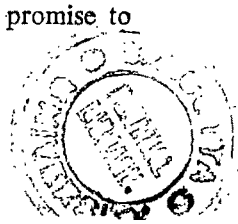
—because they used the same system of accounting which we have in this country to-day. The Brazilian government introduced a series of very fundamental reforms. They indexed wages in accordance with the cost of living, they indexed rents in accordance with wages, they indexed the assets of companies, so that manufacturing firms were not apparently making enormous profits because they were working with tools the value of which had long since disappeared. Most important of all, they indexed money. A man in Brazil who borrows money from the bank pays for the privilege in two quite different ways. He pays a real rate of interest which he negotiates with the bank (which may be 3 or 4%) and, secondly, he pays a sum which is computed by the Central Statistical Office, and which allows for the change in the value of money. This may be about 15 or 20%. One figure is at the discretion of the borrower and lender; the other is controlled by the Central Statistical Office. There is no such thing as the negative rate of interest which we have had in this country ever since the rate of inflation has exceeded the bank lending rate. As a result of all this, trade has boomed, the economy of Brazil is growing faster than that of any other country in South America and the rate of inflation has dropped from 100% to less than 30%. The Argentine had the same rate of inflation as Brazil in 1964, but their inflation rose to 320% last year, which is ten times as big as the rate in Brazil.

Imperfect and inadequate though the Brazilian system undoubtedly is, it has the enormous merit of working. Furthermore, it was introduced in Brazil, a country which has very few accountants, in such a way that ordinary men could understand it and use it according to simple rules. It has had a dramatic effect on the welfare of the entire community. Instead of going bankrupt, as seemed inevitable at one time, Brazil has become enormously prosperous. Their rate of inflation was reduced, not as a direct result of indexation, but because a country, whose industries felt that they were becoming prosperous and that they had a future, increased total output to such an extent that ordinary economic forces brought prices down.

Everyone who devised a system for living with inflation did so independently. The Brazilians had no idea the Chinese had done it, they had no idea that Roosevelt thought of it and they had no idea at all that the Muslims had done it. The same basic ideas have been before this country for very many years. If we abandon the idea that money, as we know it, can be used as a standard of value in the long term, but insist that it should be linked to goods, we may hope to save the community from the catastrophe which otherwise seems to me to be inevitable.

The problem of devising a realistic system of accounting is now being studied all over the world, but although our own Chartered Accountants have appointed several committees, they have never been willing to accept their recommendations. The most recent paper, by Mr. Douglas Morpeth was issued early this month, and inspired the *Financial Times* to refer to the problem as a 'Boring subject'.

If you look at a bank note to-day, you find that it says, 'I promise to



pay the bearer the sum of one pound'. You have to ask yourself, which pound are you going to be paid? What it really means is that you will be paid a sum of money which Parliament in its wisdom will determine at some date in the future, the value of which no man can reasonably foresee. Yet we depend for our survival on this extraordinary confidence trick. If we could devise a mechanism by which values could be determined more precisely and by which both prices and wages were fixed in terms of their purchasing power, then I think our industry would survive. It might even recover from the insidious capital levy which has been gnawing away at its vitals for a quarter of a century.

The above article is based upon the 8th Rutherford Lecture delivered by Lord Bowden on November 3rd, 1977 at the Royal Institution, London.

[Lord Bowden was created Baron of Chesterfield in 1963. He worked with the late Lord Rutherford from 1931 until 1934 and spent the following year at the University of Amsterdam. He was Dean of the Faculty of Technology at Manchester University and Principal of the Manchester College of Science and Technology (now the University of Manchester Institute of Science and Technology—UMIST) from 1953-1976. He was Minister of State for the Department of Education and Science in the first Wilson Government. Lord Bowden was Chairman of the Electronics Research Council of the Ministry of Aviation from 1960-64 and is at present President of the National Television Rental Association. Publications include *Faster than Thought* (1953); *The Development of Manchester College of Science and Technology,* and numerous papers on education.]

THE MYTH OF THE EUROCRATS

by Cosmo Russell

IT is a democratic truism that people require a political Aunt Sally. Recently the British people and to some extent the peoples of other countries of the European Community have invented a new Aunt Sally in the form of the Brussels Eurocrats. These are supposed to be faceless men producing Regulations and Directives in large numbers for subsequent imposition by governments and national courts of law without recourse to national parliaments or their suffering peoples. Regulations are indeed Community laws enforcible in the national courts. Directives are less mandatory in that governments must comply in due course but by way of national legislation to be submitted to and enacted by national parliaments. While both categories are on appeal subject to interpretation and judgement in the Court of Justice of the European Communities at Luxembourg, the view that their preparation and adoption lie entirely within the hands of the European Commission and its officials is absurd as the following paragraphs will seek to show.

The myth of the faceless Eurocrats comes partly, one must admit, from the Treaties of Paris and Rome themselves which state in so many words that the Commission proposes, the Council of Ministers representing Member Governments disposes. In fact in the days of the 1951 High Authority of Coal and Steel, the role of governments represented in the Council of Ministers was one of harmonising rather than mandatory approval. But the Treaty of Rome established a Commission with powers of proposal indeed but a Council with positive power of decision and this was preserved under the later Treaty concluded in the nineteen sixties whereby the three existing Communities, Coal and Steel—Treaty of Paris 1951, Economic Community and Euratom—Treaties of Rome 1957 were merged to all intents and purposes with institutions common to all three but preserving rather curiously the plural form of 'European Communities'.

Still, it will be maintained that the Commission of 13 Members, 2 each for France, Germany, Italy and the United Kingdom, 1 each for Belgium, Denmark, Ireland, Luxembourg and the Netherlands have the task of proposal and, if Member Governments cannot agree, the further task of presenting a compromise. This is where presumably the role of the Eurocrats enters in—as conceived by the general public mainly through the media. It is here that explanation has to start.

Each European Commissioner is responsible for a particular task — sometimes two or three. To assist him he has, like national Ministers, an appropriate department for each subject known as Directorate General, usually modest in size, remarkably so by comparison with any Government department in Whitehall. For instance Mr. Gundelach, the present Danish Commissioner currently in charge of agriculture, is aided by DG VI headed by a German and dealing with agriculture and the agricultural Guidance

and Guarantee Fund, absorbing some 80% of the Community budget and a further DG headed by an Irishman dealing with fisheries. These departments are responsible for submitting proposals to the Commissioner which, after discussion with his principal staff, he will approve or amend and then put to his colleagues at the regular Wednesday meeting. However, well before this, the most crucial operation of all takes place—consultation between the relevant DG and the corresponding departments of Member Governments.

To take agriculture as an example; a feature of the Common Agricultural Policy (C.A.P.) is that every product from cereals to horticultural tubers is governed by a General Regulation on the common organisation of the market in that particular product. Every Regulation of this kind provides for a Management Committee on which the relevant government department of each Member State is represented. This Management Committee meets at regular intervals and is consulted on all major and minor regulations relevant to that particular market. Now, clearly there is not always agreement on Management Committees. This would be beyond the bounds of any probability with at least 9 individual points of view to be harmonised with a potentially strong individual point of view of the Commission. The essential factor is that the Commission itself—at Commissioner level—at those Wednesday morning meetings—is bound by the Head Regulation to take any opinion from the Management Committee into account.

A typical Management Committee for a farm product has been instanced; the same principle applies to every other aspect of the Commission's work and the Community field of activity; necessary consultation on the economy, industry, finance, transport, social affairs, environmental and consumer policy, regional policy, science and technology. If the Commission cannot agree an opinion of a Management Committee, the opinion can go to the Council of Ministers at the later phase of discussion. The real importance of Management Committees is as follows: governments are made fully aware of Community regulations even before drafting and certainly at interim drafting stage. Moreover the Commission is fully aware of government views and will certainly not fail to take these into account when the relevant Directorate General reports on the matter to its responsible Commissioner, secondly when the Regulation is discussed in the Commission itself. The Commission is like a cabinet; there is collegiate responsibility. It certainly does not adopt all proposals 'on the nod' Commissioners may well have decided views on subjects outside their individual responsibility. So this creates a further occasion for discussion.

The next stage is communication of the proposal to the Council where the Commission itself has not delegated authority for taking decisions itself—such as daily decisions on changes in the rates of the now well known monetary compensation amounts or the relevant rates of national currencies in terms of European units of account. But by far the greater number of important regulations go to the Council for decision.

At the same time the Regulation goes to the European Parliament for

an opinion. The Council representing governments will not act until that opinion is received although it will discuss the proposal. To give an example; a revised regulation on the European Regional Development Fund went to the Council in the late summer of 1977. The Parliament was consulted and gave its opinion in 1978. The Regulation was only adopted by the Council after considerable altercation in February 1979, The dispute continues to reverberate.

The Council has its own advisers and expert committees; since the Council is intergovernmental, these are intergovernmental too. So there are no less than 3 phases of intergovernmental consideration of an important Regulation within the Council—one at expert (technical) level, one at the official level of the Permanent Representatives, who are their countries' Ambassadors to the Community and the third and final phase often continued over several meetings at ministerial level in the Council.

All this gives time for a Regulation to become known. Certainly at Westminster there is a Committee of the House of Commons to consider draft Community Regulations and this gives time for Parliament to inform the Government of its views as well as the United Kingdom members of the European Parliament. This is well and truly before the moment arises for the Council's final decision.

This shows that, while no one would underrate the work of the Eurocrats —a name concocted by the media for Commission officials—in drafting, listening, accommodating views, revising and finally, it is hoped, producing a European solution, nothing happens without full consultation of national officials while the final decision rests with governments in the Council and this is almost invariably unanimous if any government so insists.

That this is slow work is undeniable and whether in the best interests of Europe questionable. Nevertheless it has not killed the Community yet and, so far as the British people is concerned, has brought benefits the lack of which would be felt strongly if they were now withdrawn.

The real myth of the Eurocrats is then not that they are the source of arbitrary decisions but are absolutely necessary in finding agreement between refractory member governments, who fail more often than not to see the wood of European advance for the trees of short term national interest.

These are the bare bones of 'Eurocracy'. They gain flesh from the manifold programmes of work and planning that emerge from the Community and in the first instance from the Commission. Yet one example from the past may illustrate why procedure has developed in this way. Back in 1950, before the Community even existed, the Assembly of the Council of Europe produced proposals for a change in the Statute of that first European institution to vest it with limited functions but real powers. Those real powers were to take the form of decisions by the Assembly which, after an interval for review by member governments of the Council of Europe would be adopted thereafter with the force of law in their countries. Mr. Ernest Bevin was then the British Foreign Secretary. His representatives on the Committee of officials preparing the work of the Committee of

Ministers said that he could not approve changing the Council of Europe into a rule-making body. He wished the Council to restrict its action to conventions agreed in common and applied by Member States according to their own laws and constitutions—in other words by sovereign enactment. The Community, then in process of creation by six of those Member countries which did not include the United Kingdom, was to adopt the rule-making procedure refused in 1950 by Bevin and agreed in 1973 by Britain on entering the Community. For Britain this was a revolution. Unlike the majority of democratic countries where they become the law of the land on ratification, international treaties do not become domestic law in Britain. The Community required that its regulations should do just that. It is fair comment that this particular commitment has been the basic reason why the European Community has developed in the way it has but, long before Britain joined, it necessarily became subject to the answering pressure of national sovereignty insisting that European rule-making must be governed by rules of national safeguard. That is why the Management Committees, which bring hundreds of national civil servants to Brussels to participate in the basic preparation have become an all pervading feature of the Community's work. It is the practical reflection of the pooling of national sovereignty.

In a recent interview, Mr. Roy Jenkins, President of the Commission, deprecated the use of the term federalism to describe all pooling of national sovereignty. Federalism has been a very precise form of contribution in the past. It is highly unlikely that it could ever be applied to a new political process such as the European Community. The Community has proved the point by elaborating its own forms and these are evolving as the years go by.

The September issue of *Contemporary Review* includes *Television —The Bursting Bomb* by Grace Wyndham Goldie, *South Africa Seen From the West* by Christopher Hill, *William Roughead* (1870-1962) *Chronicler of Scottish Crime* by Richard Whittington-Egan and the first in a new series of conversations with eminent European politicians, *The Future*: Lord George-Brown talks to John Elsom about the obstacles to world peace.

BRING ON THE CLOWNS

by Norman L. Goodland

IN the 1930's, the people of the Southern English market town of Romsey built themselves a new hospital. It was a warm-bricked, one-storey building. Its wards, with wide, modern windows, looked to the South.

There was a Matron—very much in Charge. Her Sisters, her Nurses, there with a Christian vocation to serve, were also very mch in charge of the porters. They fetched and carried, and did as they were told. There was the Cook and her helpers. She was rather senior in status to the cleaners, who also worked under the Sisters' strict supervision.

Down in the town, beside the cinema, lived the Ambulance. This was manned by a volunteer crew of two men. Day or night, when their services were required, they dropped everything, cycled like mad to the Ambulance, and sallied forth into town or countryside in search of the patient, to hurry him or her to the hospital. Then, treatment would begin.

Certainly, the new hospital was efficient. But the really serious cases still had to go to one of the big hospitals in the larger local towns. And some of these were known to be better than others. So, if you could be admitted to, say, The Royal South Hants at Southampton, you heaved a sigh of relief and considered yourself fortunate. . . .

During the subsequent War, the British were obliged to attempt some co-ordination of their Hospital Services. This brought local discrepancies in treatment and facilities sharply into focus. And so arose the obvious; the need for a searching look at the nation's hospital and health requirements as a whole, with a view to deciding upon strategic areas for the best developments.

What could be more rational than to concentrate the money afforded by the nation for these developments, upon points within reasonable reach of everyone? The idea clearly had economic as well as progressive wisdom.

So the concept of efficient centralisation got under way, as it did in other areas of the new 'National Health Service'. And as, incidentally, it was doing in all other aspects of the nation's post-war life. . . .

It began to yield startlingly satisfactory results. But it yielded others equally startling, although not entirely foreseen. For instance, stimulated medical advance contributed to the gathering 'population explosion' being triggered off by mounting affluence, at both ends of human existence; infant survival, and increased life expectancy. Also, the strategic research areas attracted the most advanced medical brains. But, having researched, both they and new hosts of erstwhile suffering humanity, finding there were now answers to their particular ills, demanded further facilities to put them into practice.

The original vision, therefore, of making such inroads upon known ill-health that it would finally create a generally healthy nation, altered some-

what. It was becoming instead, a mounting and open-ended commitment. So, further appraisal and decision had to be undertaken. It resulted in further centralisation; the uniting of doctors, health and social services and the hospitals; in England and Wales into 90 'Area' Health Authorities, to be monitored and serviced by 14 'Regional' Health Authorities: in Scotland, 28 'Districts' monitored by 14 Health 'Boards', and in Northern Ireland, 17 Districts monitored by 4 Boards.

Rationally, and given time, this should work. Provided, of course, all the human beings in it and being served by it, behaved in a rational manner, . . .

Let us look back at the Romsey Hospital of the 1930's; at the Matron, Sisters and Nurses, who were there principally because of a generally recognised vocation to serve. Their meagre salaries, although not enjoyed, were—had to be—part of the self-discipline such vocation demanded. Their greater reward was the public esteem and regard of their function as their 'vocation and privilege'.

Such vocation was generally based upon the National development of Christian ideals. The influence of these has, of course, vastly declined since then. And so—what of— 'vocation'?

I am one of the 310,000 nurses in England and Wales *in direct human contact* with our patients. There are just under 100,000 who are not—I cannot speak for them.

But I can say of the 310,000 constantly present at the time of helplessness, vulnerability, fear, despair, death, bereavement which comes to us all, that by thus being in a constant state of questioning — and sometimes doubt — of the hope for ourselves which we must attempt to establish for others, we *know* that our work cannot be assessed in material terms. Generally, all we still ask our Society is to keep us as clear from financial worries as possible — so that we can continue to effectively serve.

However, the gigantic centralisation under which we now serve, has no means that we can see of administrating 'vocation'. Nor can it admit to 'privilege' other than in its own terms. Thus, for ease of management, it has gradually come to discountenance both; so whatever the personal motives of we, the administered, we must, if we are to continue with our function at all, come to its material heel. For some years now, I have been obliged to sign my salary-sheet along a line marked, not 'Signature of Nurse', but — 'Signature of *employee*. . . .'

The old dictionary definition of 'Employee' is arbitrary. It is 'One who works manually for material gain.'

Back to Romsey again, to look at the Porters. They were certainly regarded as 'employees' in the manner above defined; but it does not necessarily follow that they did not have compassion and develop expertise. Even so — they were not recognised for this; they were, as above mentioned, employed to fetch and carry and do as they were told.

The Hospital Porter still *is* employed to fetch and carry — but what? Often highly technical equipment, of which he must have quite an under-

standing if only to know precisely what to fetch, how to handle in transit, and to carry swiftly and efficiently to meet emergency. Above all he must know this when he is moving patients dependent upon accompanying life-supporting equipment.

The Machine Technician, evolved originally from the ranks of Porters, functions mostly in the areas of high or intensive care. His knowledge of continually increasing mechanical complications must be far greater than that of the doctors and nurses using the machines, and also greater than any required by those who administrate him.

The Cooks and Caterers? The trained dietitian who backs the physician's prescriptions, cannot prepare all the meals herself.

And the Cleaner? In almost all departments from the Intensive Care Unit downwards, she must be very intelligently aware these days of what she is doing.

As for the Ambulance Man—he no longer merely picks up the patient to rush him to hospital for treatment to begin. Under certain conditions he is expected, and trained, *to begin it himself;* by emergency diagnosis and alerting the hospital accordingly by 'phone or radio; by maintaining life on the journey with correctly administered oxygen; perhaps with the insertion of a breathing-tube to facilitate manual breathing assistance; possibly by the infusion of fluids into the vein, or, by resuscitation. And all must be done in such a way that it will tailor-in with the team awaiting his patient.

It is clear, therefore, that *because* of Health Service success in the technological field, humanity in its hour of ultimate vulnerability now depends, not *only* upon those recognisably attendant upon that state, but increasingly upon others who contribute in less generally known ways.

As to 'Vocation', therefore, can it any longer be held that the porters, technicians, caterers, cleaners, ambulance crews, together with new hosts of others not mentioned whose contribution is also not generally known, are less aware of their responsibility to those lying in the bed—than those serving beside it? Obviously not. For technological progress can be seen to have disseminated out from the high-care areas not only to the erstwhile generally recognised 'vocational' disciplines, but on wider still to the erstwhile 'employees'—carrying 'vocation' with it.

As we have seen, the ambulanceman's 'vocation' becomes increasingly indistinguishable in value from that of the hospital team's. He knows this, just as I know my work cannot be assessed in material terms. So he is just as incensed when his administrators and sometimes even the hospital team he is serving, fail to acknowledge that fact—as am I when I am officially regarded merely as an 'employee'.

The technician is also incensed because, despite his expertise, he has until recently been regarded and handled as no more than a rather intelligent specimen of the old-time porter—an attitude, even among some dependent upon him, which still widely persists.

And so it goes on all along the line—people in the Health Service in-

censed by what they regard as lack of recognition of what they know to be their 'worth'.

Who, then, is responsible for this state of affairs? That they may be revealed, as the popular song says, 'Bring on the Clowns!'

The traditional direction to look for these is towards the Administration. However; I was once journalistically engaged in reporting on the 'Areas of Excellence' in the old Wessex Region. In the course of this, I interviewed people from the bottom of the administrative pile, to those at the top.

Sometimes, even after forty years of nursing, I become frightened at the weight of responsibility as Charge Nurse for one shift in my own Intensive Care Unit. But I interviewed a Senior Nursing Officer responsible not only for the whole of my Unit, but others similar to it in the cardio-thoracic and coronary fields; also for the neurology sector, in itself a hospital of considerable size serving the whole of Wessex, and other things of a similar nature,

Yet this S.N.O. was but a minor official; member of a 'team' with a more senior official at its head. And she was but one of yet *another* team responsible to yet *another* official — who in turn was but one of several more looking to the local deity at 'Health Authority' level. And she, however locally illustrious she might appear, presided over but one of the 14 organisations which only in England and Wales contribute to what I increasingly came to regard as the whole unwieldy, barely comprehensible and clearly unmanageable National Health Service concept. And it is as well to bear in mind that I refer here mainly to but one aspect of that Service —the hospitals. The structure of others is not dissimilar.

Nonetheless—I found this Administration possessed of a concern, enthusiasm, understanding and enlightenment, albeit of a different sort because of the broader spectrum in which they dealt, at least equal to that found at the bedside 'point of delivery'. I found people worked off their feet just as we are — and for far longer hours.

But I found no 'clowns'. No more than exists among my own nursing colleagues. And I suspect that in any organisation as vast as the National Health Service — 'clowns' are equally absent.

So are the administrated denied — by truth — their traditional scapegoat, and left with their frustrations. So where *are* these clowns?

The problem of dealing with the needs of increasing human populations is not peculiar to the National Health Service, It exists in every other form of present-day human activity.

A truly 'rational being' faced with this problem would begin, surely, as do the conservationists when studying the needs of other species. He — or she — would first acquire a clear understanding of the behavioural instincts of the beast and try to proceed from there.

Such a being might first notice a significant basic human factor. Which is an overriding tendency for individual human beings to strive to exist, first by attempting to profit *from* each other, and only secondarily by

perceiving and striving for the greater profit, which comes of co-operating *with* each other.

The cause of this would not be too difficult to find. It would be seen how this factor arose when it was originally needed to overcome other species, whose share of dominance in primeval times threatened that of the human being. It would be seen also, that human science and technology has not taught the species, even yet, the true nature of such innate aggression. On the contrary, it has enhanced and reinforced it.

Planning and organisation by such creatures must result in the most aggressive, (i.e. the most ambitious in the socially acceptable sense) moving into the positions of power and control. But an equally significant human behavioural pattern might also be observed. Which is the habit, in order to achieve a sense of security, of 'patternising'; i.e. the setting-out of environmental experience in a manner acceptable to the human intelligence; the assumption that by so doing it must be the truth and then, the attempt to live by that 'truth'.

By a combination of these two, our 'rational being' might then observe the creation of a monstrous social pattern, with demands coming not only from acceptable self-disciplines of all those choosing or wishing to live by its basic reasonableness, but also from those in control whose ambitions, although rationalised within the 'pattern', are nevertheless urged or imposed upon the rest. And that as the concept grows, this latter phenomenon escalates in its demands, so that in time the original purposes of the pattern's inception become as eroded as does the self-regard, and the regard for each other, whom from the highest to the lowest the 'monster' enslaves.

A further observation might be the curious fact that despite the expansion of scientific knowledge in the species and its technical application, basic human conditioning does not change. In material terms, it has been said that nine-tenths of all human effort profits but one-tenth of scientifically-orientated society. But—in Britain—was that not so in Victorian, or even feudal times? So it might also be seen that although the poor do not in fact grow poorer, the affluent have flourished and established a power over the rest of mankind such as has never been known in human experience before.

Consequently it might also be seen why such aggressively-based human societies, particularly under the pressure of over-population, are incapable of conceiving any other form of social organisation. And why there is no realisation that the transfer of such organisation from their exploitive activities to their servient, merely repeats the disasters experienced in the exploitive.

For instance—and particularising at National Health Service level—is it *possible* for one administrator to be really responsible for so many intensive specialities such as have been described, when in this age of continually expanding scientific knowledge and experience each, at the 'point of delivery', changes and progresses not year by year, month by month, nor yet week by week—but often, hour by hour? If it is not, then clearly

the higher you look in the administrative echelons, the more impossible and ridiculous their situations become. For they must then deal with the continual state of impasse and breakdown common to all such monsters throughout aggressive societies, revealed by the spectacle of meetings called to appraise the unappraisable, and resolve the unresolvable; of 'reports' flying back and forth, spawning more meetings, not the least purpose of which is often to try and break-through to the intelligences of the most powerful, most remote from the 'point of delivery' who have, with the best-informed of intentions, in fact contributed to its breakdown.

Thus the Health Service monster is no different from any other. Indeed, it has been deemed a 'progressive act' to organise it in the same way as any other. So its structure is much the same. And like the other monsters, it demands of its minions so much time in trying to make it work, in justifying its existence, that the purposes for which it was originally conceived become more and more difficult for those at the 'point of delivery' to effect.

And so, to justify itself, it in fact *interferes with its own purpose*—a phenomenon reflected in its failure to acknowledge that those next to the customer, with, in this era of continually expanding science, practical experience of it, have the true key to the knowledge of precisely how that customer needs to be satisfied.

So is the cause indicated, even among the vocational, their frustration manifesting itself in aggressive terms. But—is not the recent argument in the Hospital Service about *money*? Indeed it is. Because in aggressively-inspired societies, the monetary term is the only comprehensive language. In those terms, what is seen in Britain today *could* be construed as the story of the 'haves' driven by greed and envy of those who have yet more.

But our 'rational being' might look much deeper than that and conclude that it is much more the story of those who contribute more and more to Man's technological progress, nevertheless frustrated and angered by seeing the bulk of their life's work and meaning, absorbed and dissipated in the service of monstrous centralising colossi, over which they are vouchsafed less and less control. And in which, therefore, they feel they count for less and less, even in societies leaving them free to *say* what they please, but continuing in their demands, coercion and overriding, as if they had never spoken.

The *real* reason for revolt in the National Health Service might therefore be seen to lie, as elsewhere, in unbearable human frustration of the fact, as their monetary 'worth' and manipulation demonstrates, that the contribution of its 'employees' to its *real* technological progress is not being adequately recognised, rewarded, or used,

But—yet a further observation might be made by our 'rational being'. It is that a further pattern which will equate with a higher conception of the human 'worth', being evidently unable to come from Man's aggressive side, should come from the 'vocational'.

But, in conditions of depressed 'worth' due to aggressive conception and administration, which contributes to staff shortage particularly of those

most trained to function at the 'point of delivery', combined with increased work load and the necessity of continuous 24-hour service, not even the traditionally vocational can find time to engage in further patternising; from the lowest to the highest they are continuously committed to the work in hand.

However, ready-made rival patterns already exist, professing to deal with such frustrations. It is entirely to be expected, therefore, that the discontented will turn to these ready-made concepts to solve their problems for them.

But again, the 'rational being' may look at these concepts, and in particular, that which they profess. And there might be seen a state of affairs differing but little from the concepts of exploitation in that, by their conditioning, the most aggressive acceptably rationalise their motives and move into the positions of control, imposing upon the rest disciplines just as arbitrary and frustrating as that which they seek to combat.

'Combat' is the operative word. For what the 'rational being' might conclude is that he observes in these rival patterns, not the millennium of true and understanding regard and co-operation, but in fact—organised counter-aggression. And for the ultimate of this, he might well cite the societies of the East.

So in the Health Service, under the onslaught of innate human aggression, does vocation fall by the wayside even among those who have it. And thus, the conclusion of the song 'Bring on the Clowns' must apply. Which is, you may remember, 'don't bother—they're here'.

But maybe—just maybe—our 'rational being' might conclude on different lines. That despite the general human conditioning, those engaged in succouring the sick *are* more strongly motivated than others towards true regard and co-operation. That Britain, being among the first of human societies to apply science in an industrial manner, is not 'sick' as much of the world opines, but is in the upheaval of the passage of humanity into its 'post-industrial era'.

Thus might the vocational be in fact embroiled in a general struggle to establish Man's true worth, as it was expressed 2,000 years ago: 'Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.' Perhaps their present experiences show them that if the meek do not achieve that inheritance, technology will destroy them as utterly as it will those who insist on using it for their own aggressive ends.

[Norman L. Goodland is an Intensive Care Charge Nurse at Southampton General Hospital. He contributes to newspapers and journals all over the world, has broadcast over seventeen years for Southern Television and BBC South and published several books on 'country' and medical subjects.]

QUARTERLY FILM REVIEW

by James Morton

THE Deer Hunter has been hailed as many things. An epic which re-established America's faith in itself; a latter day *War and Peace*, new *Gone with the Wind*. It has won 5 Oscars but not noticeably for the best actor. It has been the reason for the sacking of a film critic of a Spanish Communist Daily newspaper and the subject of walkouts by Eastern block countries at Film Festivals. Julie Christie has allied herself to these protests but her close personal friend, Warren Beattie, was in contest for the various Oscars with his film *Heaven Can Wait*. The real question is 'Does this film justify all the ballyhoo?'. Given that I am not American and therefore perhaps unable to feel the subtleties involved in America's involvement in the Vietnam War my answer is an unqualified 'No'. It is an imperfect film. Full stop.

The three hour film is in effect divided into three parts of unequal length. There is the introductory and longest sequence which is set in an American-Ukrainian wedding reception. The bridegroom and two of his closest friends are leaving immediately for Vietnam. It is an extremely confused sequence made the more difficult because two of the three are physically very similar. The third is Robert de Niro who after the reception takes away half a dozen friends for the Deer Hunt which gives the film its title. This is one of the key sequences in that one of the men has forgotten his boots and De Niro refuses to hand over his spare pair. It is apparently this resilience and self-preparedness which will stand him in such good stead when he faces the Viet Cong. (V. C.). The difficulty is that from the action it is impossible to see this inner strength. It is not helped by a heavenly chorus which sings loudly if not sweetly when he shoots the deer.

Cut at once to Vietnam where within seconds De Niro is captured and put in a water cage with, surprise, surprise, his two mates from Pennsylvania. There the beastly V.C. force them to play Russian Roulette. Those who lose naturally blow their own brains out and those who win are returned to the cage presumably to await the semi-finals. It is this sequence to which the Left has objected, but really it might just as well be the Indians torturing the brave Wagontrain master in a western or the Mexicans in behaving badly to Villa's men. That said, it is an extremely unpleasant and gripping sequence. De Niro and his colleagues escape and two of them get back to America.

Now comes the third and melodramatic sequence which really destroys the film, by virtue of its total implausibility. We are asked to believe that the third member has so much enjoyed the game of Russian Roulette that he takes it up professionally. He sends his winnings back to the married American. This is difficult because that man has kept his address secret as he has lost three out of four limbs, just where is not explained. De Niro goes back to Saigon to retrieve the gambler, but although the man remembers in his drug-ridden haze where to send his spare cash, he does not recognise De Niro, who is forced to play against him. I forgot to

mention that this is all the more poignant because De Niro is now sleeping, rather reluctantly, with this man's girl. The film ends with a funeral service and the cast (those left and what's left of them) weeping quietly into their scrambled eggs as they sing *God Bless America.*

The director Michael Cimino's previous film was a Clint Eastwood/ Jeff Bridges buddy-buddy-locker-room-romp and there are strong implications here that homosexuality is rife in Pennsylvania. De Niro and his mates are happiest romping around in the snow together and his reluctance to sleep with the girl seems to come not from scruples, but from physical revulsion. It's all a bit 'men striving against men à la David and Jonathon.' It does not seem to me to be the working-class statement of its attitude to the War. Under cover of a number of pretensions it is Paul Newman and Robert Redford again but without the jokes and their charm.

Monsieur Hulot's Holiday, that classic semi-silent, has fortunately turned up again. It is presented in the English version which means that what dialogue there is (happily not much) it is excruciatingly and irrelevantly dubbed. But nothing can destroy the charms of Jacques Tati taking his holiday at a Brittany seaside resort where he upsets a number of guests and proprietors with equal imperturbability. I had not seen it for some twenty years or more but I was clearly not alone in my memories. The man in the seat behind kept whispering to his small son, 'This is the painting joke..., this is the hat-stand joke...' It is a masterpiece of comic acting. Tati's timing is outstanding and he never plays a joke for too long. That is his success; we are left wishing that a particular sequence lasted just a little longer. Hopefully the success of this revival will bring back his earlier *Jour de Fête* in which he plays a village postman and some of his later films which for distributional reasons have never been shown commercially here.

I left Claude Chabrol falling like Lucifer a few months ago. Happily he has produced *Violette Noziere* with the wonderful Isabelle Huppert. Based on the real life story of a child prostitute who tries to murder her parents for no very apparent reason, it is Chabrol back to his best form as once more he dissects French bourgeois life, this time pre-War. He is at his best when he observes the minutiae of their existence. The boring game of cards while the father is recuperating after an accident, the interminable meals with each other and with their equally boring neighbours are masterfully done. The case itself was an interesting one. Miss Noziere poisoned her father and attempted to poison her mother. The reason she gave was that he had been forcing her to have sex with him from puberty. Since it emerges that he was not her real father anyway, he seems to have been unfairly blaimed. Chabrol never quite decides on which side to come down. Her father is seen observing the girl while she has a strip wash but quite clearly accordingly to Chabrol, Violette lies over the damning piece of evidence in support of her claims. Chabrol extracts yet another stunning performance from Isabelle Huppert and he has his wife, the inestimable Staphane Audrun, as the mother. The playing throughout is faultless. I don't think Lucifer was ever restored but Chabrol certainly is after this film.

Walter Hill's third film as a director is just as sparse and elliptical as his first two, *Streetfighter* and *Driver*. Based on Sol Yurick's novel of the same name, *Warriors* is Xenophon's story of the retreat of the Greeks through Persia told in the terms of New York Gang warfare.

The leader of the Gramary Riffs, also called Cyrus, calls a meeting of representatives from all the New York gangs to give them the stunning news that there are more of them than there are police and so New York is theirs for the taking. The meeting is attended by nine reps from each gang, who all attend unarmed. Whilst Cyrus is warming to his theme and looking very like a tongue-in-cheek Raymond St. Jaques, a wicked gang leader shoots him. Worse, he frames the Warriors as the assassins.

Now for reasons of economy the Warriors, who live on Coney Island, have come by tube. They must therefore travel through hostile territory to get back to home and safety. They appear to be in parlous financial straits because they haven't the price of a telephone call between them to summon their troops to bring the car to collect them. In fact, come to think of it, their gang may only total 9 in all. That and the fight scenes are one of the two faults in the film. The fights are still like those old Steve Reeves films where instead of a dozen or more trampling all over him, they stand around watching whilst he takes on two or three at a time.

That said, this film, which has been roundly condemned by the press as violent and likely to produce more street hooliganism, is a good and entertaining one. There are few enough Warriors for each to have a separate and recognisable identity. The New York Subway has never looked more menacing and the acting from a cast of unknowns is sufficiently real to make one wonder if they weren't one-time Gang members. As for the violence, this is really on the comic strip level, you expect to see 'Wow,' 'Splat' rise in balloons above the actors. Indeed, in the novel, one of the characters is seen reading Xenophon in a strip comic edition whilst travelling to the meeting on the Subway. Walter Hill is filming a Western and it will be interesting to see what this commanding director will make of what is really another morality play.

By the time this article is read *'Moonraker'*, the latest James Bond, should be doing the rounds. As always, Bond is pitted against a monster—physically Richard Kiel, spiritually Michael Lonsdale and has to save the world from extinction. Lois Chiles is the girl-friend on this occasion. The pre-credit sequence is, as usual, the best thing in the film. This time it is a free fall parachute fight. There are enough references to keep film buff uncles happy. Note Richard Kiel's conversion à la Frankenstein! The bangs at the end are even larger than usual and it is pleasant to see Milton Reid extend his series of Oriental villains.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

MOYNIHAN AND KISSINGER

A Dangerous Place. Daniel Patrick Moynihan. Secker & Warburg. £6.95.

Daniel Patrick Moynihan—Pat to almost everyone, even the august New York Times—can only be compared in this country to the late R. H. S. Crossman. Even the bitterest critics of the latter, and they were neither few nor small, have seldom questioned his brilliance and the word fits Moynihan and his book well enough. Moynihan himself, seriously or ironically, acknowledges that Kissinger, also a Harvard Professor, was a much abler man than himself when they worked together if only because Kissinger needed only half as much sleep, but Kissinger, in spite of his astonishing capacity to entertain, lacks Moynihan's verbal felicity if we are to rely on their published utterances. Moynihan is best known to the British People for his vehement resistance as USA delegate at the United Nations to the disgraceful resolution condemning Zionism as racist (Amin played a sinister part in the operation). The following passage gives a fair impression of Kissinger's style:

> 'As this day will live in infamy, it behoves those who sought to avert it to declare their thoughts so that historians will know that we fought here, that we were not small in number—not this time—and that while we lost, we fought with full knowledge of what indeed would be lost.'

But his message, as he saw it, was very much wider. After his departure from his UNO post he can write:

> 'And so, in a sense, it did not end badly. Over the months we had developed a technique of making it more costly to attack the United States than had been the case.' '. . . . . we had made the General Assembly a somewhat dangerous place for *them*. A place where an unexamined routine of going along with the non-aligned, while the non-aligned went along with the Russians could get an Ambassador in trouble.'

And not surprisingly his patriotic stance was immensely popular with the American people. But to regard him as an American jingo would be to get him wrong. He stood, in his own eyes, and indeed in reality, for a restoration of American values as the main element in American foreign policy rather than a crude calculation about American power. 'Human rights emerged as one of the organising principles that define our interests and help to inform our conduct in world affairs'. And if human rights did in fact emerge in this fashion as a guiding feature of American foreign policy to Moynihan must surely go much of the credit. He admits that more recently still 'the human rights initiative began to falter.' But he is entitled to claim that a permanent and beneficial change has been accomplished.

He has a chapter entitled Was Woodrow Wilson Right? One could read it more than once without being quite sure about his answer to the question. But near the end of his book I found myself understanding him better. He draws an interesting comparison between himself and Kissinger. He claims to like the latter but most of the anecdotes he tells about him are highly unflattering. Be that as it may, Kissinger on one occasion spoke in this way: 'We seek to influence the emergence of the Soviet imperial power by making the base in Eastern Europe more natural and organic, so that it will not remain founded in sheer power alone . . . .' on which Moynihan comments—savagely if I understand him correctly—'so much for the Poles, the Hungarians, the Czechoslovaks.'

He goes on to say: 'This is what Kissinger knew, and Sonnenfeldt and men whose roots were still in Europe knew. I knew little of this. I was forty before I had any real idea what Burke was about; Kissinger knew in his cradle. On the other hand, I knew what Wilson was all about. . . .' The invocation of the name of Burke is curious in this context. No one would surely have detested more than Burke the Russian tyranny in Eastern Europe. Presumably the important word in the passage quoted from Kissinger is 'organic'. In other words far-reaching and beneficial changes can only occur in Eastern Europe by a long evolutionary process. I find it difficult to make sense of Kissinger along these lines but then Moynihan does not waste much time trying to make sense of his colleague and rival. It is much easier to understand the inspiration he himself draws from Wilson.

Years after Wilson's collapse some of us who moved leftwards in the thirties —certainly this is true of myself—could still look back to the great speeches Wilson made in 1918 and 1919 and continue to draw strength from his vision of international justice. It would be a splendid culmination of Kissinger's career if with his sense of realism—not to mention his strong Christianity—he emerged as a new kind of Wilsonian prophet not so transcendent but personally much more inspiring. Will his temperament containing as it certainly does a strain of recklessness prevent his advancing further than his present position in the Senate? Possibly, but one can be sure that whenever and wherever he emerges he will intensify the struggle for abstract justice.

FRANK LONGFORD

A NEW APPRAISAL OF ENOCH POWELL

Enoch Powell: Principle in Politics. Roy Lewis. Cassell. £7.95.

Enoch Powell, now aged 67, seems unlikely ever to reach Cabinet office again. Thus he will go down to the records as one who held only one major office—the Ministry of Health from 1960 to 1963, and proved to be in it a reforming administrator—and one who, incidentally, properly spent a lot of public money on his department; and he will be known also as probably the most written about and studied of all Parliamentary backbenchers. If fame is measured by the statute book, he can boast of little; if it is measured by biographies and essays about him, by public notoriety and newspaper headlines, he will outrank some Prime Ministers. Few even of them, however, can boast of being also an authority on Herodotus and Thucydides, a biographer of Joseph Chamberlain, a poet himself, and a leading authority on the English House of Lords in the Middle Ages. For this is a versatile as well as an able and intense personality. Mr. Lewis's is but the latest of the many studies of Enoch Powell; it comes with its subject's *imprimatur;* and it is by all odds the most penetrating and thoroughly researched, as well as the most sympathetic, of these studies.

Mr. Lewis's thesis is that this product of the Welsh borders is first and last an English nationalist, a de Gaulle-like figure who has—to add to the ironies—now made of Down South, half Catholic and half Protestant, half Irish and half Ulster Scot in character, a sort of Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises. Nationalism, of course, is often at its most intense on the peripheries. Certainly the pride in English national distinctiveness runs steadily through all Mr. Powell's speeches, and largely explains his views on immigration, on the EEC, on devolution, on Ulster, and even on the Empire. It explains too some of the quirks in him—the (short-lived) love of foxhunting, or at least the readiness

to take it up as a requisite; the passionate (though again short-lived) Imperialism, born more of his days with the Indian Army than in Australia; the intense, near fanatical opposition to any form of European supranationalism (although, again, he had not spoken out against Europe in 1961 when he could). This is not, in other words, perhaps quite as consistent a figure as Mr. Lewis would want us to believe. Yet there can be no question that it is this nationalism, or even—to use an old-fashioned word—this patriotism, that comes close to being the central chord in Enoch Powell. And he has voiced it with an eloquence that is unhappily now very rare in our unpoetic, unlyrical and ill-tutored age.

For a survey and explanation of Mr. Powell's career, the book is hard to fault. It brings out vividly the thoroughly intellectual analysis that arose at each stage, the quest for consistency and for logical answers for each situation or problem as it arose. It left one reviewer, however, disturbed by a sense that, though Mr. Powell agonised his way through to the truth time after time, by a flawless logic born of classical rigour, he nevertheless could somewhere—now and again—go blindingly wrong on some essentials. Iain Macleod, his long-time friend who in the end broke with him, once said that he went a long way with Mr. Powell's logic, but that he got off the train a few stations before it crashed into the buffers. 'Reason', Edmund Burke said of politics long ago, 'goes but a little way'. This is not to seek to argue that consistency is not important, nor to defend the turn-about of 1972 when reality broke through to the Heath Government. Selsdon is, however, a long way away from Clydeside and Derbyshire, and the means by which Ministers interpret *laissez-faire* and how they translate market forces are as important as incantations about the true faith drawn up in Southern parklands. In politics means do count as well as ends, tactics and devices and manoeuvres as much as the grand strategy. That is why it is power that matters. Mr. Lewis goes wrong in minimising it and in pretending that Mr. Powell can exercise a permanent influence from the backbenches. Churchill did in the 1930's only because for him they, and his public crusade, became the base from which in 1940 a successful bid was made for power; Joe Chamberlain may have read the signs aright on Home Rule in 1885/6, but he had to wait a long time for a call back to office, and when it came it was too late. To be a Cassandra is in itself not enough for men of such qualities and capacity. The times were, then as now, out of joint; there was a role for a leader to play; but he had not only to be there, but to be politically 'available'. Mr. Churchill in 1940 was, Mr. Powell—by 1975—was not. By that date he had committed the major error of urging his followers in 1974 to vote Labour. This was consistent perhaps in view of his stand on Europe. His critics would call it disloyalty, and even treachery. In partisan times, party loyalty does matter. Mr. Lewis minimises this central fact.

The book is explicit, unusually so, on the rivalry with Mr. Heath. This was primarily a clash of personality and temperament, although on Europe the gulf was always unbridgeable. Yet there is no evidence that Mr. Powell is any closer to the throne today, with a Prime Minister in office whom Mr. Lewis sees as elected as leader 'as a substitute Powell' (p 226). Certainly Mrs. Thatcher shares much with him—the criticisms of Heath interventionism, firmness on law and order and on monetary policy, and, at least originally, doubts on the EEC. Mrs. Thatcher made it clear, however, in 1975 that there was no room in her Shadow Cabinet, or now her Cabinet, for Mr. Powell. Mr. Powell's comment in 1975 reveals much of his intellectual strength, and some-

thing of his weakness. Mrs. Thatcher, he said, was right enough not to call on him in 1975 as he was not a member of her party

> 'and until the Conservative Party has worked its passage a very long way it will not be rejoining me. I stand . . . where I stood in 1970 on all the major issues. It has to get back there, and when it gets back there, bless my soul, there will be our old friend Enoch on the shore to welcome them.'

There may be nothing wrong with the logic, but as an old soldier Mr. Powell must now and then remind himself what sergeant-majors said about the chaps who were always out of step, even if (especially if) they were professors of Greek. If politics is a form of warfare, awkward chaps and barrack-room lawyers are of little use in the squad. And, to quote Burke again, patriots should have a sharp sense of the importance of 'the little platoon you belong to'. We need our Sea-green Incorruptibles, and the men of pride in principle, but they are made for suffering, for exile, and—now and then—for martyrdom. The glittering prizes do not usually go to those who glitter. It isn't fair, but then it is not a fair world.

ESMOND WRIGHT

TENSION OF OPPOSITES

The Illusion of Technique. William Barrett. William Kimber. £8.50.

It is a strange paradox that most present-day British and American philosophers, owing allegiance as they do to the empiricist tradition of Hume, have barely touched on the specific characteristics of man in the technological age. Indeed they have more often appeared to be limping along behind encroaching science. Continental philosophers, however, notably Husserl and Heidegger, although in the supposedly metaphysical mainstream of Descartes and Hegel, have pushed metaphysical thought to the outermost boundaries of technological conceptualisation. Heidegger even regards man as part of the technology that is now not only inescapable but provides the framework of life on earth in the twentieth century. Instead of pulling against the tide, Heidegger accepts what is to him 'the end of philosophy', a phrase not to be taken to mean the simple cessation of abstract thought, which would be a reduction of the most absurd kind, but of exploration along traditional philosophic lines. Clearly, in Heidegger's terms just as in Sartre's, the fact of man's Being is as ineradicable as that of his technical expertise.

William Barrett in his wide-ranging book, *The Illusion of Technique,* goes a long way towards redressing the balance between the narrowing notions of strictly analytic philosophers and those of little-read speculative thinkers like Bergson and Whitehead with their larger vision of the universe and their 'rational conjectures' about its possible framework. He considers the prevalence of technique in ordinary daily life and its consequences in a fully-developed machine age. No machine-breaker, he is concerned to follow the origins of man's technical performances into a world where choices had, and still have to be made about the efficacy and rightness of particular human rituals and processes as means to a desired end. An example of ritual where it supports technical processes is the strict concentration of the Yuron Indians on their salmon-fishing procedures at the appropriate season; their abjuring of all forms of behaviour extraneous to it until the end is achieved—that of having gathered in enough salmon for the ensuing winter—and their joyous resumption of dance, sex and love afterwards in equally ritualistic and stylised forms.

Reinstating the traditional philosophic questions about freedom, the will, belief and love, the author notes that 'human creativity exceeds the

mechanisms it invents and is required even for their intelligent direction'. It is not that the Cartesian subject-object duality appears here in a new guise. Man does not see himself as a passive observer in the wilderness of differentiated (or fragmentary) machinery and the techniques required for their operation. He rises above the junk-yard, for his thought and action are basically predisposed in favour of freedom. Hence, in spite of Heidegger, the central questions for Professor Barrett are those concerning freedom and the will. Both these themes subsume some form of belief since a man will freely do what he believes to be right. We may recall here that Freud's strongly developed heritage of ethics was the saving grace of his use of psycho-analytic knowledge and technique. Without the solid rock of his beliefs many later psycho-analysts have foundered, hardly knowing why. Modern life, says Barrett, is characterised by a tension of opposites, the opposition of subject to object. 'It is as if,' he says, 'like Descartes, one approaches the external world only from a subjective programme.' But 'the human subject is still there, restless and unappeased, haunting the edges of the technical world.'

William Barrett chooses, or is chosen by, three outstanding philosophers of our own times to develop his theme. His informed and intuitive reading of the apparently wholly incompatible texts of Wittgenstein, Heidegger and William James reveals fresh insights into the perennial questions of morality and individuality. Even the well-known silences of Wittgenstein are made to yield up a deep, abiding pre-occupation with the eternal verities. The picture of Wittgenstein, yearning to find philosophic techniques which, giving him certainty, would set him free and bring him peace, is unexpectedly touching and gives us perhaps the best brief biography yet written of the most influential philosopher of the mid-century. Such vivid immediacy characterises William Barrett's whole book. It is as sparkling as we should expect of the distinguished former editor of the *Partisan Review* and author of *Irrational Man*, arguably the most illuminating study of Existentialism in the English language.

BETTY ABEL

BARRIE AND CHILDREN

J. M. Barrie and The Lost Boys. Andrew Birkin. Constable. £6.95.

There was a whiff of the pagan swirling about J. M. Barrie's appreciation of childhood. He was disappointed by Sir George Frampton's statue of Peter Pan, blandly piping beside the mallards in Kensington Gardens, and complained that 'It doesn't show the Devil in Peter'. Unlike those other Victorians with camera or heart in their adoring hands—Carroll or Dowson—he repudiated the Trahernian rhapsody. His view was dualistic; children were 'gay and innocent and heartless' and they came trailing clouds of sulphur in equal admixture with the roseate glory.

So, all that is whimsical is not wholesome, and Mr. Birkin has to plough a wavering furrow through a terrain mined with strange possibilities and nuances in his loving study of Barrie's relationship with his surrogate family—the quincunx of the five comely sons of Sylvia and Arthur Llewelyn Davis, who both died young and left the field to Barrie. There is now a resistance to the supposed sentimentality and mawkishness of Barrie, and Mr. Birkin, with our modern predilection for tinkering with the classical form of biography, distances his material by the device of constructing a 'documentary', whereby large slabs of Barrie's unpublished notebooks and other family papers compiled by one of the sons are interlarded with the by no means inconsiderable narrative. Barrie's words thus speak, if confusingly, for themselves, with the frankly

oleaginous marching beside uncanny moments of imaginative insight, as in '—A mother dying when her child born—they pass each other in their different voyages (the one landing, the other setting sail)—seem to hail each other, all well—the only times we are confident, beginning and end.'

The singular poignancy of the book judged as a whole appears to derive from the tension between the golden hours, netted in Barrie's own copious photographs, when his castaway crew romped *in puris naturalibus* through the island thickets of those lost high summers before the Great War, and between the tragedies of early death and suicide which afflicted the Llewelyn Davis family. The overriding tragedy is the character of Barrie himself, a puny Caliban who was useless to his wife, but who clearly longed for love of some unspecified kind, and was loyal to all who depended on his support. Mr. Birkin had the assistance of the one surviving Llewelyn Davis son, and he tells the haunting story with accuracy and discretion.

MOLLY TIBBS

HYMN BOOKS AND HYMN SINGING

With One Voice. Collins. Melody edition £1.85.

There is a boom in hymn writing, hymn publishing and hymn singing almost equivalent to the boom in the classic period of English hymns when Charles Wesley and Isaac Watts were the presiding geniuses. For the Englishman the hymn is folk-poetry as seen in the singing of 'Abide with me' at the Football Cup final; and for the Welshman 'Guide me O Thou great Jehovah' is a necessary adjunct to the rugger final. A recent radio-T.V. programme on hymn writing brought in thousands of hymns, and any publisher offered a hymn book to publish knows that he is on to a 'good thing' as a long and steady seller.

Thoughts such as these must have led the publishers, to publish *With One Voice,* a hymn book unique among hymn books in that it covers all church traditions including the Roman Catholic. The Standard Melody edition, with nearly 600 hymns, is published at £1.85, and with the Catholic supplement at £2.25 both reasonably priced for books running to over 700 pages. The harmony editions are more expensive at £5.90 and £6.50.

A hymn book compiler must inevitably follow some well worn tracks, as the hymn singer is well wedded to his favourite hymns and expects to find them without fail in any new hymn book. He will not be disappointed in his searches through *With One Voice,* for I note that Charles Wesley has 48 hymns, Isaac Watts 32, John Mason Neale 16, Philip Doddridge 10 and there are 45 hymns in the catholic supplement which introduces a wealth of hymnody to the English speaking Protestant world.

New hymns come slowly into the privileged ranks of popular hymnody but I notice seven by Frederick Kaan, three by Sydney Carter, and three by Pratt Green. Carter's 'I danced in the morning' with its catchy American Shaker tune is a good sample of what can be done in modern hymnody.

The new book began its life in Australia where the movements towards church unity demanded that there should be a united hymn book and the result of ten years work is seen in *With One Voice.* Its sale in six months was 200,000 copies. It deserves a similar success in Britain.

CECIL NORTHCOTT

SHORTER REVIEWS

In the Wake of the Flood. (George Allen and Unwin. £6.95). The distinguished Yale sociologist, Professor Kai T. Erikson first published his historical, clinical and sociological study of the Buffalo Creek, West Virginia, disaster of the 26th February, 1972, under the title, *Everything in its Path* in 1976. This new English edition is of particular interest for the comparison made with the Welsh disaster at Aberfan in 1966 by the psychiatrist, Dr. C. Murray Parkes, in a Postscript. Buffalo Creek, a 17-mile hollow in the Appalachians, was inhabited by a very closely integrated and isolated community in a series of villages running along the bed of the Creek. At one end a great artificial dam of slack from the neighbouring coal mines gave way, and the resulting flood in a matter of hours destroyed at least 125 lives, made homeless 4,000 of the five thousand villagers and caused a vast amount of damage and destruction. In spite of financial compensation, these mountain folk have still lost their communal base. 'They are still stranded in the same uncomfortable spot, suspended in mid-air'. Compared with Aberfan here lies the great difference. Dr. Parkes was closely concerned with the after-effects of Aberfan. Within two years, through the setting up of a Community Association, it 'has become the hub of an exceptional community which remembers the disaster but has not been destroyed by it'. 'It has become a healthy forward-looking community'. Compared with Buffalo Creek, Dr. Parkes argues that Aberfan suffered less psycho-social damage, that there was much more damage to property in Buffalo Creek, and in Aberfan 'its principal effects were focused on a minority of the community members'. There are also, of course, differences in the historic backgrounds of the two communities, their particular qualities and characteristics as well as their closeness or otherwise with the outside world. This is clearly a study of much interest and value both to the sociologist and the general reader.

The Country House Guide (Jonathan Cape. £8.50.) The late Robin Fedden and John Kenworthy-Browne are the joint authors of this excellent illustrated guide to 'historic houses in private ownership in England, Wales and Scotland'. The authors have restricted the properties to those 'advertised as regularly open for a minimum of twenty days in the year, with some exceptions.' In the result the volume covers more than two hundred houses, each separately discussed. Space restricts severely the attention given to each property; but some is given to the history of the family or families who have owned the house, as well as to the development of the property itself. There is some reference to works of art of particular importance. The illustrations, including many in colour are impressive. In separate articles, John Kenworthy-Browne and John Harvey discuss the emergence and history of the country house quite briefly, Alec Clifton-Taylor writes on the building materials and John Cornforth considers the future. Now 'when there is talk of a sense of trusteeship and confidence and a working relationship with the Government, the willingness of heirs to continue is much more important. Indeed it could be as significant as day to day cost problems'. He argues that they may not wish to be shackled to a house open

to the public, and in any event capital transfer tax may necessitate their taking up independent careers. In other words he is nervous of the future.

Charles Dickens: the Tragedy and Triumph (Penguin. £2.50). Edgar Johnson's widely acclaimed biography was first published in two volumes in 1952. He revised and abridged his work, and it was published as such in 1977. This is now re-issued by Penguin Books in a paperback edition, together with illustrations. This biography is based upon thousands of letters and papers published and unpublished and provides a vibrant assessment of Dickens' life and career amid the world in which he lived and which he so starkly revealed. This edition should be widely welcomed.

Pope John Paul II (Burns and Oates. £6.95). Another book on the Pope comes from Father M. Malinski who has been a close friend of Karol Wojtyla for some forty years. This English translation from the Polish is by P. S. Falla. Publication of this frank and warm assessment is not permitted in Poland. Father Malinski covers many episodes in the life of the Pope both before and after his election. We have the impression of a man of great sympathy and understanding combined with a powerful intellect and unyielding on principle. Apart from human rights, in the pure eccelesiastical field he can be rigid. As this study shows, the Pope is determined to preserve the celibacy of priests, although of course this is not a basic Christian doctrine. Father Malinski writes fluently and informally in a manner which will appeal to many.

Lord Macaulay: the History of England (Penguin. £1.95). This selection from Macaulay's history by Professor Trevor-Roper was first published in America in 1968. It is now re-issued by Penguin Books, with the Introduction by Professor Trevor-Roper. It is, of course, primarily concerned with the Glorious Revolution at the end of the seventeenth century. The history was started in 1848 but never completed. Professor Trevor-Roper comments that as a historian, 'Macaulay's acute political sense, his recognition of the scope, the limits, and the timing of political action, is indeed his greatest contribution to historical writing'. On the other hand the History has met massive criticism in later years, including from Lord Acton. In this volume, Professor Trevor-Roper has largely omitted Macaulay's technical footnotes, but 'where explanation or comment seem to me necessary, I have added notes of my own.' This is a valuable edition.

Contemporary Review

Founded 1866 incorporating The Fortnightly

October 1979 Vol. 235 No. 1365

THE SWISS, THE ATOM AND DEMOCRACY

by Jonathan Steinberg

SWITZERLAND has practically no strikes. Its rate of inflation during the past few years has been under two per cent. Its currency is perhaps the hardest and most internationally acceptable in the world. Its people, from bank director to street sweeper, work long hours and reach Japanese levels of productivity. It would be an economic utopia, were it not for oil. The image of a Swiss economy humming silently to power generated by its mountain torrents is false. Like Denmark or Austria, the Swiss economy now runs on oil, and the energy crisis has hit the Swiss just as hard as anybody else.

Two elements distinguish Switzerland from other developed states. The first is the astonishing boom which the Swiss enjoyed between 1948 and 1973, during which growth rates of over ten per cent were quite common. The other is the elaborate and extreme form of democracy which the Swiss have perfected. The interaction of boom, democracy and the energy crisis has resulted in a characteristically Swiss response to the world-wide anxiety about the development of nuclear power, and it is this response which I want to discuss here.

The Swiss post-war boom began quite unexpectedly. The government in Bern, looking out from the *reduit national,* could hardly be blamed for taking the most pessimistic view of Switzerland's economic prospects. Europe was utterly ruined. It might take a generation for the German economy to emerge from the rubble and twisted iron. The Swiss government made provision for a deep post-war depression. When the boom occurred instead, the astonished Swiss authorities simply folded their hands contentedly and let the economy rip. Gross national product went up by seven times between 1948 and 1974. If the figures are corrected for the modest levels of inflation which even Switzerland could not escape in the late 1950s and 1960s, in *real* terms the gross national product more than tripled. Before the Arab-Israeli War broke the long wave of Western prosperity, Switzerland had enjoyed three consecutive years of between eleven and fifteen per cent rates of annual growth in gross national product.[1] It was a boom to end all booms.

What had not been noticed during the excitement was the changing balance of energy supplies which underlay the glittering rates of growth. Between 1960 and 1973, overall energy consumption rose by an average

of 6.6% each year, and, within the generally rapid rise of consumption, oil consumption grew more quickly than electricity. Over the whole period of the boom, electricity consumption, nearly half of which is consumed by households, grew by only 5.4% per annum.[2] The following table gives a vivid picture of how the boom transformed the energy base of the Swiss economy:[3]

	1958	1972
Electricity	20.2%	15.5%
Coal	42.7%	2.3%
Wood	12.3%	1.4%
Gas (imported)	0.0	0.9%
Oil	24.8%	79.9%

In the emergency of October, 1973, the Swiss Federal Government reacted with emergency measures. There were car-free Sundays. Neon lights winked less invitingly on big Swiss offices in Zurich and Basle. Thermostats were turned down. With all of that we are now only too familiar. Less familiar, indeed utterly alien to us, is the extraordinary reaction of Switzerland's political machinery. Here I want to try a little experiment on you. Ask yourself if you believe in the repatriation of immigrants or the adoption of capital punishment; then ask yourself if you would like to see both issues decided by a referendum. If the answer to both questions is 'no', you are no democrat in the Swiss sense of the word; for the Swiss would regard it as inconceivable that issues of such importance should not be decided by the people. In Switzerland, the people are literally sovereign, and when in Swiss political parlance the word 'sovereign' is used it stands for the people. In official government usage legislation has been accepted by *Volk und Stände,* by people and parliament.

The Swiss vote on issues at every level of politics, national, cantonal and local. Swiss federalism extends into the homes of ordinary citizens who may find themselves attending meetings of the commune, voting in cantonal elections or referenda and in national elections or referenda at the same time. A conscientious voter can spend hours reading the supplementary material on such issues before he casts his ballot, and he may be called to the polls as often as ten times a year. Not all heed the call and lately referenda have attracted less than forty per cent of those entitled to vote.

The existence of this 'semi-direct democracy', as Swiss political scientists call it, depends on an unusual attitude to constitutions as well as to political procedures in a wider sense. In most countries in the world, the constitution is a kind of venerated parchment, written in elevated prose, which describes the immortal principles on which the republic stands. Not so in Switzerland. There, constitutions are running records of what the voters have decided on issues as diverse as banning the sale of absinthe or nationalising the railroads. The Swiss Federal Constitution itself was the product of a referendum, It was adopted in 1874 in place of its predecessor of 1848. A commission of experts has just published a draft of an entirely

new constitution which it hopes the parliament and people will adopt to replace the present one. No lofty work here by 'founding fathers' in wigs and breeches, just working documents which in time become tangles of clauses, sub-clauses and sub-sub-sub-clauses. The line between constitutional amendment and ordinary legislation is unusually hazy. As the Federal Council put it in its reply to the opponents of further atomic power plants;

> There are no regulations about what is to be dealt with on constitutional and what on the merely legislative level . . . for Swiss practice recognises no limits to a constitutional amendment. People and parliament have to decide what goes into the constitution and what does not.[4]

This tendency is reinforced by the provisions governing referenda and initiatives in the Swiss Federal Constitution of 1874. The basic position is that all constitutional amendments must be submitted to the referendum. This encourages the Swiss to put matters into constitutional form which elsewhere would be decided by parliament. If the people are going to vote anyway, the tendency is to invite them from the start. Moreover, the people can initiate what are called in Article 121 of the Constitution 'partial revisions' of the Constitution. These may be either couched in the language of a general suggestion about the desirablility of an amendment on a certain issue or may take the form of a fully worked out piece of constitutional law. To be valid such a 'popular initiative' must obtain the signatures of 100,000 registered Swiss voters and must be certified by the Federal Chancellery in Bern. If both houses of parliament accept the suggestion or the fully worked-out constitutional amendment, they must then submit it to the voters for ratification. If they reject it, they must either offer an alternative or simply urge the citizenry to turn it down flat. Federal laws and decisions of the Federal Council (the executive) are subject to what Swiss practice describes as the 'facultative' or optional referendum. If fifty thousand voters or eight cantons demand it, such laws or decisions must be submitted to referendum. International agreements which have no time limit or which involve membership of international organisations or require multilateral harmonisation of legal arrangements must go to referendum; other treaties may be put to referendum if the two houses think it prudent to do so.

All this elaborate democratic machinery operates alongside and permeates the more familiar representative institutions of Western liberal democracy. There is a parliament composed of two houses, the lower house, the *Nationalrat* or *Conseil national* or *Consiglio nazionale,* (all three languages are official) composed of two hundred members elected by proportional representation, and an upper house, the *Ständerat* or *Conseil des Etats* or *Consiglio dei Stati* composed of two members from each of the twenty-three cantons and half cantons which make up the Confederation. In this respect the upper house resembles its original model, the Senate of the United States, in which each state, irrespective of population, has two senators. The separate executive body of Switzerland has a form unique to it. Instead of a president as in the USA, Switzerland has an executive council, the *Bundesrat* or *Conseil fédéral* or *Consiglio federale.* It is

composed of seven members who are elected by the two houses meeting in joint session at the beginning of each parliament. By a complicated set of customary arrangements the members represent a balance among the regions, religions and language areas of Switzerland. The seven members have also been chosen over the past twenty years by something called the 'magic formula' which gives to the Christian Democrats, the Radicals, the Socialists and Swiss People's Party (the representative of the peasantry) seats on the Federal Council in the ratio 2: 2: 2: 1.

It is hard to imagine a more perfect system of democratic representation than that which the Swiss enjoy. The combination of referenda, initiatives, proportional representation and elected executive offices on all three levels, federal, cantonal and communal, registers as perfectly as a fine Swiss watch the ticking of the sovereign's heart beat. Elections are held for offices which in any other country would be appointed or part of the permanent civil service. If, as De Maistre observed, the people get the government they deserve, the Swiss must have deserved well of history.

Nonetheless, the atomic energy issue has shown up Swiss Democracy in a rather unsatisfactory light. Sensitive and many-layered as the representative procedures are, they could not cope with the tensions and passions aroused by the atomic power plants. The popular will spilled out of established channels. Sit-ins, occupations and demonstrations disturbed the smooth, efficient running of the political mechanism. To see why, we have to go back twenty years and more to a Switzerland which was just beginning to take off into its great boom.

On the 24th of November, 1957, people and parliament approved an amendment to Article 24 of the Federal Constitution, adding a paragraph:

> Legislation in the field of atomic energy is a federal matter.
> The Federation issues regulations for protection against the dangers of ionising radiation.[5]

The Federal Government accepted that it would need to embody the general constitutional provisions in legislation. In the *Botschaft* (or message) from the Federal Council which accompanied the new article 24 *quinquies* on its way to referendum by the sovereign people, the Federal Council was careful to point out that the new powers would not impair the sacred functioning of the free market economy, a faith perhaps more passionately espoused on the banks of the Limmat than on the banks of the Potomac or Hudson:

> None of this implies that the future law on atomic energy will involve economic or political intervention. On the contrary, it is expected, given the present state of affairs, that we shall get along wihout such intervention. At any rate the future atomic energy law will operate on the assumption that the exploitation of atomic energy is a matter for the business world, and that free competition should, where possible, be ensured.[6]

The result was that the *Atomgesetz* of 1959 was a very limited one. Beyond certain minimal security and safety requirements and a proviso requiring the agreement of the cantonal government in which the power plant was to be sited, planning permission for the construction of an atomic power station *had* to be given to any satisfactory applicant. As it

happens, building atomic power plants is not exactly small business. Large consortia grew up which could face the ten year period between drawing board and earnings which modern atomic energy demands and between 1959 and 1973, three medium-sized power plants, two on the Rhine, Beznau I and Beznau II, and one on the Saane near Bern, Mühleberg, were completed and began to supply the Swiss with their own atomic power for electricity. By 1978, a fourth and much larger plant at Gösgen-Däniken on the Aare was nearing completion, a fifth at Leibstadt on the Rhine was well under way and a sixth at Kaiseraugst near Basel had been given outline planning permission. By 1976-77, 22% of all electricity was being produced from atomic energy, 71% from hydro-electric plants and 7% from conventional thermal power plants. All very Swiss in its smooth efficiency.

The energy crisis of 1973 changed this in a twinkling, not so much by altering the realities as by turning public attention to them. The Swiss, especially the residents of the north-western corner of the country known as the knee of the Rhine, suddenly found themselves in a nightmare landscape. No serious coordination had taken place about the safety and ecological hazards nor had the Swiss government paid much attention to what was going on along the French and German banks of the Rhine.

The effect of all this construction would be to turn the sixty mile radius around Basel into the most thickly nuclear region in the world — with literally unforeseeable consequences. The new plants at Gösgen and Leibstadt were scheduled to produce 900 megawatts, three times the size of the existing plants Beznau I and Beznau II, and Kaiseraugst was also planned to yield over 900 megawatts, while the two German plants were monstrously large with planned capacities of 2600 megawatts each. Experts estimated that the nuclear power plants would yield more heat into the atmosphere than the whole city of Basel with its three hundred thousand inhabitants and gigantic chemical plants. Enormous cooling towers (Kaiseraugst was to have one 112 metres high) would disfigure the landscape and give off more water vapour than the whole surface of Lake Constance. Smog, possibly permanent cloud formations resistant to wind, might be formed in the Rhine valley. Finally, there were the unthinkable consequences of an accident at a nuclear plant in a densely settled region of Switzerland.[7]

Popular anxiety was fed by the awareness that these great establishments had no other function for the builders than to make money. The early 1970's were still dominated by the anticapitalist cries of the 1968 revolts. Here, on the knee of the Rhine, was Swiss capitalism at its most rapacious and here was Swiss democracy at its most threadbare. Bern's laws had no teeth. The federal agencies had no personnel to control the nuclear consortia and lacked the will to employ more. The governments of the cantons seemed pathetic, midget regimes with piping voices. What chance had the parliament of Canton Aargau or the Grand Council of the canton of Basel-City against the great companies like Alusuisse or the Schweizerische Kreditanstalt? The big banks and companies dwarfed the

little structures of Swiss democracy. Nestlé's turnover was larger in 1973 than the whole federal budget. The balance sheet of one of the great banks like the Kreditanstalt would show assets greater than the wealth of all the cantons put together. As initiatives from Aargau, Basel-City and Basel-Country failed to get anywhere, frustration mounted. This was ideal terrain for extremists of right and left. On the 12th of December, 1973, Valentin Oehen, leader of a right-wing splinter party, demanded in the *Nationalrat* that until the government could produce an overall plan for energy it should 'announce a total halt to all preparations for the further construction of atomic power plants'.[8] A few weeks earlier, an action committee was formed which decided from the beginning to move beyond the traditional boundaries of Swiss democracy. The GAK (*Gewaltfreie Aktion Kaiseraugst*) stood for peaceful protest but also for direct, non-violent action.

By the spring of 1975 public frustration had become acute. Three cantons had used their constitutional rights to introduce initiatives for a new atomic energy law, but such procedures are, under the Swiss system, inevitably very slow. In the meantime the government had no legal basis on which to refuse the application for outline planning permission for the Kaiseraugst site under the *Atomgesetz* of 1959. On Easter Monday, 1975, some 15,000 people occupied the site and staged the biggest and most serious 'sit-in' in Swiss history. A kind of town meeting of the occupiers, rather like the traditional Swiss *Landsgemeinden*, was set up to provide political leadership under the broad banner of the GAK. Soon, Swiss and non-Swiss extremists of every sort began to appear in the area. What made Kaiseraugst unusual was the consistent benevolence and indeed active support which the occupiers got from respectable quarters in Basel. The Grand Council, the Basel-City parliament, passed a resolution demanding that construction be halted at Kaiseraugst and several prominent members of the *Nationalrat* joined the chorus.

The sit-in went on until June with moves and counter-moves, injunctions, threats and flares of temper, but in the end Kraftwerk Kaiseraugst AG accepted most of the demands of the assembly of the occupation and the occupiers left the site peacefully.

Occupations, demonstrations and protests do occur in Switzerland. A crisis over atomic power is to be found in every developed country. Uniquely Swiss, however, is what happened next. The organisers of the occupation, other political groups of right and left, including the Socialist Party itself, formed a committee and collected 123,779 valid signatures on an initiative 'to preserve the rights of the people and to ensure security in the construction and operation of atomic power establishments' which they submitted to the Federal Chancellery on 20 May 1976. The great constitutional machinery cranked itself up. The process of parliamentary scrutiny took place and by October 1977 the Federal Council issued its *Botschaft* urging the voters to reject the initiative, and on 19 February 1979 by a paper thin majority of 964,105 to 933,676 they did just that.

The initiative would have made significant changes in the process by

which atomic power stations were approved: the introduction of a system of concessions to be approved by the Federal parliament. Such approval would be conditional on the consent of a majority of those entitled to vote in the community where the site was to be located, in the neighbouring communes and in all cantons within a thirty mile radius. In effect, as the Federal Council argued in its message to the voters, this was tantamount to a veto in the hands of any one community or canton. It also pointed out that to demand a majority of registered voters violated Swiss practice which had always been based on majorities of those voting and that if the absolute majority of registered voters had been the rule only four of the two hundred and sixty-seven referenda since 1848 would have passed.[9] As the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* observed after the vote:

> The voting campaign has shown that the dynamics of the Anti-movement are deeper than the concrete issues of energy supply sources or the security of nuclear power plants. The latter with their cooling towers have become for many people a symbol of developments in our civilisation which they distrust. We are in the midst of a kind of religious war.[10]

The government now came forward with its own proposals for a revised *Atomgesetz*, and, for the second time in six months the two sides plunged into a further battle in the religious war. There can be no doubt that the accident at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, heated the campaign even further. The new atomic energy law went much of the way towards the position of the opponents. Further atomic energy plants would require the approval of both houses of parliament. Economic arguments would no longer suffice. Consortia would have to prove that the country's needs required further nuclear power installations. Consortia would be required to provide precise plans for the disposal of nuclear waste at no cost to the tax-payers, for the halting of production and for shutting down the reactors in an emergency. Individual citizens and groups would be entitled to intervene at two distinct stages in the planning procedures to offer protests or comments: before outline planning permission had been granted and, again, before construction was to begin, after the publication of the government's report. The popular veto, embodied in the initiative, was removed. On 20 May, 1979, 68.9% of those voting approved the new *Atomgesetz*, a healthy majority. Many of those who voted for the stronger law in February voted for the weaker law in May, partly because a defeat for the revised amendment would simply mean that the *Atomgesetz* of 1959 continued in force.

So, like Heidi, the story of the Swiss, the atom and democracy, has had a happy ending. The government responded to the will of the people and ultimately the traditional channels by which that will expresses itself proved adequate to the passions raised by the atomic energy issue—just. In the end, the Swiss emerged with a new, much tighter *Atomgesetz*, a commission to study and devise a long-term plan for energy supply, and a deeper awareness of how much the ordinary citizen resents the big battalions and the shadowy wire-pullers behind the scenes. Like all good tales, this one has a moral: trust the people; they are not nearly as dim as you may think. It is a moral which thinking people in other democracies less

committed to the view that *Vox populi* is *vox dei* might do well to ponder. The newly elected government of the United Kingdom clearly intends to have one more go at governing this realm from above in the old fashioned way. I suspect that it will not take long before it discovers that in a modern, technologically advanced society, where key groups of citizens can turn out lights and poison the water, it cannot rule by issuing orders and passing laws. It may be that in the sobering up which must follow the debacle, the modest example of consultation and direct democracy which Switzerland represents may have something to show our betters in Downing Street and Whitehall. A little genuine democracy might go a long way —even in the United Kingdom.

NOTES

[1]Jonathan Steinberg, *Why Switzerland*? 2nd Ed., (Cambridge 1978), Table 5.1 'Gross National Product in Nominal and Real Terms, 1938-74', p.145.

[2]'Botschaft über die Ergänzung des Atomgesetzes', *Bundesblatt*, No. 44, Bern, 31 October, 1977, p.304 (Abbreviated below as 'Botschaft')

[3]*Corriere del Ticino*, Lugano, 24 December, 1973, p. 21.

[4]*Botschaft*, p.359.

[5]*Bundesverfassung der Schweizerischen Eidgenossenschaft* (vom 29. Mai 1874) Stand 1. April 1978, Art 24 *quinquies*, p.15.

[6]*Botschaft*, p.296.

[7]Michael Holler. *ibid.*

[8]Parliamentary report, *Die National-Zeitung*, Basel, 13 December, 1973 p.5.

[9]*Botschaft* pp.345-6.

[10]*Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, 'Das Nein zur Atominitiative', 20 February, 1979.

[Dr. Jonathan Steinberg is Tutor at Trinity Hall, Cambridge.]

The November issue of *Contemporary Review* includes *The Humboldt University: Yesterday and Today* by David Southern, *Europe—the Regional Background* by Cosmo Russell, *The Story of the Miner* by George Beattie and *The Sudan: Numeiry's Ten Years of Power* by Percy Allum (held over from the October issue).

CARIBBEAN STORMS

by Paul Rose

JULY is a stormy month in the Caribbean sometimes building up to hurricanes by August. It is four years since I visited the idyllic paradise island in the sun of St. Lucia. Here, people speak an endearing mixture of French and African dialect known as patois, and creole cooking adds a spicy flavour to British influence.

By contrast, when I last visited Dominica, in 1974, to the north beyond Martinique, there was a state of emergency. The so-called 'dreadlocks' with their braided hair were made the scapegoats for a society still based on the large estates where sixty per cent of the young people were unemployed. They could be shot on sight if found on private property and I was encumbered by an armed bodyguard whom I had to evade in order to discover for myself the real grievances of the radical new forces who have now come into their own. Patrick John, Dominica's then Prime Minister, contrasted as an apparently mediocre figure with the able John Compton who led the ruling United Workers Party in St. Lucia. However, in the intervening years, complacency and corruption combined with a forceful campaigning opposition Labour Party to undermine his long tenure of office.

Further south, beyond the friendly island of St. Vincent, Gairy in Grenada became a Caribbean Idi Amin, while the changes in Jamaica and unrest and demands for civil rights in Guyana emphasised that for the West, the Caribbean is no longer an outpost for the commercial interests of hotel chains and banana importers—even French Guadeloupe is experiencing a surge of nationalism.

Some of that foment is reflected in the offensive shouts of 'honkey white man' which I shrugged off as I walked through the shanties of Castries, capital of St. Lucia. Such attitudes were rare but as subject peoples flex their muscles there are elements which classify a white—albeit sunburned —skin with a form of neo-colonialism to which they have given a massive thumbs down.

Patrick John, like Compton and Gairy, has been swept away and Maurice Bishop in Grenada has become the hero of the hour. Each has been replaced by left-orientated governments which in turn praise the Sandinistas. They identify with radical forces in the Third world and more particularly in Africa and South America. They are pledged to non-alignment and in St. Lucia are led by an intellectual elite which derives much of its inspiration from the traditions of the British Left intermingled with the Third world. It is rather as if the Tribune Group suddenly swept into office in Britain on a tide of resentment at the policies of Mrs. Thatcher.

The atmosphere in St. Vincent is pleasant enough but a catastrophe has occurred as a result of the eruption of its dormant volcano. Serious damage to the banana crop and fleeing refugees are perhaps an omen, for the atmosphere was described to me by a member of the opposition

Peoples Democratic Movement as the calm before the storm. Kenneth John, a Barrister who took a doctorate in politics at Manchester University, is a reflection of the St. Lucia Labour Party's new leader with whom he identifies.

In St. Vincent, the ruling 'Labour Party' seems to be following in the footsteps of the UWP in St. Lucia. Titles are as misleading as the superficial news reports in the media. *Yulimo,* stands even farther to the left but a united opposition now challenges Cato's administration and would complete a chain of four 'British' islands divided only by Martinique and Guadeloupe.

In the wake of Labour's election victory in St. Lucia red stars abound on houses and cars, and T-shirts still urge people to vote Labour and election fever only began to subside following the swearing in of the new Parliament with the decimated opposition. After a night of violence in Castries, one gains the impression that this normally easy-going peaceful people have recoiled from their own actions.

Their political mentor is Deputy Premier and spokesman on foreign affairs, George Odlum, an old friend who edited the Labour 'Crusader' and fretted in opposition, having failed to gain election just before my last visit. When I saw him a few months ago in London, he had been successfully sued for libel by the then Prime Minister, accused of a corrupt land deal. I could only advise him to fight politically rather than through the courts since I knew to my own cost the idiocy of our libel laws and the pitfalls in store for outspoken politicians. 'Brother George' is likely to replace the older Premier Louisy within a short time and is likely to become the 'ideological and political focus' of the new movement for change in the Caribbean together with Maurice Bishop.

I spoke to him for some hours the night before the defeated UWP held their ill-advised public meeting in Castries. George ordered the police to stay in their barracks but refused to take action to ban the meeting. He warned that in the present atmosphere it would be injudicious. It was almost like permitting the National Front to march through Southall and refusing them police protection — a novel approach which might well be considered in Britain!

However, the crowds which predictably howled down the meeting were confronted by a section of the police which acted as if they were still controlled by the old Government, using teargas to disperse them. The result was a surge of anger and a section used the opportunity to 'smash up' the town, breaking windows and looting to the tune of one million East Caribbean Dollars (about £175,000) Only later, were young labour supporters recruited to guard the property in central Castries. If St. Lucians were appalled at this orgy of violence I can only add that I still feel safer in St. Lucia than in many streets not a stone's throw from home in London.

Indeed, there is always a lighter side to Caribbean politics with the remarkable gift for satire and leg pulling that gave us the Calypso.

In St. Vincent the opposition taunts Cato in local dialect with regard to his desire for independence: —

> How like Ketto will stop at nothing to become first Prime Minister. Not even the divine sign from Souffray (the volcano) was good enough to stop his rush for more power. Like he can't notice what happen to Gairy, Patrick John and John Compton. Like Ketto really eager to be the first ex-Prime Minister—quick quick.

His efficiency was reflected in the story told to me by two young Missionaries helping in the refugee camps. The first supplies to get to the camp were not food, water or clothes but a truckload of contraceptives.

Meanwhile in the more explosive Dominica I discovered that my friend Brian Alleyne, a civil rights lawyer, is now Attorney General. Desmond Trotter, once in the condemned cell for the alleged murder of a foreign tourist, has been released. Former Premier Patrick John admits to knowing of his innocence. The real culprit was apparently known to him all the time. I am more than gratified by the fact that I myself took a petition for clemency to the Foreign and Commonwealth Office with West Indians, in London, for only the wave of protest saved this young militant's life.

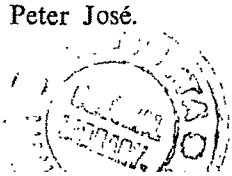
There is little doubt that in this atmosphere of change, enemies of the new Government may embark on what is termed 'a campaign of destabilisation'. A counter-coup is always a danger in these tiny islands and already Antigua has accused the new Grenadan Government of dictatorship.

In St. Lucia the new Government is being urged to act against corruption. Premier Louisy may echo the views of most St. Lucians when he says 'we are free at last' but there are even Government supporters who regard the changes and apparent instability with a curious mixture of satisfaction and fear, not least because of the Cuban experience.

The magnetic pull of Cuba resembles the influence that the Soviet Union once had on the British Left. However, delegates to a recent cultural festival in Cuba seemed singularly alarmed at the regimentation and restrictions they found in Havana. Non-alignment is officially the order of the day and Cuba has stated that it has no wish to interfere in the internal affairs of her Caribbean neighbours. The confidence on the part of present Ministers in their ability to withstand any attempt to take power unconstitutionally may stem from the Cuban presence or the mutual ties cemented among the three new regimes and their affinity with Jamaica. One problem they face is satisfying their own supporters and not least the Rastas, who want to see the legalisation of cannabis. The problem of absorbing them and using them within the wider community is a major preoccupation for Jon Odlum, George's popular brother who presides over social security, prisons and sport in an amalgam that resembles our own Home Office.

Already, he has doubled social security for the elderly to what is still a pitiful 20 East Caribbean Dollars (£3.50) per month. There is a quaint flavour about his statement that because of 'adverse prison conditions it has become a frequent habit for inmates to leave prisons unofficially. Allegations have been made that such inmates indulge in dangerous practices (a euphemism for armed robbery). I appeal to all inmates at large to surrender themselves to the authorities and through me if necessary'. (No doubt to avoid being roughed up at the police station.)

Another old friend who completes this influential trio is Peter José.



With a degree in agriculture he is promoting new farming techniques and subsequently agro-industries. Unused land is to be taken over and unemployed youngsters encouraged to farm it. Imports can be cut by local production in an island where even tourism extracts wealth, since the major hotels are all foreign owned.

It was above all the young people typified by Micky Pilgrim in Castries who swept Labour into power. However a much older and well respected figure and yet another old acquaintance, Bruce Williams, doubled his vote and took the southernmost seat at Vieux Fort. At the last election he was unseated after a dubious recount and an expensive court hearing. The paradox for me is that my old friends are now too busy to take me to their swinging discos or talk for hours over rum punch.

The realities of power have turned these curiously carefree intellectuals into overworked ministers coping with an island economy that is brittle and vulnerable. They have raised expectations and the euphoria of the moment could evaporate in the tropical sun as suddenly as the storms drenched me as I walked home one night in St. Vincent. People still live and sleep on the concrete pavements of 'shit alley' and wooden hovels giving out an unpleasant odour stand in stark contrast to the Rodney Bay development for wealthy investors, usually from abroad.

However, this new breed of politicians does not want to confine itself to what the Foreign Minister of Barbados recently termed 'Backyardism'. They wish to make the voice of the Caribbean heard, 'on questions affecting human rights, oppression, racism' . . . 'it will support any serious initiatives to bring meaningful democratic government to the people of Zimbabwe and South Africa,'—to quote the Labour Party's Manifesto.

Already the cementing of relations at the 'summit conference' with the new governments of Grenada and Dominica permitted George Odlum to speak for all those at a recent Caribbean Conference. If there is something of a cult of personality about George it contrasts with his simple unassuming way of life. He is the embodiment of the local boy made good in a society where there is an almost unhealthy reverence for academic achievement. His collected speeches sell in a pamphlet, *Call that George*, but personalities play a greater role in these mini-states than in the vast cities of the industrialised nations. In a society born of the slave trade and the Franco-English struggle which saw St. Lucia change hands fourteen times, the 'Helen of the West' has shown she has more than a pretty face.

As *The Tree*, organ of the neighbouring Peoples Democratic Movement, of St. Vincent summed up the situation:

> It is very possible that the rising temper of people's frustration could lead to a social explosion that makes the volcanic eruptions look like a joke.

As the tropical rain fell in sheets about my apartment, I paused to think of the white sands of Antigua, the rolling hills of Barbados, the emerald isle of Montserrat and the legendary St. Kitts. Where will the storm break next?

ITALY'S GENERAL ELECTION — THE PERPETUAL CAMPAIGN

by Michael Mannin

IN the last days of March of this year the British and Italian Parliaments dismissed their governments on votes of no confidence, coincidentally, by a majority of only one vote. Both Mr. Callaghan and Signor Andreotti had led their respective administrations through three difficult years of minority government and the scenes in the House of Commons on the 28th of March, with anxious Labour M.P.s pleading with erstwhile supporters to enter the division lobbies in support of their government, reflected the pessimism in the Labour camp of fighting an election at a time not of their choosing. No such apprehension was evident in the Italian Senate four days later, when a Christian Democrat Senator tactfully abstained in order to ensure defeat and thus an ensuing electoral campaign![1]

The equanimity with which the Christian Democrats faced an election was based on the confident assumption that circumstances in the past few months had changed dramatically in their favour, and the Italian Communist Party (PCI) with its 228 seats in the Chamber, was facing a major reverse for its strategy of *compromesso storico,* the historic compromise between catholic and socialist political forces that had been its aim since 1973, and indeed looked attainable after the 1976 elections.[2] While it is difficult to point to simple causal relationships in Italian political crises, the genesis of the P.C.I's change in fortunes can perhaps be traced back a year earlier to the Spring 1978, when the Republicans, Socialists (PSI) and then the communists withdrew the parliamentary support from Andreotti's *monoclore* DC government. In the renegotiated 'Programmatic Accord' between six parliamentary parties (DC, PCI, PSI, Republicans, Social Democrats and Liberals) an agreed programme of social and economic reform was to be supported and monitored by all signatories, and in turn Andreotti agreed to consult party leaders on all policy changes, and to appoint a cabinet acceptable to its parliamentary base with at least some 'independent technicians' outside of the usual representation of DC factions.

When in March of 1978, Andreotti presented his cabinet to Parliament, it contained only DC members and had an even more right wing complexion than its predecessor. The angry communists who had hailed the Accord as an event which gave them 'full title and recognition as a party worthy of government', were faced with either outright rejection as a party Administration, and thus a defeat for *compromesso storico,* or abjectly to accept that they had failed to influence the DC to any substantial extent. On this occasion their problem was eased by the Moro kidnapping which diverted and temporarily enjoined the parties in defence of a challenge to the very existence of the political system. However the ease by which the DC were able to preserve their hegemonic control could only serve to reduce the PCI's *credibility* as a potential governing party, and subsequent

events did little to alleviate a growing realisation that *the DC's capacity for manoeuvre had been only marginally reduced* by the results of the 1976 election.

The kidnapping and murder of Aldo Moro did nothing to aid the communists' long term problems. Despite the most forthright condemnation of this and other terrorist activities by the PCI, the identification of 'autonomist' violence with 'communist inspired' groupings gnawed as much into the newly acquired support from moderate voters as had their open support for the DC's austere economic policy which cut deeply into their traditional proletarian core. In effect the PCI faced the possibility of defections from both new and traditional supporters, unless external political circumstances swung to its favour. Manifestation of these defections were quick to appear. Local elections a week after Moro's murder showed a massive drop in PCI support and a corresponding increase in both DC and PSI support.[3] The party was already facing a decrease in membership which was to continue throughout 1978,[4] and its weakening grip over party worker and voter was evident once again in June, when in 'twin referenda' concerning the abrogation of laws relating to increased police powers and the state funding of political parties, PCI voters failed to demonstrate acceptance of the party's reluctant pro-government line.[5] Since both of these laws were extremely unpopular amongst many PCI supporters, the referenda were seen as a vote of confidence in PCI leadership, and though both attempts at abrogation were defeated, a significant proportion of PCI voters ignored their leaders' directives and voted for repeal.[5]

Conversely the first half of 1978 represented a change in the fortunes of the DC. Its leadership could point to massive public support for its primary aim to 'solve' the terrorist problem as a prerequisite for stable government. The postponement of social reform could be effectively excused as a product of an unstable political situation. Unpopular economic measures were winning respect from the centre and right wing electorate, which since 1976 had formed a more significant proportion of DC voting strength.[6] By resisting communist demands for a greater share in decision making, yet at the same time accepting their support for austerity and tough measures against terrorism, the DC were therefore maximising their own electoral support and minimising the support of the PCI. By tarnishing the communists' image as a party of social and political change, by adopting unambitious goals, and with the 'respectable' leadership of Party Secretary Zaccignini and Prime Minister Andreotti, the DC could now afford to reject the inevitability of the *compresso storico* and sit back to await the PCI's demise as a threat to their governing hegemony. So having survived the Spring crisis and, paradoxically strengthened by the events surrounding the loss of Moro, the DC faced the summer of 1978 with confidence. Even the resignation of President Leone over alleged involvement in the Lockheed scandals and the subsequent election of the socialist Sandro Pertini in July failed to affect this recovery.[7]

Two other factors were also to advantage the Christian Democrats. The deaths of Pope Paul VI and then Pope John Paul I concentrated both

Catholic and lay minds on the continuing challenge to the authority of the Vatican. The 1974 Divorce Referendum, and the 1976 General Election were received as evidence that the Church was losing its ability to mobilize the faithful, and since then there had developed a more orthodox approach to catholicism, and a greater cognisance of marxism. Thus as one commentator pointed out, 'Clearly what was needed was a Pope who could deal successfully with Communists, who was not under any obligation to the Christian Democrats and who could persuade the faithful to toe the line while reassuring the hierarchy'.[8] The election of Cardinal Wojtyla proved a masterstroke for the revival of Catholic fortunes and indirectly for the maintenance of a DC hegemony. Despite an immediate claim that he would stay out of Italian politics, the psychological lift given to Catholicism by a man 'with the same genius for public relations as John Kennedy'[9] was undoubted, and his command of media time seriously hampered the PCI in its attempt to wrest the initiative of the formal election campaign from Christian Democracy.

One further political advantage to the Andreotti administration was the re-emergence of a moderate PSI leader, Bettino Craxi who, since his election as Party Secretary after the 1976 elections, had sought to re-establish PSI credibility with the electorate by standing squarely between the two larger parties on many of the issues from which they shied away. PSI led the campaign to force through the Abortion Law in May of 1978, alone pleaded for concessions to be made when Moro was abducted and, alongside the Radicals, persistently called for the resignation of President Leone. All of these issues were resisted by the DC and received only lukewarm support from the PCI. More important in the Autumn, encouraged by Craxi, the UIL (the socialist union federation), had outflanked the communist unions in resisting the austerity measures presented by the Andreotti government. Alongside the establishment of a clean and credible identity Craxi eased his party towards a more 'social democratic' image, opening up the possibility of a new centre-left formula in the event of PSI successes in a General Election and so widening the political options available to the DC when faced with the inevitable and almost traditional New Year impasse.

When it came, the crisis followed a familiar pattern. Resistance to the government's proposals for a three year wage freeze resulted in a number of strikes, notably by hospital workers. The PCI, asked to play yet again a mediatory role, faced on the one hand continued erosion of their industrial base and on the other, a massive electoral defeat should Andreotti have decided to go to the country. Furthermore, the communists faced a difficult decision over whether or not to support the DC's application to support the European Monetary System, which was to commence on January 1st, and which would lead to further discontent from the unions and rank and file membership: to reject it outright would be tantamount to a withdrawal from the 'Programmatic Accord.' Berlinguer called for a government of 'national emergency' to include the communists, but inevitably this demand was firmly rejected. On January 18th, following the presentation of the government's three year economic 'plan' which inclu-

ded an immediate wage freeze, the PCI issued a statement that the existing Pact was now untenable and, unless serious consideration was given to their criticisms of government policy, they would return to 'constructive opposition'. Faced with an ebullient right wing,[10] Andreotti refused the communists' demands for policy change and portfolios in a new cabinet and on 26th January, Berlinguer led his party back to opposition. Six days later Andreotti handed his resignation to President Pertini. His administration had lasted since March 1978, was the first to include communist participation since 1948, had survived the Moro murder, the signing of an Abortion Act and continuous violence from elusive 'autonomist' groupings.

Despite strenuous attempts by Pertini to reconstitute a Parliamentary alliance, circumstances had radically altered the political climate to make the likelihood of a new all-party Pact almost impossible. While all parties, save the Radicals and fascists,[11] claimed to seek to avoid an early general election all but the communists felt confident of their chances in any new poll.[12] However, moderates in the DC sought to avoid too humiliating a defeat for the PCI which would wrench it ideologically to the left and render its important mediatory role between government and unions impossible. The socialists sought either a coalition cabinet of all democratic parties, or elections in June at a time when the country would anyway be going to the polls to elect its Europarliamentarians. There was a concern by all parties not to be seen as the instigators of early elections for the Italian electorate traditionally penalise the party that forces them to vote before a full Parliamentary term is concluded.

Pertini turned first to Andreotti and later, in a desperate attempt to avoid elections, to La Malfa, the respected Republican Party leader, to undertake 'consultations', but since the *minimum* face-saving requirement by Berlinguer was full coalition status for the PCI, a circumstance totally unacceptable to DC centre and right *fazione*, there was virtually no chance of avoiding early elections. When La Malfa reported his failure to conclude satisfactory consultations on March 1st, Pertini turned once again to Andreotti but this time, however, Andreotti's task was to cobble together an 'election' cabinet, doomed to defeat in Parliament and to steer the country to a general election. In effect the only choice for Andreotti was the length of time it would take to put forward his selection of ministers for defeat in a confidence debate and thus the date of the election itself.[13] On March 20th, Andreotti presented a cabinet list which included the La Malfa as deputy Prime Minister and four Social Democrats. As befitting an 'electoral Cabinet', Andreotti made certain that DC Cabinet posts represented the party's factional interests—to placate and unify conflicting DC forces before a poll. This was scarcely a move likely to enamour the excluded PSI and PCI and when La Malfa, the sole member of the Cabinet respected by the left, suffered a fatal stroke the chances for a fifth Andreotti Administration were ended. On March 31st after only 11 days, Andreotti's electoral cabinet was 'defeated' in the Senate by 150 to 149 votes. On April 2nd the President dissolved Parliament so clearing the way for General Elections two years earlier than constitutionally necessary.

The election campaign was characterised by the low level of political

activity on behalf of political parties, disinterest on behalf of the electorate, and a violence from 'autonomist' groups that commenced on the opening day and persisted throughout the 10 weeks of campaigning. The election, on June 3rd, was one week in advance of the date set for the European Parliamentary elections, thus minimising the chances that minor parties, especially the PSI might gain from a higher electoral turnout. Despite attempts from the PCI and minor parties to widen the campaign, a single issue dominated, whether or not the PCI were to be given a right to cabinet posts. The DC, including moderates, united in a categorical refusal to allow a communist entry. But then had not such pronouncements figured in the 1976 campaign, and had not the DC leadership in a post-electoral situation commenced immediate negotiations with the PCI for parliamentary support? This was however the stuff of Italian politics for, once elected, 'party elites' enjoy considerable freedom from their electoral base and the DC's pre-eminent aim was to *secure power* in this eighth parliament since the war. Some commentators pointed to the Christian Democratic Conference in the Autumn as being more relevant to the nature and form of the next Italian government than an election, which would merely confirm the status of the DC as a governing party and the importance of the PCI as arbiter of economic policies. Throughout the campaign however, the message from DC leaders, from the left wing Zaccagnini to the virulently conservative Fanfani was clear — the PCI, should they come to power either by themselves or in coalition with other socialist groups, could not be trusted to leave by constitutional means. Even if, said Zaccagnini, the PCI completely renounced all Leninist tenets they still could not be trusted with cabinet posts.

Public confirmation of this fear was made all the more easy for the DC with the tide of political violence that commenced with a bomb attack on Christian Democratic offices in Rome, killing one policeman and wounding two others. The slogan 'Transform the fraudulent election into a class war' was left on a wall. It was a simple task to infer a close relationship between the communist drive for power and an escalation of political violence. *Il Populo* talked of 'the long and irresponsible instigation to hatred' in previous PCI policy.[14] The noticeable decline in numbers at street hustings, public meetings and loudspeaker vans in urban areas, were testimony to the impact of this and subsequent acts of violence.

Neither publicity to the trials of the Bank of Italy officials for embezzlement[15] nor revelations of right wing involvement in the Moro affair could counter the impact of a terrorist campaign on the PCI vote. Nor was this the only problem the PCI faced. It was significant that the opening shots of the PCI campaign were aimed not at the DC but at the Radical party, whose onslaught against the 'historic compromise' and the conservative stance of the PCI on so many issues had been a hallmark of the previous Parliament. Marco Pannella, the Radical leader, was to receive special attention from the PCI during the campaign, being ridiculed as a buffoon and cynic. Yet the Radicals despite their bizarre methods[16] had instigated divorce and abortion reform, and championed a series of controversial issues, that the DC and PCI had shrunk from in their manoeuvring for

political power. It was the Radicals who had promoted the twin referenda in 1978, virulently attacked the nature of Church-State relations in a revised concordat, repudiated NATO and nuclear power and given practical help to homosexuals and conscientious objectors. While their doctrines were often conflicting and their methods occasionally absurd, their defence of individual rights and their pragmatic stance on most of the controversial issues in Italy, free from ideological strait-jacket or concern for entry to government, had struck a chord with many young people, who rejected the revolutionary answers of autonomists and felt let down by the PCI's timidity and conservatism. Opinion polls put the Radicals' vote as high as 5% and the increase was almost certainly at the PCI's expense.[17] The Radicals in effect provided an important sideshow in the campaign, which deflected the PCI from its primary aim of convincing the electorate of its right to a place in government.

The D.C. was encouraged still further by the ambivalent attitude of the PSI towards both the Christian Democrats and Communists. While officially maintaining the call for a government of national unity which would include PCI cabinet members, Craxi's attack on the communists gave new hope to those DC leaders who sought a revival of the centre-left coalition of the 1960s, to the complete exclusion of the PCI. Having flatly turned down any ideas of a PCI/PSI alliance early in the campaign, Craxi let it be known that the chances of a DC/PSI deal were quite high, provided the socialists enjoyed a good poll, and were given a 'parity' status in a DC coalition. Thus much of the DC's campaign was given over to the wooing of Craxi. At one point Fanfani suggested offering the post of Prime Minister to a socialist, a suggestion that met with considerable disquiet from several DC leaders. Nevertheless, the message to the electors was clear enough, an alternative to the 'historic compromise', despite procrastinations from the PCI to the contrary, was a distinct possibility.

The 'coincidence' of the Pope's visit to his native Poland and the final days of the campaign, and the ensuing publicity, could only favour DC despite the officially low political profile that the Pope and Bishops had adopted. There was no threat of ex-communication for voting communist, only an appeal 'to listen to one's conscience' in making a choice, and 'vote for men of goodwill'. Yet the media coverage of the Pope's tour was couched in terms of a 'triumph' for Polish Catholicism over communism. The message for the Italian catholic was clear enough. But by the end of the campaign however, a level of scepticism rather than enthusiasm was evident, with a significant number of voters not prepared to commit themselves, even a couple of days prior to polling. This was the third general election in seven years, the third to be dissolved before its five year period was complete and, despite the promise of 1976, there was little to suggest that much was likely to change by a new shuffle of political cards. The electoral system would faithfully reproduce transient and marginal shifts in preferences, resulting in a correspondingly marginal shift in Parliamentary seats. The communist slogan 'Time for a change' used in the 1976 election and again now, seemed devoid of any real intent, meaning and credibility in 1979.

The results from this tedious and sadly violent campaign were received by the PCI with resignation. On a 'low' turnout, around 90% of the total electorate, PCI representation in the Chamber of Deputies was reduced by 4% from the 1976 election, with a net loss of over 1.5 million votes. The PCI had in effect lost the 'referendum' over their admission to government, and their strategy of 'historic compromise' between socialist and catholic forces had received an emphatic thumbs down. However, their older electorate, measured by the Senatorial vote,[18] had remained more loyal, with a net loss of only 2.3% over 1976. Their performance was considerably better than several opinion polls had predicted and a vast improvement over the local elections in the previous March. It was also to be remembered that the 1976 results with a 7.2% increase were so spectacular that some 'retrenchment' of opinion was almost inevitable. But though considerable losses in the South were anticipated, the losses in such urban strongholds as Turin and Genoa were less easily explained away.[19]

While the PCI were resigned to the consequences of this defeat which meant, in all probability, a long period in 'constructive opposition', the DC were dazed by a result which, despite the advantages that befell them in the months preceding the election, actually showed a loss of votes over 1976 by 0.4%, and their lowest percentage of a General Election Poll since 1963. DC voters who had made the enormous psychological jump from Catholic to Marxist fold three years ago had not returned in 1979, but had preferred to abstain, turn to the centrist lay parties, or to swell the ranks of the Radicals who gained over three quarters of a million new voters and elected 18 MPs. Christian Democratic leadership had failed to carry through policies for the 'renewal of society and party' promised in 1976 and though preserving most of their vote, had 'lost' the chance of consolidation that political circumstances had presented. However, leaders of right wing factions, such as Fanfani, Piccoli and Forloni could rightly claim a victory for non co-operation with the PCI, thus endangering the tenuous links between the Communists and DC parliamentary forces that Andreotti, Zaccagnini and, ironically, Aldo Moro had fostered.[20]

However, the DC's tactical choices for coalition building were enhanced by the recovery of the smaller parties. The Republicans, Social Democrats and Liberals had each made slight headway, mainly at the expense of the DC, but for the PSI a gain of only 0.2% to 9.8% was a bitter pill. The result was nowhere near the 13.3% of the May 1978 local elections and, despite Craxi's social democratic stance, the socialists failed to make any appreciable inroad into the PCI vote that would have allowed the Party to claim parity status with the DC and set a strong PSI seal on a new centre-left executive. Many of the votes that Craxi had hoped might come his way from PCI defectors went instead to the Radical Party, whose uncompromising reformist stance on many fundamental issues made it the darling of the young voter. It was to the Radicals that so many 18-25 year olds turned, rejecting PCI, PSI and DC alike in their attempt to express disgust with the conservative and ineffective Parliamentary elites of the major parties. In the new Parliament the Radicals are certain to prove a greater embarrassment to the DC and PCI than in the past three years

when their 'gang of four' MPs succeeded in challenging and exposing what they perceived as a conspiratorial, elitist alliance between Catholic and Marxist parliamentarians. Their claim, together with the six MPs who represent the extreme left, to be the 'real' opposition, will be trying to the PCI who may be forced to present a low opposition profile if their strategy of historic compromise is to be continued.

The election in effect changed little. The DC confirmed once again their dominant status in government and proved that their biggest ally was still the electorates' fear of communist entry to national government. Their electoral support remained predominantly right wing, a factor that will strengthen those anti-communist and conservative factions when the party conference meets in September. The chances of a 'government of renewal' emerging from this election seems now less than in the summer of 1976. Much will depend on Craxi's response to any DC offer of 'partnership' in a centre-left coalition, the most likely formula.[21] But Craxi must take into account the debate which still rages in his own party over whether the PSI should risk once again associating itself with the DC's bankrupt reputation, or attempt to produce concessions within the PCI and force an uneasy alliance of socialist forces in opposition. The smaller parties can be expected to gain as much leverage as is possible from their electoral success to avoid being left out of a DC/PSI dialogue.

The PCI however must take hard and more fundamental decisions regarding its strategy as well as its immediate tactical portion. Berlinguer faces an inevitable challenge to both his strategy of historic compromise and his leadership. Elections for a new directorate which were postponed from the March Congress may well result in a collegial leadership that will seek to move the party back to its Leninist tradition. Such a move coupled with a return to opposition would reverse the decline in membership experienced in 1978 and present the electorate with a clearly defined parliamentary choice. Since, however, the Party has failed to establish itself as a force capable of being trusted in national government, the educative process to convince Italians of the legitimacy of the PCI as a democratic and parliamentary party would not necessarily be served by a return to all-out opposition to the DC. The PCI is aware that its mediating role between unions and government is vital if the Italian economy is to survive the next onslaught of inflation and world recession, and has already threatened to advise workers not to accept wage restraint unless Communist proposals for economic planning are accepted by the DC. With the prospect of a complete breakdown of economic order it is possible that the DC may overcome the pressures of its right wing and attempt to accommodate the PCI as they did in 1977. This would certainly preserve the leadership of the DC for Andreotti and the PCI for Berlinguer. Without such a dialogue both are in danger of demotion. The DC would do well to remember that, despite the rightist forces, a bare majority of Italians have voted for parties that represent attitudes of reform and change. Similarly for the effective acceptance of policy action in a political system whose political legitimacy has been so tested, a parliamentary 'concert' of some size may be the only means of establishing authoritative

decisions. That 'concert' must inevitably include the PCI unless the DC accept full responsibility for Italian 'social renewal'. There is little evidence however to suggest that its leaders have the will or capacity to act without substantial external pressure. It must be admitted that the new Prime Minister, Signor Cossiga, with his boldly announced strategy for combating terrorism and crime generally, to say nothing of the battle against inflation and commitment to the EEC and NATO, is pledged to a demanding programme.

NOTES

[1]Prior to the vote taking place Andreotti had threatened that, should the government win the vote with unwanted support from neo-fascist MPs, he would resign anyway.

[2]See *Contemporary Review* No. 1347 (vol. 232) April 1978, pp 202-208 and No. 1349 (vol. 232) June 1978, pp 281-291.

[3]In a poll of over 10% of Italy's electorate the PCI vote slumped to 26.5%, with the DC increasing to 42.5%. The PSI also gained 4% over their 1976 percentage (13.3%).

[4]During 1978 the ranks of the Federation of Young Communists fell from 143,000 to 128,000.

[5]The PCI were the only left-wing party to support the 'Reale' Law regulating public order, and the repeal of state funding of parties received heavy support from PCI voters in the largest cities, Milan, Rome, Turin and Naples. See S. Hellman, 'The Italian CP: Stumbling on the Threshold' Problems of Communism, Dec. 1978, p.33.

[6]Italian economic prospects improved considerably in 1978, with a healthy balance of payments surplus during the year, and a reduction in inflation from 20% in 1977 to 12%. However, unemployment of 1.5 million, a fall in investment of 2% and the continual problem of wage indexation meant a continuation of austerity measures during the winter and spring of 1978/9.

[7]Leone, like ex-PM Rumor and Minister Luigi Giu, faced continual criticism from the left wing press and the Radical Party. Covert forces from within the DC itself finally forced his resignation, thus ridding the party of a substantial part of its 'soiled leadership'.

[8]W. J. Weatherby. 'Will the Pope cast his vote?' *Guardian*, May 12 1979.

[9]*Ibid.*

[10]In December militant DC factions had attempted to force an early election on Andreotti and over 50 voted against their own government in a Parliamentary debate!

[11]The fascists had suffered a split in December 1976 when Mario Tedeschi, a 'moderate', together with a number of MPs broke away from the MSI to form DN (National Democracy).

[12]Opinion polls at this time gave the DC 42% with the PCI trailing at 29%.

[13]Elections must take place no sooner than 45 and not more than 70 days after the dissolution of a Parliament.

[14]As one commentator pointed out, 'It is a fairly safe bet that each terrorist bomb which has exploded in the past month . . . will mean several thousand more votes for the Christian Democrats (who) for all their history of corruption, still represent stability in the mind of many Italians'. *Guardian*, 23rd May 1979.

[15]Paulo Baffi, Governor of the Bank and a deputy director Mario Sarcinelli, were accused of misdirection of public funding to the chemical group SIR and subsequently prosecuted for their involvement.

[16]Radicali leaders including Pannella spent an entire TV interview gagged and bound to illustrate the lack of freedom of public information in Italy!

[17]Several notable members of the PCI had joined the Radicali, including Leonardo Sciarcia, the author, and Allessandro Tessari, a PCI MP in the previous Parliament.

[18]Minimum voting age for the Chamber of Deputies is 18, and for the Senate 25.

[19]The PCI lost 6% of its vote in Turin, 4% in Genoa, 10% in Naples and 8% in Palermo.

[20]Despite this claim the DC had failed to make inroads into the fascist MSI and DN vote which, combined, dropped by only 0.2% over 1976 and the right wing Liberals who had *increased* their vote by 0.6%.

[21]Craxi's bargaining hand was subsequently strengthened by the European Elections on June 10th which showed a 1.2% PSI increase over their General Election result, and a further decline in support for the PCI and DC.

[Michael Mannin is Lecturer in Politics at Liverpool Polytechnic.]

Percentage of votes received by National Parties for elections* in 1972, 1975, 1976 and 1979.

	National Election 1972	Regional Election 1975	National Election 1976	National Election 1979
DC	38.7	35.3	38.7	38.3
PCI	27.2	33.4	34.5	30.4
PSI	9.6	12.0	9.6	9.8
PDSI	5.1	5.6	3.4	3.8
PRI	2.9	3.2	3.1	3.0
PLI	3.9	2.5	1.3	1.9
MSI	8.7	6.4	6.1	5.3
DN	—	—	—	0.6
PR	—	—	1.1	3.4
PSIUP	1.9	—	—	—
DP	—	1.4	1.5	—
PDUP	—	—	—	1.4
NSU	—	—	—	0.8

*Figures are for National Elections to the Chamber of Deputies.
DC—Christian Democrat; PCI—Italian Communist Party; PSI—Italian Socialist Party; PDSI—Italian Social Democratic Party; PRI—Republican Party; PLI—Liberal Party; MSI—Italian Social Movement; DN—National Democracy; PR—Radical Party; DP—Democratic Proletariat; PDUP—Democratic Party of Proletarian Unity; NSU—National Socialist Unity; PSIUP—Socialist Party of Proletarian Unity.

BRISTOL: PROVINCIAL AND NATIONAL CITY

by Bryan Little

THE history of Bristol, reflected in the wide variety of its architecture, is something of a paradox—showing a tension, or alternation, between provincial and national importance, with metropolitan inspiration in some of the buildings which make Bristol one of our top two or three provincial cities for great wealth of fine architecture and applied art.

The key to an understanding of Bristol is the long time during which it has stood high among the cities of provincial England. For at least eight centuries is has been large and populous enough to be of national consequence, not merely dominant in its own province. Its historical experience differs much from that of some of our provincial towns, cathedral cities for example, whose medieval status was high but which are now, in national terms, of moderate size. Bristol was a leading town under Henry II, and is still of major importance. For some decades after 1700 it was England's second city, its relative position being that of modern Birmingham. Inevitably, in the years of Britain's great industrial expansion in and near coalfields larger than that near Bristol itself the city was overtaken and surpassed by such conurbations as those of Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, and the West Riding. There was, indeed, a time in the nineteenth century when local and national factors made it seem that Bristol might lastingly drop into second-class status. But by 1900 a recovery had set in, and in the last decades of this century Bristol is of more national note than it was fifty years ago.

Size and economic importance apart, Bristol can offer more than most provincial cities in the quality of its life. Firstly, it is not part of a large expansion. Though urban areas just outside its official boundaries have a large population, the total of those who live in the Bristol and Bath sector of Avon County does not go above about 700,000. Despite some nasty ribbon development along part of the road from Bristol to Bath the two cities, each with its own marked character, are not joined together. England, South of Birmingham or West of London has no city larger than Bristol. Splendid countryside lies within a few miles of Bristol's centre or a short distance across the Severn Bridge. A country drive can be enjoyed within a total span of thirty or forty miles, while no one who works in Bristol need commute for more than fifteen; both points are valuable in terms of stress and at a time of increasingly costly transport.

Within Bristol various amenities attract residents and visitors of many tastes. Businessmen who are sent to Bristol, or who have come there as a result of dispersals from the London area, find that the pace and cost of their lives are much less than in the London rat race or in the more congested provincial developments. Local schools are excellent, and for the more intellectually adventurous Bristol's cultural life, in theatre, music or the visual arts has been much forwarded by the rise of its University to a size comparable with that of pre-war Oxford or Cambridge. Art galleries

and arts centres, some of them distinctly *avant garde,* proliferate. So too do such enterprises as craft shops, boutiques and an unusually large number of booksellers, so much so that one can now describe old Clifton, much changed since its staid residentialism three decades ago, as a West of England version of Chelsea. Bristol is the scene of various festivals and aquatic events, some of them near to or on the edge of the ancient river harbour, now almost disused by commerce, which thrusts up into the very middle of the city. Local firms have done much to assist the arts, and in the theatrical world the Bristol Old Vic is of much more than national fame. One of its three auditoria, the Theatre Royal, is England's oldest theatre, having functioned, with a few short breaks, since its opening in 1766; it is one of many buildings, scenic features or works of art of which Bristol displays the oldest or finest example in England.

With so rich and varied a story it is no surprise to find that architectural derivations in Bristol come from many sources. Most of the city's Norman buildings have given way to later work, but for some of what remains, and for one leading building replaced in the Gothic period, important clues come from early medieval seals which give useful data on the appearance of buildings of their time.

A twelfth-century seal of Llandaff Cathedral shows that this, the chief church of the lordship of Glamorgan which was then held by the powerful Earls of Gloucester, had flanking towers East of its transepts, and a western facade with a row of three windows above a Norman doorway. The priory of St. James, Bristol, was founded by Robert, Earl of Gloucester, the most important of Henry I's many bastards and, in national politics, of outstanding importance. Its surviving West front could have been akin, the work of some non-local designer, to that of the modestly sized Norman cathedral at Llandaff. At Newport in Gwent the fairly imposing nave of the hilltop parish church, with a clerestory of upper windows, in some ways recalls that at Bristol; Earl Robert could have commissioned all three buildings, at key places in his domains, from the same mason. Llandaff's flanking towers perhaps had their equivalents in another Bristol church. The Augustinian abbey at Bristol was founded in the 1140s, not by Earl Robert but by Robert Fitzharding, later the first Earl of Berkeley. But Fitzharding was then a client of the far more important Gloucester Earl. An early seal shows that the Bristol abbey at first had flanking towers in the manner of Llandaff. A stylistic relationship between two churches under the influence of the same feudal magnate seems not unlikely.

Earl Robert's activities gave Bristol another building, of undoubted national status and quality, none of which now remains above ground. Bristol Castle was a royal possession. Its great rectangular keep, replacing an earlier motte and superimposed tower, was in the same 'national' class as those of Canterbury, Rochester, Castle Rising and Hedingham. It was mentioned, soon after its completion, as 'the flower of English keeps'. Later buildings in the castle, such as the Great Hall which was built in 1239-42, with two-light windows like those in the almost contemporary, and sur-

viving, castle hall at Winchester were by craftsmen employed by the Court, working here on what was, in effect, a metropolitan building.

Other medieval buildings in Bristol displayed various influences in a town whose size and prosperity made it increasingly important. Work of the thirteenth century, in Bristol and elsewhere in the West Country, shows strong affinity with architecture and sculpture carried out by the master masons and carvers who designed and adorned Wells Cathedral. It is known that in 1234 the Abbot of St. Augustine's asked the Dean of Wells for the loan of a carver who had worked on capitals and on the West front at Wells, where carving resembles that seen in the beautiful 'elder' Lady Chapel of that time at Bristol.

Bristol's most significant medieval buildings were the new choir limb, including a second Lady Chapel, of St. Augustine's Abbey, and the parish church, rare in England for its cathedral character, of St. Mary Redcliffe. Both are notable for innovating aspects of the architectural work started in the early years of the fourteenth century, and in the case of the church at Redcliffe completed by about 1400.

The key point about the new choir at St. Augustine's was that it had no rows of clerestory windows, but that the aisles, and the middle alley which contained the choir stalls and the High Altar were all of equal height. Good liturgical reasons probably lay behind this special arrangement, which also involved a rare buttressing sheme, *below* the aisle vaults, to meet the outward thrust of the central vault. Seen from outside, particularly from College Green on the North, this choir gives the impression of a college chapel, but with aisles instead of the normal unaisled rectangle. The basic idea could have come from the splendid, much admired royal chapel of St. Stephen at Westminster whose building was in progress at the same time. At Bristol, however, there were aisles, and there one had the unusual vaults made necessary by the aisled 'hall church' design. The Westminster plan could have been adapted by some local master mason, or designs sent down for rendering in Bristol from this impeccably metropolitan source.

Among the distinctive features of the rebuilt St. Mary Redcliffe are the doubly aisled transepts, elaborate vaults over all its spaces, and the unusual feature, for a parish church, of an eastern Lady Chapel. Its superb hexagonal outer North porch, with its bold enclosure of space, is in line with the polygonal chapter houses of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, which are peculiar to English Gothic. Elsewhere in the late Decorated or early Perpendicular church one perceives links, perhaps deliberate, with churches in the West Midlands with which area Bristol merchants had business connections. Some detailed points of decoration, round windows and above arches, recall fourteenth-century work at Lichfield Cathedral, while other parts of the church are akin to features in the beautiful Church of St. John at Coventry, built as the chapel of guilds to which some Bristol merchants belonged. Other Perpendicular churches in Bristol were more local in character, with the fine traceried pinnacles and battlements of St. Stephen's tower clearly inspired by the abbey (now the cathe-

dral) at Gloucester, and with derivations from this Bristol tower elsewhere in the western counties and in St. John's at Cardiff. But no Bristol buildings resembled the rebuilt monastic cathedral at Bath, or Thornbury castle a dozen miles North of Bristol, in being by architects of the group which worked on early Tudor Court commissions.

In the reign of Elizabeth I, Bristol expanded modestly, but for much of that period the city's prosperity was checked by the effect on its trade of the war with Spain. Bristol's later Tudor architecture, with a few ambitious stone houses but mostly in the timber-framed tradition of domestic building which carried through from the Middle Ages, was of no special account. The same conditions prevailed during much of the seventeenth century—albeit this was a time when Bristol was a key city in the Civil War, and when increasing transatlantic trade, and the beginnings of such local industries as glass, pottery and sugar refining brought new and wider prosperity. It was in the eighteenth century that new trading tendencies led to a fuller architectural fruition.

For much of the eighteenth century there was a great contrast between Bristol, England's second city and of great commercial note, and its much smaller neighbour, the rising spa town of Bath. The character and mental attitudes of the two places differed widely. Bristol, expanding as the plantation trade, and other lines of commerce and industry, brought ever greater wealth was basically provincial in outlook and vernacular in some of its buildings. Bath, with its social tone set by aristocratic and fashionable visitors, was metropolitan and, from the 1720's when its great building expansion started, mainly Palladian in character. The smart set and the classically educated gentry who thronged Bath affected to despise Bristol. As Christopher Anstey satirically remarked in his *New Bath Guide*: 'Let Bristol for commerce and dirt be renowned'. What Bath's 'fashionables' did not realise about what was for many vital purposes Bath's port, was that Bristol was well ahead in the creative work done by its craftsmen in the applied arts—in Delftware, glass, porcelain and earthenware pottery, in splendid Baroque ironwork and rococo plasterwork by stucco workers whose delicate work was also to be found in Bath itself. The nationally eminent Baroque sculptor, Rysbrack, was employed by some Bristol patrons, and his statue of William III, set up in Queen Square in 1736, is the finest equestrian statue in the country. In one aspect of architecture—the romantic Gothic of the middle years of the century—Bristol was notably rich, while Bath had almost no specimens of a style with which one can link the boy poet Chatterton as a pioneer of the Romantic Revival, for whose greatest figures, Wordsworth and Coleridge, Bristol was an important rendezvous and the place where, in 1798, *Lyrical Ballads* was first published. The Bristol Hotwells, in the strongly romantic scenery of the Clifton gorge, was in its own right a spa of national importance, frequented by many of the smart set who also went to Bath. It probably had some influence on the rise, among sophisticated people, of an admiration for precipitous scenes once thought 'horrid'. But its architectural character was local, without the fashionable Palladianism of the other spa

city in the Avon valley.

Yet Bristol, under Bath's influence or with its architects accepting a general Palladian vogue, did see the rise, as the eighteenth century progressed, of a fair number of Palladian or metropolitan buildings, put up along with those of a more regional character. Mansions in the Palladian taste were built in the city's immediate outskirts by rich Bristol merchants and when in the 1740s a fine new Exchange was built the elder John Wood of Bath, a thoroughly Palladian designer, was employed on a Palladian building whose artistic equivalent, in a few more years, was the Exchange (now the Town Hall) at Liverpool. In the 1760s the Bristol merchants who built the Theatre Royal went direct to London for their example, closely modelling the auditorium on Wren's Drury Lane. Bristol's late Georgian businessmen were more sophisticated than those of, say, Queen Anne's time. So the city has a fine collection, near its centre and up in Clifton, of individual houses and terraces whose simple late Georgian style, and whose facing of Bath stone, paid a tribute to the spa and residential city with whose cultural pretensions Bristol had now caught up.

Bristol's importance, as against the more rich and populous industrial centres of the Midlands and North, inevitably fell in the nineteenth century. But the city has good Greek Revival buildings by 'national' and local architects, while some of its Victorian architecture, following medieval Italian precedents, is highly distinctive. What it has to show of the work of I. K. Brunel is, however, of much more than local note—achievements by a prolific engineer of genius and national standing. The Clifton Suspension Bridge, final solution of a challenge to romantic Nature first planned in the 1750s, superbly combines engineering skill and daring with architectural grace. The original railway station at Temple Meads, dated 1840 but possibly designed before Queen Victoria ascended the throne, is a splendid Perpendicular Gothic building, with its trainshed, unlike that at the much later St. Pancras in London, stylistically *en suite* with its forebuilding; it is certainly the finest terminus surviving from the early railway age—the period which preceded the railway 'mania' of 1845. Lastly, the iron steamship *Great Britain,* whose hull outlasted many vicissitudes and whose homeward voyage from the Falkland Islands was a near miraculous feat of salvage, lies safely, with gradual restoration in progress, in the very dock in which the ship was built, and from which, in 1843, the Prince Consort floated it out. The ship, now regaining its appearance of the 1840s, is the greatest survival of the steam passenger liner in its early days, a Bristol answer to the *Victory* and the *Cutty Sark.*

[Bryan Little has published numerous books on such cities as Bath, Birmingham, Bristol and Cheltenham and a biography of Sir Christopher Wren. With Michael Jenner and Andor Gomme he is the author of *Bristol; An Architectural History,* published early in 1979.]

LOOKING BOTH WAYS IN VENEZUELA

by Steve Ellner

THE 47 percent of the vote which the Christian Democratic Copei received in the December 3, 1978 presidential elections in Venezuela exceeded that party's most optimistic calculations. Copei's upset victory over the incumbent Democratic Action (AD) is a heavy blow to those publicity specialists who claim that money put to intelligent use is the determining factor in political campaigns. The fiscal excesses of the AD government—as manifested, for instance, by the enormous outlay of money by the government and the government party in this campaign—was the issue which Copei most effectively exploited.

The two major parties made extraordinary use of TV advertisements, which eclipsed all other forms of publicity in the course of the campaign. For the second presidential election in a row, AD contracted Joseph Napolitan, author of *The Election Game and How to Win it* and chief publicity agent for Hubert Humphrey in 1968. Napolitan was generally credited with face-lifting Carlos Andres Perez for the 1973 campaign, transforming his image from stern defender of law and order (as Minister of Interior in the 1960's, Perez had ridden roughshod over the legal system in an effort to stamp out the guerrilla movement) to energetic, modern innovator. In 1978, Napolitan's TV commercials were devoid of political content. Featuring eager, vivacious people with spirited music in the background, these ads were supposed to convey the message that all Venezuela was reaping the benefits of national prosperity brought about by the AD government.

Napolitan's activity in the 1973 elections did not escape the notice of Copei. For the 1978 campaign, the Christian Democrats brought in David Garth, who was at the same time hard at work on behalf of half a dozen candidates in the states. Garth's propaganda, unlike that of Napolitan, had a modicum of political content. His TV commercials showed slum dwellers expressing grievances—a departure from the usual scene of poor people looking onward or applauding as a politician articulated their problems for them. According to Gallup (which also had a heyday in Venezuela) Copei made substantial inroads in the lower class, thus moderating its image as a party of the church and the oligarchy.

The key role of foreign advisers in political campaigns has become a touchy issue in Venezuela. Both AD and Copei rather unconvincingly claimed that their foreign help was merely 'technical,' while each accused the other of turning over the reins of its publicity work to foreigners. Democratic Action actually opened the doors of its campaign headquarters to reporters, in what the magazine *Autentico* jocularly described as an 'effort to convince the public that AD isn't hiding foreign personnel in the closet.' Communist candidate Hector Mujica posed the question 'and what would people say if I hired a Russian adviser?' The Movement Toward Socialism (MAS) called for the expulsion of Garth and Napolitan

on grounds that they violated the immigration law which requires foreigners to maintain a strict neutrality on all issues relating to national politics.

The sheer number of political advertisements, 70 percent of which were on behalf of AD and the administration, greatly surpassed that of previous election years. The Ministry of Information justified government commercials on grounds that the President had a right to defend his record from the calumnious attacks of the opposition, though by law he is supposed to remain neutral during all political campaigns. The government party's advertising blitzkrieg called to mind the 1978 elections in Bolivia and the Dominican Republic, where political commercials in the various sectors of the media were almost exclusively in support of the official, pro-government candidates.

Both the Social Democratic AD and the Christian Democratic Copei manifested little in the way of ideological differences during the campaign, while both went to great length to demonstrate their absolute hostility to Communism. In a rather bizarre crossfire between the two major candidates, each accused the other of belonging to a world-wide ideological tendency which had proven itself incapable of halting Communist advances; mention was made of the Christian Democratic government in Chile, which preceded that of Allende, as well as the Cuban Social Democrats Grau San Martin and Prio Socarras whose administrations were somehow held responsible for Castro's rise to power. Despite these overwrought statements, both AD and Copei have accepted certain socialist notions. President Perez, who greatly amplified the state sector by nationalizing the iron and petroleum industries, often spoke glowingly of the trend toward 'socialization' of basic industry. Copei, for its part, has embraced a somewhat nebulous concept of 'communitarian society' in which traditional distinctions between employer and employee are reduced and corporations take on an increasingly public character.

Copei made the issue of government corruption the focal point of its campaign. Its slogan 'Where has the money gone?' was intended to point out that large sums of government revenue accruing from the quadrupling of oil prices in 1973 have not been put to good social use. Copei maintained that since 1973, government corruption has increased at least three-fold, the same coefficient as the increase in the national budget. That corruption is rampant is not even denied by AD, as was acknowledged by the party's president, Gonzalo Barrios, when he said: 'In Venezuela people steal from the government because they have no reason not to!'

President Perez responded to the slogan 'Where has the money gone?' by pointing to the ambitious plans of economic development which his government carried out in accordance with the Five Year Plan, adopted in 1975. Actually many parts of the plan, such as the creation of an elaborate railroad system and of an oil tanker fleet for exports, have been scrapped or else greatly modified. The administration gave priority to the effort to transform Venezuela into a major exporter of steel and aluminium, taking advantage of the vast reserves of iron and bauxite and the hydroelectric power in the Guyana region (which has become a sort of 'new

Venezuelan frontier'). The production targets tended to be greatly inflated, as those for instance, which would have Venezuela producing 15 million tons of steel by 1985, up from the present level of 1.5 million. In this respect Perez resembled the prototype of the Latin American dictator who, with great fanfare, undertakes mammoth development projects, at the same time neglecting the more mundane aspects of economic development.

The Five Year Plan was predicated on the drawing of sizeable foreign loans, a practice which came under heavy attack from Copei. Indeed the administration was hard put to explain why it could not make do with the increased revenue accruing from the quadrupling of oil prices in 1974. The seven-fold increase in the public debt, as well as the three-fold increase in the federal budget under Perez have contributed to a ten per cent annual rate of inflation, modest by South American standards but nevertheless a considerable growth over previous years.

The four main leftist parties—the Movement Toward Socialism (MAS), the People's Electoral Movement (MEP), the Movement of the Revolutionary Left (MIR) and the Communist Party—were alone in presenting an overall critique of Perez' development plans, since Copei limited its criticisms of the government to charges of corruption and fiscal irresponsibility. The left criticized the Fifth Plan for failing to promote autonomous industrial development and for subordinating Venezuela to those foreign interests which will reap the benefits of the nation's new raw material exports. The multinational corporations, the left have noted, will provide the technology and part of the capital for the steel and aluminium industries, and will also end up commercializing these products on the world market. The left called for the renegotiation of the marketing and technology contracts which the state oil company signed with Exxon, Shell and Gulf, whereby those foreign concerns maintain the same proportion of influence in the Venezuelan petroleum industry as they had prior to nationalization.

In addition to consensus over economic policy, most of the left share certain general ideas regarding ideology and political strategy. The left acknowledges that the decision to engage in guerrilla warfare in the 1960s was a grave error, in part because it occurred at a moment when the popular movement was on the wane, and in part because it alienated elements which were to join the ranks of the left precisely when the guerrilla movement subsided (for instance those who broke off from AD to form MEP in 1967). Furthermore, MAS, MIR and MEP emphatically reject imported ideological models and instead talk of the Venezuelan road to socialism. These same parties, influenced in part by Euro-Communism, lay great stress on certain ideas which deviate from orthodox Marxism, such as workers' control of management, the struggle against bureaucracy, the need to democratize political parties and democratic socialism.

In spite of this area of general agreement, the left was unable to unite around a single presidential candidate in December of last year, thus greatly reducing its overall showing. In the initial stage of the campaign, a

'pro-unity' group of independent leftists met with the four parties of the left and discussed the possibility of calling primaries to nominate a common candidate, but this proposal along with others like it fell by the way. Nevertheless, as a result of such efforts, enthusiasm has mounted for a united slate for the municipal elections in June 1979. MIR's successes in student and trade union elections throughout the year was in large part attributable to its vocal support for leftist unity.

MAS is the largest party on the left and is also the one most resistant to unity. At first it actually refused support from other parties for its own presidential candidate. MAS rejected popular frontism as an 'out-dated formula' which would polarize the nation into left and right wings and deprive the socialists of an absolute majority, as it had in the case of Allende; furthermore, aligning with the Communist Party, with its dogmas of the dictatorship of the proletariat and the like, would muddle MAS' own ideological formulations and foster the old illusion that socialism was a mere trade-off for democracy. In the course of the campaign, however, MAS modified its anti-unity stand and accepted the backing of various small leftist groups for its presidential candidate.

Another challenge to the two major candidates was posed by an independent, Diego Arria, former Federal District governor.

Arria, as an 'anti-party' candidate, hacked away at the intrusive role which political parties play in all facets of Venezuelan life. Ironically, the major strength of Venezuela's democratic system—the existence of well-organized political parties which participate in open elections on all levels —is at the same time the system's major shortcoming.

During the campaign, many political commentators predicted a 'polarization' process, which would split the Venezuelan electorate between supporters of AD and of Copei, eventually resulting in the creation of a U.S.-style two-party system. Indeed, the appearance of a close match between two presidential candidates, as occurred in the months prior to the 1973 and 1978 elections, has tended to pull the rug out from under the smaller contending parties. This phenomenon, however, has been less accentuated in the congressional and city council races, where AD and Copei have not been able to monopolize the votes. Looking ahead to the future, it must be acknowledged that the failure of the two major parties to debate concrete issues and define their ideological and programmatic differences has created opportunities for the smaller parties, and insures that in Venezuela, at any rate, the two-party system is not about to become a reality.

[Steve Ellner is a Lecturer in the Department of Economics at the Universidad de Oriente in Puerto La Cruz, Venezuela. Research for the above article was carried out under a Fellowship from the Organisation of American States.]

DAVID GARRICK LIVES HERE

by J. C. Trewin

FOR many years I have had on a wall facing me a print of Hogarth's picture—or of the engraving from the painting—of Richard III waking in the tent at Bosworth. Presumably the lights burn blue, and it is dead midnight: 'Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.' In a moment or two this highly theatrical Richard, right arm extended, will be crying, in the Cibber couplet—for the actor is David Garrick, and he used the relentlessly adapted Cibber text—'Hence, babbling dreams: you threaten here in vain. Conscience, avaunt! Richard's himself again.'

On another wall, in an oval frame, is a portrait of the actor, as himself, in his middle years: an extremely pleasant picture, but it might be of any eighteenth-century worthy. Nothing is there to show what David Garrick was like when he took the stage: a short man (five feet four inches) of slight physique and with remarkable black eyes—all great actors have had these expressive eyes—who could transform himself while the audience watched. 'Damn him!' exclaimed Kitty Clive as she looked on from the wings one night, 'He could act a *gridiron*!' Though so much has been said about him, he remains curiously elusive in the mind: probably because, of all our First Players, he was the most protean, the chameleon of the stage. Consider Richard III, and then Abel Drugger.

David Garrick died two hundred years ago, on 20 January 1779. He was buried with immense pomp in Westminster Abbey, at the foot of the Shakespeare monument; and it was in the Abbey on a cold, clear evening earlier this year that the Society for Theatre Research—as well as the English stage in the persons of Marie Ney, Sir John Gielgud and Robert Eddison—remembered a man whose death had 'eclipsed the gaiety of nations and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure.' It is a familiar quotation, the words of Dr. Samuel Johnson who had known Garrick from youth, and who in 1779 stood, weeping, at the funeral: they are to be found now on the memorial in Lichfield Cathedral.

During the last three paragraphs we have been with David Garrick at his beginning—for Richard III was his first London triumph—and at his end nearly forty years later. But really, for lovers of the English stage, Garrick has neither beginning nor end. He seems to be there for ever in the full light of the eighteenth century, a man who stands for, and above, the theatre of his world, and who is as undying as those other figures in the high succession of English acting: Richard Burbage, Thomas Betterton, John Philip Kemble, Edmund Kean, William Charles Macready, Henry Irving. (Their twentieth-century successors must be left to what Sam Weller would call the 'taste and fancy' of the reader).

It is useless to compare them: all worked in the manner of their periods. What we do know is that they established themselves beyond their contemporaries; that they were, and magnificently, the Theatre: indeed, that they are eternally the Theatre, the king-posts of its structure.

One of Garrick's principal feats was to alter the style of English acting. With him declamation died and naturalism conquered (though scarcely naturalism as we interpret it today). Of Huguenot descent, the son of an Army officer and the daughter of a lay-singer in Lichfield Cathedral choir, he was born on 19 February 1717 in the Angel Inn at Hereford where his father was on a recruiting tour. Later he was educated at the Grammar School in Lichfield and under a neighbouring tutor at Edial, Samuel Johnson, a man seven years his senior. Both wished to go to London, so they rode off together on 2 March 1737 to look for fortune, Garrick ostensibly to study law, though he had no firm intention of doing so. For a time, from 1738, he and his brother Peter were wine merchants, but he was determined to go on the stage. Thomas Davies, his first biographer, describes how he 'studied with great assiduity a variety of parts in the different walks of acting. The Clown, the Fop, the Fine Gentleman, the Man of Humour, the Sot, the Valet, the Lover, the Hero, nay, the Harlequin, had all to be critically examined and often rehearsed and practised by him in private.'

At length he went under the management of Henry Giffard, an actor who also ran a small theatre at Goodman's Fields, Whitechapel, in the East End of London. David appeared on tour with him at Ipswich during 1741, under a pseudonym and in a small emotional part in Southerne's now forgotten tragedy of *Oroonoko*. Then, presently and astonishingly, he was acting in October 1741, before a small audience at Goodman's Fields as 'A young gentleman who never appeared on any stage.' The part, a tremendously theatrical show-piece, was Richard III in a version as much Cibber's as Shakespeare's ('How are the brats disposed? Say, am I happy?' and so on). Colley Cibber, of course, had played it himself, though he was quite unsuited to Richard, and James Quin, more effective, had been declamatory in his accustomed manner. Now the anonymous 24-year-old gave a performance that was rendered remarkable by its naturalism, its rapid transitions, its expressiveness and its concentration. In a night he made his name, to the unconcealed irritation of Quin who complained—and with some reason—that the young man was 'a new religion.'

Garrick went on to play eighteen parts within seven months and to show that he could move across the board from comedy to high tragedy: we have seen Thomas Davies's list of types. He ended at Goodman's Fields during the spring of 1742 as a superb and uncannily moving King Lear, though again not in Shakespeare's text but in the wretchedly arrogant version of Nahum Tate. In this Lear and Cordelia are spared at the end; Lear hands her to Edgar with suitable expressions ('Take her Crown'd; th' imperial Grace fresh blooming on her Brow'), and suddenly there is a resolute voice, 'Old Kent throws in his hearty Wishes too.' We gather that he and Lear propose to retire reflectively to 'some cool Cell' and gently pass their 'short reserves of Time.'

It was obvious that Garrick would reach one of the two great Central London theatres, and he did so. In the autumn of 1742, at a fee of five

hundred guineas (which soon rose) he was in the company at Drury Lane. The whole town acclaimed him, though Samuel Johnson, ever regardless of fashion, would take his time to be impressed. Before the full Drury Lane engagement Garrick acted for a season in Dublin with the irresistible Peg Woffington; he fell intensely in love, but for her he was one of many. They did live together in London, years in Southampton Street that were hardly successful, and during the autumn of 1744 they parted.

By now David Garrick was unreservedly at the head of his profession. He had played Hamlet—with his famous terror-stricken reaction to the appearance of the Ghost—and it would be long before he was foolish enough to mutilate the text and the character, an adventure late in life that he must have been glad to forget. He made an astonishing thing of the apparently trifling sketch of little Abel Drugger, the tobacconist, in Ben Jonson's *The Alchemist*: so much so that today, well over two centuries later, whenever the piece is revived, we sit expectantly (an expectation seldom satisfied) for Drugger's arrival: the best I remember, Alec Guinness acted him for the Old Vic company at the New Theatre (the modern Albery) in 1947.

Garrick was also a notable Macbeth, wearing the white wig and the uniform of a contemporary General and using a text that, though he had purged it of most of William Davenant's Restoration absurdities (if not the singing Witches) still contained a good deal of base metal, some of it —including a protracted death-scene speech—written by Garrick himself. He failed as Othello and Hotspur, but his triumphs (frequently in plays now thoroughly obscure) outmatched any rivals. Moreover, he had become a dramatist in his own right: for example, in *Miss in her Teens* which the Old Vic (once Prospect) Company has put on during Garrick's bicentenary year as half of a double bill. From 1747 he was an actor-manager at Drury Lane, staying there for twenty-nine years and making a variety of innovations, notably in lighting: after 1765 most of this, the footlights excepted, came—concealed from the audience—from behind the proscenium arch.

We need not go through the entire sequence of Garrick's parts. It is probably enough to name Benedick (this was his single and dazzling venture in Shakespearian comedy), Sir John Brute (*The Jealous Husband*), Ranger (*The Suspicious Husband*), Bayes (Buckingham's *The Rehearsal*), Don Felix (Mrs. Centlivre's *The Wonder, A Woman Never Vexed*), and Romeo which he acted, with George Anne Bellamy as Juliet, in rivalry with Spranger Barry and Mrs. Cibber at Covent Garden. Again Garrick could not resist a slow death scene: he altered the text so that Juliet waking in the tomb, could say 'Bless me, how cold it is. Who's there?' and then watch Romeo's prolonged agony. Audiences approved.

Among Garrick's early choices at Drury Lane (1749) was his friend Johnson's tragedy, *Mahomet and Irene*, something almost impossible to animate. Johnson had written it in a lost idiom; even so, it might have fared better if Garrick had not insisted on having the actress of Irene strangled with a bowstring in front of the audience, instead (as in the

classical tradition) offstage. There were discourteous cries of 'Murder! Murder!' when Barry, who was Mahomet, tried to dispose of Irene (who was Mrs. Pritchard), and she had to be taken off alive. Ultimately a revised production did run for nine nights in repertory, but it could not be called a success. More happily, Garrick was married in June of the same year to Eva Maria Veigel, a dancer (under the name of Mlle. Violette) from Vienna. For his sake she relinquished her career, and the marriage was entirely happy. Just how happy we can judge from Garrick's lines to his wife:

> Ravishing manners, void of art,
> A cheeerful, firm yet feeling heart.
> Beauty that charms all public gaze,
> And humble amid pomp and praise.

In a small Garrick collection I have a book and a medal. The book is Lewis (Luigi) Riccoboni's *General History of the Stage*—there is much more in an ample title—to the second edition of which (dedicated to Garrick) the anonymous translator prefixed 'An Introductory Discourse Concerning the Present State of the English Stage and Players.' This, objecting to lack of variety in English actors ('We are weary of seeing the same Thing in the same Manner') even criticised 'the Greatest Player in the World' for a passage in the tragedy of *Boadicea*. The writer proceeds charmingly (and I quote because the essay is seldom cited):

> It is no particular Censure to charge him with it, because 'tis customary; and nothing else was expected from him; but he will own the Impropriety when he submits the Question not to Custom, but to his own discerning and impartial Reason.

It appears that Garrick, who played Dumnorix, drew his sword on the first night in the middle of a prayer; 'and, full of the uprightness of his Cause, brandished it in the Face of Heaven'. The writer goes on:

> It was disputed whether this were proper; but there could be no Dispute whether a Repetition of it could be proper: that was impossible. The Suddenness of a virtuous Emotion might excuse him once in doing it; but nothing could justify the cold Repetition; nor could anything be more unpleasing to an Audience than to know beforehand what was to happen at the Start of a Passion, and to be able to say at what Word the Hero was to draw forth his Weapon. This, taking away the Appearance of Nature and Reality, debases in the greatest Degree a Player who is full of her true Feelings, and places Mr. Garrick upon almost a Level with the Automatons who attend upon him in that Scene, to whom he is to give a Look at their Cue for drawing their Swords, as the Word in the Prayer is his . . .

Battered by the capital letters, we may find this an unexpected criticism of Garrick, of all people. Few of his admirers would have agreed.

The Shakespeare medal I have somewhere, with its frayed rainbow-hued ribbon, is from the Stratford 'Jubilee' of 1769, an occasion no writer on Garrick can omit. It shows in a small compass his magnetism, his vanity, his determination, and his resource. The Stratford-upon-Avon Council having made him a freeman, he resolved that he must do something in return: hence the fantastic event of early September 1769 that, in years ahead, he would call, with wry affection, 'my foolish hobby-horse.' Stratford was then a remote market-town. Garrick sent painters and carpenters

from Drury Lane to erect on the Avon meadow a copy of the octagonal Rotunda at Ranelagh, the London pleasure-gardens. Here, in this elaborate structure with room for a thousand spectators and a hundred musicians, he planned to recite his Ode to Shakespeare, centre-piece of three days of concerts, pageant-processions, balls, banquets, fireworks, horse-races, and so forth: practically everything except a performance of a Shakespeare play or, in fact, more than half a line from the Works.

Stratford was crowded for the Jubilee, mostly with visitors from London who had to find accommodation at inflated prices. The first day was moderately calm; but the second and third were calamitous. Rain poured torrentially. The great procession was abandoned. When Garrick spoke his ode in the Rotunda, the Avon was rising fast and a steady pelting of rain accompanied the lines:

Let awful silence still the air;
From the dark cloud the hidden light
Bursts ten-fold bright!
Prepare! *Prepare*! *Prepare*!

The audience stayed gallantly attentive even when several benches and part of a wall collapsed. Presently there was a large dinner, with glees and catches ('Sacred be thy shrine, Avonian Willy, bard divine!') But the rain never ceased; fireworks were postponed; and those who appeared in expensive costumes for the midnight masquerade ball in the Rotunda—among them was James Boswell, habited as a Corsican—had to totter upon duckboards laid across the waterlogged meadow. (The Royal Shakespeare Theatre stands there now). Next day, for the second time, the Shakespeare pageant was abandoned, and though weather cleared at the last, with fireworks outside the Rotunda and dancing within (Mrs. Garrick executed a minuet 'beyond description gracefully'), the occasion was glumly unfortunate. Samuel Foote, the lame Cornish dramatist who detested Garrick, took care to mock the celebration of a poet 'whose works have made him immortal, by an ode without poetry, music without melody, dinners without victuals, and lodgings without bed; a masquerade where half the people appear bare-faced, a horse-race up to the knees in water, fireworks extinguished as soon as lit, and a gingerbread amphitheatre which tumbled to pieces as soon as it was made.'

It sounds like utter disaster; yet Garrick saved himself, and defeated the cynics, by a cunning stroke that, in the next month (October 1769), brought Stratford to the stage of Drury Lane with *The Jubilee In Honour of Shakespeare* presented as an after-piece. Briefly, this was everything that should have happened at Stratford (some of it did), created afresh with no fear of being drowned out. London applauded. Garrick as usual had conquered in the end.

The tampering with Shakespeare, the tumid verse, the nonsense about 'Avonian Willy,' and the eccentric accessories of the Jubilee, must not lead us to under-value Garrick. His weaknesses were in the mode of his time. His gifts were clear to everyone. In the theatre he devoted himself wholly to his art. Off stage, he could be, in Oliver Goldsmith's words, 'an abridg-

ment of all that was pleasant in man.' Goldsmith knew his subject, and the thirty-odd lines of the 'epitaph' he wrote in 1774 are as candid as affectionate. Here are Garrick's too volatile temperament, his obsession with personal manoeuvres, his insistence on praise. And yet:

> . . . peace to his spirit wherever it flies,
> To act as an angel and mix with the skies;
> Those poets, who owe their best fame to his skill,
> Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will,
> Old Shakespeare receive him with praise and with love,
> And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

(Kelly was a playwright, one of Garrick's inner circle). Goldsmith was certainly generous because Garrick would not do *The Good-Natur'd Man* at Drury Lane (it went to George Colman the elder at Covent Garden instead), and, though he did write a prologue for *She Stoops To Conquer,* this comedy too was left to the tediously exasperating Colman.

Still, when we think of him now, Garrick's flaws are minor. He retired on 10 June 1776. On his last night he preceded his performance of Don Felix by a prologue he had written for the Decayed Actors' Fund. It contained his most famous line, the fourth:

> A veteran see! whose last act on the stage
> Entreats your smiles for sickness and for age;
> The cause I plead—plead it in heart and mind;
> A fellow-feeling makes one wond'rous kind.

As an actor we can believe that on his night he was a genius. As a man he gave dignity to the profession he led. His qualities did not wane. Those present at the bicentenary celebration in Poet's Corner could have remembered that, two centuries before, at the funeral service, both Johnson and Edmund Burke were in tears.

Eva Garrick outlived her great husband by forty-three years, dying in 1822 at the age of 98. In life she survived him, but David Garrick is as alive in the mind as any actor on the British stage since Shakespeare's day. That Richard III in the Hogarth portrait, facing me as I write, looks ready at any moment to move from its heavy frame: 'Give me another horse. Bind up my wounds!'

EDWARD ELGAR: THE MAN BEHIND THE MUSIC

by David Gunston

IN the jubilee year of 1977, and indeed for some time before, the varied music of Edward Elgar, so intensely and uniquely English, has been enjoying a boom in its native land that would have greatly gladdened the heart of the modest, always self-doubting old maestro himself. Festivals (as at Malvern and Aldeburgh), concerts, recitals and especially recordings abound as never before, and the lighter pieces, the theatre and children's music, the grandiose *Pomp and Circumstance* marches, the songs and the lively but still puzzling *Enigma Variations* all share the popularity of the great violin and cello concertos, the deeply-felt symphonies (Britain's first) and the huge choral works like *Dream of Gerontius*. It may not perhaps be the Land of Hope and Glory now, but it is certainly the Land of Hope and Music — the music of the greatest English composer since Purcell.

This seems, therefore, a particularly good moment to consider the man behind the music. What sort of man was Elgar? What was he really like? And how much of the man is in the music?

For a long time after his death it was fashionable to denigrate Elgar as a jingoistic, flag-waving blimp, a bombastic musical spokesman for nationalistic imperialism, old-style. Indeed, most pictures of him reproduced today depict the old man in his passable imitation of a peppery retired colonel whose liking for the race-track was well-known. This of course is quite false, a myth it must be said rather cultivated by the composer himself in his more eccentric last years solely as a mask to hide his true self. But one cannot fairly portray a man's life solely by its finale, and for most of his life Edward Elgar was simply not like this at all: before his hair and huge moustache turned white, and before he became a rather withdrawn widower, he was no seemingly choleric colonel — rather a jovial dandy, introverted as all creative artists must be, but a jester who loved life as well as a sensitive who felt its sorrows and disappointments more than most of his fellow-men. In any case, the jingo-blimps of this world have never written music as tender and sublime as is so much of Elgar's.

He was born in 1857, in the low-ceilinged bedroom of the tiny brick labourer's cottage in the village of Lower Broadheath, just outside Worcester, that is now a national museum, the only one of his parents' seven children to arrive there. This is perhaps significant, for the cottage windows look out over the rolling Worcestershire countryside of orchards and hopfields and overlook the dark line of the Malvern Hills with which both his music and his whole life were to be so closely associated. Elgar senior was a humble but hard-working piano-tuner who numbered many of the local aristocracy among his clients, church organist in Worcester (R.C.), and soon to be partner with a brother in a little music shop in that cathedral city. He was in the best tradition of English musical amateurism, but foolishly tried to make it his living. Anne Greening, a farmer's

daughter from Herefordshire, had married Elgar senior and the composer's mother was clearly the greater influence on his life. His father provided the musical background and talent, but his mother, by all accounts a most remarkable woman who wrote verse and stories, provided the creativity and the vision.

The family soon moved back into Worcester, living over the shop, and the quiet self-reliant boy, unexceptional at school, grew up in the perfect background for a budding composer. He studied the scores and sheet music, early learnt both violin and piano, experimented with the various musical instruments on sale, and whilst still a teen-ager had also mastered viola, cello and basson, as well as occasionally demonstrating his musical skill on his father's church organ. But Edward's father knew only too well the precarious poverty of the musical life in Victorian England, and sent the brightest of his sons to work in a local solicitor's office. Edward stayed there for a fruitless and unhappy year, returning to work in the shop and press forward with his ambition to become first a professional violinist of top rank, then a composer.

These were wild dreams in the context of his actual life. Germany was then the land for music, with Leipzig its hub, but the piano-tuner simply could not afford the fare for Edward to go there to study and hear the work of masters like Brahms and Wagner. Instead, he played the fiddle at local gigs of every kind and eventually set up as a violin and piano teacher in musical Malvern, then as now famous for its many select girls' schools.

So began the would-be composer's long years of musical drudgery, teaching the demure daughters of the rich the rudiments and musical skill rightly deemed an important part of their education. He drove miles each day in a pony-trap, visiting various establishments, hating it for the most part—'like turning a grindstone when you've got arthritis' was his own description—but he had to earn a meagre living, and he was a musician, of sorts. Now and again he scraped together the train fare to London for concerts at the Albert, Queen's and St. James's Halls, and the Crystal Palace, and when he was 20, in 1877, managed to afford a few lessons in London from Adolphe Pollitzer, a crack violinist and admired teacher. Pollitzer encouraged him to train as a solo violinist, but he had already abandoned that ambition to concentrate on composition. Original music had welled up uncontrolled in him since quite early childhood with his original *Wand of Youth* music, written for a children's play. All his life he kept extensive musical notebooks, and many of the recurring themes in his greatest works, notably the symphonies and the elegiac violin concerto, had their origin in these youthful inspirations.

On his return to Worcester after Pollitzer's lessons Elgar received his first musical appointment, that of bandmaster at nearby Powick Lunatic Asylum. This band was not formed from the mental hospital staff for their own entertainment, as is often stated, but was a voluntary group of local musicians who played regularly in their own time at Powick, primarily for the benefit of the patients, a striking early example of the value of

musical therapy. Elgar wrote many lively dances for this band, which he directed for five years, scored simply for the small amateur orchestra, many of them proving from only very recent unearthing to be delightfully Elgarian in style.

The teaching years bore more fruit than just learning patience and musical technique, however, for in 1886 there one day came to him for lessons in piano accompaniment a rather maturer pupil than usual, Caroline Alice Roberts, the 36-year-old unmarried daughter of a famous colonial major-general, a highly independent but quiet-natured girl with a shrewd perception of human worth. Although their background and education were poles apart, and she was seven years his senior, they swiftly fell in love, and 1889 they married. Her father had lately died, perhaps to Elgar's good fortune, for her family were appalled, in the socially snobbish ways of the time, at her taking a mere 'tradesman's son' for a husband, younger too, *and* a Roman Catholic. They disinherited her and, even after her death in 1920, when the composer was famous and long-honoured, he still met with icy indifference from her relatives. She did however have a small private income, and with that, and Edward's modest earnings as a teacher and player/conductor, they set up the first of their several homes in and around their beloved Malvern.

His marriage was undoubtedly Elgar's greatest stroke of good fortune. From their very first meeting, Caroline (or Carice, as he playfully called her, telescoping her Christian names) was rightly convinced she had discovered a genius, and from their wedding on, she devoted her life to his comfort and support, certain that he must be protected from all chores and worries in order to produce the great music that lay within him. Every note of Elgar heard today we owe directly to her encouragement and perseverance, for she built up his self-confidence. He fully recognised this in later years of fame, never forgetting how she had ruled the bar-lines on endless sheets of music paper to save him hours of drudgery. Yet as a wife there was something she could never give him that he needed very much, as witness his many close friendships with other women, such as Lady Stuart of Wortley, and it is undeniably true that much of the inspiration he found in them is reflected in his best music. Equally it is true that after his wife's death, Elgar was more or less a broken man, disillusioned and sometimes cantankerous, doubtless grieved that his creative spark had died with her. Mrs. Elgar, later Lady Elgar (he detested official honours, and accepted his knighthood, 1904, and the Order of Merit, 1911, solely to please her) had a sweet and devoted nature that shines through the serene first *Enigma Variation*, sub-titled 'C.A.E.' They had one daughter, later Carice Elgar Blake, who died as recently as 1970, and who was largely instrumental in establishing her father's birthplace as the excellent, living showplace it is today.

It is difficult now to realise how strong was the European influence, especially German, on English musical life in the 1880s and 1890s. Not only did a German band play regularly at the fashionable St. Ann's Well at Malvern; most musicians of note seemed to be Germans; Leipzig still

beckoned (and was eventually visited); when Elgar sold his first 'hit' piece in 1889 (for a miserly £5 outright), written for Caroline on their wedding, his publisher altered its title from *Salut d'Amour* to *Liebesgrüss* and gave the composer's name as Ed. Elgar since this sounded vaguely German and would help it to sell; and worst of all when, after an abortive two years composing and trying to sell the results in London, the newlyweds returned disconsolately to Malvern and the hated teaching, Edward found that much of his practice had been taken over by a German teacher. Ironically, though, it was a German, the giant figure of Hans Richter, 'true artist and true friend' as Elgar's dedication to him of the *Symphony No. 1* runs, who first led the world into realising that here was a new composer of real stature, and for a time his work was more appreciated on the Continent than at home.

One day late in 1898, after a tiring day's teaching in Malvern, Elgar returned home to his house 'Forli', in Malvern Link, and after dinner idly conceived at the piano the rather odd tune that became the theme of the *Enigma Variations*. Happily, he hit upon the notion of writing a set of variations depicting the moods or character of a group of friends, of which he had many, writing each one in the style he felt they would treat it—'if they were asses enough to compose'—as he wrote to one of them typically self-deprecatingly. The resultant music, completed in a fortnight, was his first big international success, and with its original writing and brilliant orchestration, set the seal on his career as a composer, although it was still to be a hard grind financially until the advent of the popular gramophone, when record royalties, many for his own recordings, began to flow in abundantly from the First World War on.

Elgar was then 42, and he had spent more than half a lifetime perfecting his craft through self-training, for he never received any academic musical training. He was not only a later developer: he was also a long brooder, who spent years perfecting his music—in his head. (He probably spent at least a decade mulling over his first symphony.) Once he had the technical resources—and he often wrote whole scores on his desk, sending them to his publishers for engraving without having heard a note played, so certain was he of obtaining the desired sound—he held nothing back, declaring in public 'I put the whole of myself into my music.' The self commemorated so memorably was something of a natural cynic, an optimistic pessimist, a tortured soul full of quiet joy, most at home in what he himself called his 'stately sorrow,' harmonies 'smiling with a sigh.' Such music is uniquely generous and noble but also broodingly tender, dreamily melancholy, yet except perhaps for his very last works, ultimately reassuring.

Clearly he lamented, as did most thinking men of his time, the passing of the golden Edwardian afternoon.

In the last resort, however, the music is the man. Both were products of an England that was not only still unspoilt but was also, in Mark Twain's description, 'a grave and gentle country,' and it is good for us and posterity to have this record of it.

ANIMAL WOMAN

by Rosalind Wade

OVER the years, study of the various ape families in a possible relationship with man has tended to proliferate into novels and plays. In *Lady into Fox* and *The Man at the Zoo* David Garnett explored the idea, although never very realistically. And while theories conflict as to which of the primates were man's true ancestors, fascination persists with a dumb creature's reaction when drawn into an advanced civilisation; even though this may end in violence and disaster.

Yet lately, perhaps because of a general disenchantment with the sophistication of contemporary life, the focus is on the animal way of life in its natural surroundings and what, if anything, can be learned by studying it. To observe rather than to impose is the message of Jane Goodall's *The Shadow of Man* and *The Soul of the Ape* by Eugene Marais. At first glance, a new play presented by the Traverse Theatre Company at the Edinburgh 1979 Festival, *Animal* by Tom McGrath, might seem to be following this line but it is not entirely so and in fact the purpose of the play is far more profound; although when Lynn, a dedicated zoological researcher, arrives at Ape Swamp, she has the true naturalist's desire to efface herself and watch. Her success in gaining the confidence of a small tribe of anthropoids is remarkable. Very soon, they come close to her and accept eggs and bananas. She regards them with affectionate amusement, as though they were irresponsible children, and is tolerant of their sudden shifts from good humour to ferocity. When, in a realistically presented thunderstorm, panic sweeps over the Barbs and Apes, Lynn takes off all her clothes and crouches with them, naked, until the climax of the storm has passed. At one point, she almost seems to be inviting a sexual advance from one of the more forthcoming males. But this strand does not materialise. An instinct not to mate outside his species prevails, and he draws away.

The atmosphere of tenuous trust is rudely shattered when Lynn is joined by the photographer, Dieter, who is ready to resort to firearms if the situation shows signs of getting out of hand.

Dieter is tough, competent and rather crude. Most of his reactions are stereo-type, as for instance his half-hearted overtures to Lynn. It follows that he is not unduly cast down when these are rejected.

He cannot entirely be blamed for valuing personal survival and feeling safer behind an impromptu barricade, Lynn, on the other hand, would probably submit to a mauling by the apes rather than fracture their new-found confidence.

No doubt that Dieter's presence creates a conflict and from the moment of his arrival the atmosphere is charged with danger and suspicion.

Meanwhile, despite the intrusion of the two humans, the animals in that area of the jungle which is close to Ape Swamp pursue their inherited

way of life. Sometimes, the pace of their activity is breath-catching, at others it teeters to a snail's pace. Backwards and forwards, up and down, alone or in groups of two and three, the creatures perform a seemingly endless symphony of movement. They swing on tubular poles which take the place of trees; and indulge in titillation of groin and thigh. Squabbles break out and are as quickly forgotten. They lose interest and re-group, to advance with the discipline of a combat unit.

Against this fragmented programme of mainly arboreal activity a pattern of the apes' way of life emerges. The routine is similar to that of primitive tribes. They become ill: (Dieter suggests that it could be polio); they die, yet do not mourn each other in any lasting sense. Fear of the elements and intruders, and the need to eat are the basics. Their situation is one of discomfort, hunger and an appalling, aimless monotony.

It does not seem that Lynn and Dieter are asking whether anything can usefully be learned from this over-simplified routine, or what could with benefit to the animals be offered in its place. Yet surprisingly, for one of the young male apes identified on the programme as 'Blue', a faint light appears at the end of the tunnel. Within his clouded intellect he appears to know about language. He utters the same kind of sounds as an eighteen-month-old baby beginning to talk. And he even traces the outline of a body standing upright, bearing some resemblance to the Cerne giant.

In the end, frustration at his inability to break through an animal's limitations proves too much for him. He puts an end to his life with one of the photographer's bullets. And the question still remains unanswered: would it have been preferable for the primate never to have encountered the advanced intelligences of Dieter and Lynn? Echoes of it persist long after the electrifying contrast of ear-splitting noise and eerie silence has died away, in an auditorium which might have been considered too functional for theatrical illusion.

Bringing to life a drama mainly conveyed by squeals and grunts in place of formal dialogue must have been to some extent an act of faith. In a consistently inspired direction by Chris Parr, one or two performances stand out: Benny Young as Blue, who also serves as a narrator, and Jill Fenner as Lynn, whose emphasis on dedication and tolerance makes the whole business of animal research seem abundantly worthwhile. For many people, *Animal* will have been the high-spot of the Edinburgh Festival and it is to be hoped that the play will soon be seen again elsewhere.

POEM

THE HEALTH SCHEME BROCHURE

Why, on this brochure cover, do they look so happy?
This family who move deliciously
as four soft centred chocolates
through a woodland glade. Overprinted the words:
'An important new health insurance scheme'.
Is one diseased and suffering?
Not surely the wildly laughing wife.
Nor the husband, casual and serene.
And the children clutching flowers and glowing
like angels? It can't be them either.
They are in paradise or a dream.
The trees sparkle. All is health and sunshine.

I turn the pages. Glossy and pleasant to touch.
On each the family progresses
through various stages of nirvana.
In what could be a luxury holiday home
the father sits in bed while his family
watch television and drink tea.
Pages with attractive coloured squares
advise the cost of it all.
At these rates it is worth while being ill.
Nowhere is there anything about pain or death.
Rules are tucked away in small print.

So I closed my eyes and thought of death.
Five years ago I was in a ward
with others who couldn't pay,
a drug addict on one side, alcoholic on the other
both swearing to give it up when they got out.
There was another about to die
and one old man who cried and wetted himself.

My doctor said: 'Important for you to see life
as it really is.' I suppose he was right.
There was a rough sort of comradeship.
Now some organisation wants my money
in return for isolation in a hospital room.
Even in sickness sharing is all.

DAVID JACOBS.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

QUARTERLY FICTION REVIEW

by Rosalind Wade

Dubin's Lives. Bernard Malamud. Cape. £5.95. *Five for Sorrow, Ten for Joy.* Rumer Godden. Macmillan. £5.95. *Violence.* Festus Iyayi. Longmans Drumbeat. £1.50. *Burger's Daughter.* Nadine Gordimer. Cape. £5.95. *Occupational Debris.* Stuart Evans. Hutchinson. £5.95. *The Beautiful Words.* Mervyn Jones. Andre Deutsch. £4.95.

It cannot be claimed that at first glance middle-aged matrimony is a very outstanding subject. Either the marriage is destined to break-up with resulting repercussions of enmity and avarice or it will continue on its unexciting course. Both possibilities have been explored *ad nauseam* by novelists of varying skills and experience. The successful American writer, Bernard Malamud, has chosen the second and more difficult alternative as a basis for his new novel, *Dubin's Lives.* There is never any real possibility that the union between Dubin and his wife, Kitty, will founder although there are many reasons why this would be better for both of them.

Dubin is an interesting, although not a very attractive character. A successful biographer with some rather original books to his credit, he is about to begin work on a study of D. H. Lawrence when the novel opens. The lives of writers who died young are one of his favourite themes and so Lawrence seems a particularly suitable area for research. With Kitty apparently quiescent in an undemanding job and the children gone from the nest all seems propitious for the book's smooth passage. Yet it is not to be; and one of Malamud's initial successes is the build-up of the almost insurmountable obstacles which face the writer when beginning work on a book of this kind. The doubts and trivial delays which confront him are truly formidable and it even seems probable that a start will never be made. However, a major diversion is in sight. Fortuitously, Dubin meets Fanny Bick while out on his daily constitutional and later as his wife's domestic help. Fanny, though young, is by no means a glamorous character—rather the reverse. Yet her natural exuberance excites him and soon she is the object of his sexual desire. She is willing to become his mistress and they arrange to have a short holiday together in Venice. This ends in disaster with the affair unconsummated.

He returns home chastened and humiliated, and attempts to take up the strands of connubial life with Kitty. But these strands are tangled and numerous. Kitty suffers from a form of melancholia about her disappearing youth.

The children's lives proliferate with problems. It is all grey, irritating and endlessly depressing and work in the study peters to a dead end; until he meets Fanny Bick again. Soon, they are enjoying a furtive though wholly satisfying sexual relationship. This lasts long enough for him to assimilate the problems of extra-marital responsibility and for Kitty to discover the deception and threaten divorce; though of course she does not mean it; and neither, almost certainly does Dubin wish her to although Fanny presses for a clear-cut decision.

This impasse leads the novel into its most sombre passages. The absolute

impossibility of finding a solution ends in a depressing stalemate. Each of the three characters becomes progressively less tolerable—Kitty a fretful hypochondriac, Fanny a self-centred go-getter and Dubin the conventional two-faced male. In the end, the situation remains unresolved—although Fanny drifts off to make other associations and the book on D. H. Lawrence is completed. The terrible scars resulting from this traumatic period are unlikely ever to disappear and the question—can any marriage, however mutually convenient, survive the longuers and need for compromise—remains unanswered. It is a proof of the novel's excellence that the reader is continually debating and re-assessing Dubin's dilemma.

The novelist who chooses the convent for a setting and the nun as a leading character also confronts a hurdle from the outset. So many plays, films and novels have been centred around the 'holy' domain that its trappings have become a cliché. Very few writers have been successful in penetrating the mysteries of this—the ultimate of withdrawal symptoms. Whether because of unrequited love or a genuine religious conviction, a rejection of the real world tends not to be exciting.

Has Rumer Godden in *Five For Sorrow, Ten for Joy* done better than her predecessors? Does she satisfactorily explain the phenomena of suppressed sexual desire and personal ambition? The answer remains debatable. Her fictitious 'order' is the French 'Bethany'. The sisters of this community certainly do not exclude the uglier aspects of the human condition for their work is among whores and drop-outs from the Paris slums. Lise, the novitiate with whom the story is mainly concerned, was herself a prostitute during the confused period immediately following World War II. She is known as *La Balafrée* on account of the livid weal on her once beautiful face, the result of an attack by her lover, Patrice. Lise loved Patrice, yet murdered him. It was when she was released from prison that the sisters of Bethany came to her aid.

Much of the important development of Lise's past is conveyed by frequent flashbacks. The precision with which events are tailored to fit neatly into prepared slots is sometimes rather too contrived. They are linked by conversations with Fathers and other nuns in formal, stilted dialogue, presumably as a reminder that the characters are speaking French. Rumer Godden adroitly surmounts these self-imposed limitations. Lise and her sordid story emerge as entirely credible; and the novel's final triumph is that she is seen to accept the closure of all outlets to the normal world and becomes a full and willing member of the order of Bethany.

With so much journalistic attention focused on the African continent, the newly launched Longman Drumbeats series, devoted to the work of African and Caribbean writers, is of particular topical importance. The promoters stress that the novels and poems must be judged worthwhile in their own right and are not being published as a kind of Third World promotion. Certainly *Violence*, by Festus Iyayi, meets this challenge successfully for his short, first novel is a skilful blend of social commentary and basic human manifestation common to any community. The chief character, Idemudia, subsists at a level of destitution unthinkable in the West. He and his once pretty wife, Adisa, have migrated to the city, yet the customs and taboos of the village community still govern their lives and much psychological confusion results. Idemudia expects as a matter of course to work out his frustrations by wife beating; Adisa is more objective and sophisticated, aware that there is—there must be—a better way of life; yet she is not destined to discover it! Her struggle to obtain proper medical treatment for Idemudia is all the more poignant because

the illness has been caused by a debilitating bout of casual work, imposed on him by the need to earn some money at almost any cost. His callous employer, the hotelier and restaurateur Queen, sees in the building and catering trades an expanding source of profit, based on cheap labour and bureaucratic manipulation. She is shameless in her exploitation of Idemudia's near-starvation and his super-human effort to shift hundreds of cement bags is among the novel's most arresting episodes. In *Violence*, black-woman's inhumanity to black-man casts a new light on the shambles of much of Southern Africa's economics.

As was to be anticipated, Nadine Gordimer's new novel about South Africa provides a far broader and more complex picture. It could even be argued that the length (360 pages) of *Burger's Daughter* is essential for a proper examination of apartheid and its attendant barbarities. There is something altogether different, and rather worse than Fesus Iyayi's Southern African scenario, about this long-running claustrophobic drama of oppression. Perhaps it is the contrast of dazzling landscapes with areas of sordid deprivation—or the 'grey' areas of professional privilege and demarcation? *Burger's Daughter* concentrates on Rose Burger, daughter of Lionel Burger, a dedicated Communist fearlessly engaged in bringing down the 'regime' and a similarly committed mother. She has breathed revolt and revenge from the cradle. A remarkable opening to the novel shows Rosa, dressed in a school-child's uniform, waiting outside the prison gates to take in a few comforts to her mother. That painful experience sets the tone. When, a few years later, her father and mother are both dead, Rosa naturally assumes their role. The very size and scope of activities which the authorities are attempting to suppress ensures that for a while at any rate she is left unmolested, during which time her personal life develops, though unsatisfactorily, with a parallel slackening of revolutionary zeal. She has periods in Paris and London and it is during her visit to England that she re-encounters her black foster brother. His swingeing contempt for her parents' idealistic approach to political reform prompts her return to Africa to take up the struggle again, only more vigorously. Back home, work in a hospital provides the jumping off ground, yet it is the Sowete riots, believed to be the call for which the 'millions' have been waiting, which sets alight the flame. Tragically, in retrospect, the risings proved to be a costly failure. Rosa is arrested and incarcerated in the same prison as her father. Yet she is not unduly deflated; rather the reverse for it seems that through a series of body-blows she has rediscovered her true objective; although this would seem to take the form of a much-needed personal therapy rather than to spring from the pure milk of revolutionary zeal.

There are problems of style and construction in *Burger's Daughter*—bewildering flash-backs and changes of tense; thought sequences switching from one character to the next; yet annoying and confusing as these may be there are many scenes and passages which remain indelibly on the mind, as for instance the surroundings in which the black half brother grew up, and a group of black women collecting oddments for a sale.

Stuart Evans is a novelist who favours the oblique approach. In *Occupational Debris* the career and eventual suicide of Guy Walker is conveyed through correspondence and thought sequences. There is much to recommend this well-tried narrative device, but it has disadvantages also, mainly because fictitious letters tend to make tedious reading. Guy Walker was a man blessed with many talents. Too fastidious and meticulous to approve his own writings, he devoted much time and energy to promoting the work of others; was employed by the British Broadcasting Corporation in various capacities including

Editor of *The Listener* and finally settled for a directorship of an Independent TV company.

Many of the characters involved are similarly engaged and authentic-sounding comments about their activities and problems provide revealing glimpses of life behind the scenes at the Corporation. At the same time, the protagonists themselves do not appear to be consistent or balanced people—not that there is any special reason why they should! But it is in relationship to their wives and mistresses that the atmosphere becomes uncomfortably over-heated. The reader is left with the annoying thought that the womenfolk deserved all that was coming to them for having failed to organise sufficient occupation for themselves as a protection against the wounds inflicted by the despotic males.

A novel centring around a mentally retarded youth ventures into a treacherous area. The problems involved are almost too serious for casual consideration and there are few if any satisfying answers to most of them. A caring society has its work cut out to provide even a modicum of protection for these blameless unfortunates and in *The Beautiful Words*, Mervyn Jones does not set out to offer practical solutions. As a result, social workers and other 'do-gooders' are conspicuous by their absence and the mystery is how such an inadequate personality as 'Tommy' contrived to evade the official 'net'. Tommy is the illegitimate son of an irresponsible, though well meaning mother and has few compensations apart from an unexplained ability to memorise and recite long passages of poetry. He has been brought up by various relatives and it is on the death of one of these that he absconds from his foster-home to try his luck in the metropolis. During a horrifying 'progress' he spends some time in a brothel, lives on the streets with a revolting tramp feeding on dustbin garbage and ends up in the comparative peace and security of a 'squatting' party. Yet even this arrangement comes to an untimely end. It seems that people just do not want Tommy around, with his bland ignorance of the real problems and complexities of life, and he becomes a kind of unofficial watch-dog to the security conscious mother of one of the squatters. Once again, on the personal level, he is far from welcome; instructed to keep to his room and warned never to stray outside the well maintained grounds. Yet he soldiers bravely on, mainly because he has no alternative, until the expected happens. Thieves break in and Tommy dutifully coshes one of them. He receives a fatal head-wound in return and so ends this depressing little saga which for all its unlikely subject matter and doubtful authenticity makes for compulsive reading. Yet some of its shortcomings must be taken seriously. Concentration on Tommy's experiences at his own level of understanding them would surely have been more effective than the frequent interpolation of the life stories of other characters? And to suggest, in the final sentence, that he faces death quoting a stanza of poetry is really straining credulity too far.

Also Received:

Trade Imperial. Alan Lloyd. Cassell. £5.95.

Alan Lloyd, already well-known as a biographer and historian, has entered successfully into a new field of activity with his first historical novel. *Trade Imperial* is a dramatic and swiftly unfolded story concerned with the nineteenth-century opium wars in China. Not a great deal has been written about this confused and confusing period of British and Chinese military activity and *Trade Imperial* goes a long way towards making the events credible and interesting.

NON-FICTION REVIEWS

THE PARTY'S NOT OVER YET

The Minimum State: *Beyond Party Politics*. Brian Crozier. Hamish Hamilton. 1979. £8.95.

The author of this provocative and lively essay has made a well-deserved international reputation as a writer on political conflict, as a biographer of Franco, De Gaulle, and Chiang Kai-Shek, and as founder director of the highly respected and influential Institute for the Study of Conflict.

Those familiar with Brian Crozier's previous books will know that they are characterized by a lucid and provocative style and a refreshing readiness to challenge the hallowed assumptions of the policy-making estblishment. *The Minimum State* is no exception. It offers a hard-hitting and controversial critique of the political health and performance of the major democracies—the United States, Britain, France, the Federal Republic of Germany, Italy and Japan. He concludes that all these are suffering varying degrees of mis-government the most dangerous and potentially destructive effects of which are rampant inflation, lack of real economic growth, high unemployment, swollen public expenditure coupled with monetary and fiscal disorders, and failure to provide adequate defence against external enemies and for the maintenance of domestic law and order.

Mr. Crozier emerges from these pages in his true colours of pure laissez-faire liberalism. What he hankers for is a return to the simple verities of the night-watchman state, a government able to adequately fulfil its three fundamental tasks—defence against external enemies, maintenance of internal law and order, and sound money. He argues that the major reason for the betrayal and ultimate abandonment of this concept, and indeed for our present burdens of mis-government and profligacy, is the corruption of the state by political parties.

This diagnosis will surely strike the British reader as rather odd. The classic ideas of laissez-faire liberalism became after all the constitutive principles of the nineteenth century Liberal Party at the height of its political influence, and, ironically, they have enjoyed a renaissance in the contemporary Conservative Party in the shape of Sir Keith Joseph and his Centre for Policy Studies. The language of the 1979 Conservative election manifesto was indeed redolent with the ideas so dear to great twentieth century exponents of the Minimal State, such as Sir Ernest Benn and Professor F. A. Hayek. Thus, as Brian Crozier is forced to argue in his final chapter, the election of Mrs. Thatcher's new administration has given Britain the most serious prospect of a return to these principles and policies since the Second World War.

Some would argue, or hope, that this is fundamentally an aberration in the history of British Conservatism and that the harsh realities of industrial relations and political pressures will drive the new government into a more pragmatic strategy. But nevertheless the fact remains that it is only through the vehicle of a great political party, capable of articulating and aggregating the views of large sectors of opinion, that such principles and policies as those Mr. Crozier admires have any chance of translation into governmental programmes.

Mr. Crozier has an animus against political parties almost as profound as that expressed by James Madison in *The Federalist Papers*:

'By a faction I understand a number of citizens, whether amounting to a

> majority or minority of the whole, who are united and actuated by some common impulse of passion, or of interest, adverse to the rights of other citizens, or to the permanent and aggregate interests of the community.'

Yet just as the early American political parties sprang from the limbs of the Philadelphia Constitution-makers, so no parliamentary democracy ever established has been able to do without them. No one has yet found a more economical way of providing the citizens with a relatively clear and simplified choice of principles, policies and programmes. Even the tiny Swiss democratic confederation which the author holds up as a model has assemblies elected and divided on party lines.

Mr. Crozier paints a harsh picture of parties ruthlessly exploiting power for the sake of personal ambition and material self-interest, self-perpetuating oligarchies placing the protection of their own powers and privileges above the national interest. On balance he appears to see them as an obstacle to real democracy because of their monopolisation of political offices, and the methods by which they choose their own candidates and leaders, presenting the electorate with a virtual *fait accompli*.

Now as the author must be aware these criticisms have been around for a very long time, not only in Britain but in all the major democracies. But what he has chosen to overlook is that there are remedies already in our hands if we wish to change our political leadership and policies. We can join parties and try to influence them from within by finding like-minded supporters for change. We can form new parties, though both in Britain and the USA it is true that the electoral systems need to be modified if third parties are to have any realistic chance of challenging the major party duopoly. At the individual level we can back our chosen candidates with votes and financial or other support.

It is by such means that our parliamentary systems have survived and adapted, and Mr. Crozier does not really provide any convincing evidence that they have somehow lost their astonishing capacity for self-renewal and responsiveness to democratic pressures.

It is often salutary to see traditional political assumptions exposed to an informed critique, and Mr. Crozier has many sensible and hard-hitting things to say, particularly about our recent failures in the fields of security and defence. But is it really the political parties as such that are mainly to blame for these failures? Some British commentators have claimed that the sudden oscillations in our economic industrial policies, caused by a new party coming to power, have played some part in exacerbating Britain's problems, and Mr. Crozier emphasises this. But few are prepared to tell you which would have been the *right* policy to pursue at any point, or indeed whether such a policy was even seriously proposed from any quarter.

Yet, in all the countries Mr. Crozier discusses, political parties are only one element in the policy-making process. In the United States and Britain many policies, for example in the foreign affairs and defence and welfare fields, are mainly shaped and planned by top civil servants, permanent government advisers, and professional specialists. Hence the enormous continuity and 'bipartisan' quality that can be traced in many fields of policy-making in western governments. Indeed many political scientists who have studied the governmental bureaucracies have pointed to a very different problem from that which exercises Mr. Crozier: how can a political party leadership hope to succeed in reorientating or controlling the Leviathan of modern government in order to meet what it believes are the commitments it was elected to carry

out? It is when one looks at this problem, and at the panoply of other powerful groups which can constrain and thwart government, such as the trade unions and the mass media, and the grave limitations imposed by international economic problems, that one sees rather more convincing evidence than that adduced in *The Minimum State* for fearing the demise of democratic party government.

If my analysis is sound then Mr. Crozier's recipe of a new band of non-party professional technocrat politicians is the last thing we should follow.

On the contrary we should hope for a resurgence of genuine participation at all levels in our political parties, the greater democratisation of party organisation (particularly in the business of candidate and leadership selection) and a more balanced and informed intra- and inter-party debate. I believe one can see clear signs of this self-renewal in the political life of several Western European democracies, not least in Portugal and Spain, where the political parties are playing a vital role in the return to full parliamentary democracy. In total disagreement with Brian Crozier I would say 'Thank God the party's not over yet'.

PAUL WILKINSON

CONSERVATISM AND EQUALITY

Equality. Sir Keith Joseph and Jonathan Sumption. John Murray. £4.95.

To those of us who take it for granted that a movement towards an egalitarian society is desirable, this book is both disturbing and challenging. In so far as it highlights the dangers of elevating equality above liberty, it presents a dire warning, but in posing the two as alternatives it does a disservice to those who believe that only in a society where privilege is removed can there be real freedom for all to develop their individual talents for the general good.

By refusing to make moral judgements on the accumulation of wealth, the authors adopt the standards and the morality of the market place. Yet there is a contradiction in their own acceptance of medical care, education and other public services as part of income. What they achieve is to give a deep insight into the philosophy behind the politics of the present administration. They are not posing an inhumane argument for they genuinely believe that the unfettered right to accumulate wealth ultimately works for the general good and that interventionist Governments are a form of tyranny. To them it is taxation, not property which is theft and if they do nothing more in this compelling essay, they provoke serious doubts about long held a priori assumptions on the part of egalitarians.

However, in using the millennial model of Marxism and the clearly unequal Societies that espouse that ideology, they no more destroy the moral and intellectual basis for social democracy than an attack on the Spanish Inquisition destroys the moral and spiritual basis of Christianity. It does however succeed in delineating the snares and pitfalls of an unquestioning approach to the role of the state in redressing the inequalities that arise through the natural market forces within all societies. To deny that poverty is unfreedom is the key to the ideology of the authors in contradistinction to those who regard freedom from poverty as an essential element in freedom.

In so far as they underline the competitive and acquisitive nature of men and believe that fraternity can only flourish in a society which recognises these traits, they present a cogent and challenging argument. However, the history

of mankind demonstrates that the unfettered right to exploit wealth for private pleasure leads to division and even revolution. Nowhere do they get to grips with the problem of inherited wealth and unearned income in a society where wealth creates wealth. Nor do they do more than dismiss the contention that many demands are artificially created or consider the wastefulness of our society in terms of resources and human potential.

Their view of equality is as simplistic as some of those on the opposite side of the political spectrum and they are right to point out the disparities of wealth and power in nominally egalitarian societies which have the additional horrors of totalitarian disregard for the individual. However, they entirely ignore the vast power and potential tyranny of corporate wealth with interlocking directorships and shareholdings that reflect the bureaucracies of the interventionist state. Since the democratic state is at least answerable to the electorate and consumer and can pass judgement on the corporate power of capitalist or trade union monopoly, it surely has advantages over the corporate power of multi-national corporations that are frequently more powerful than nation states.

With all these criticisms must go a grudging admiration for the intellectual honesty and clarity of exposition which made me read this book with a compulsion usually reserved for a Len Deighton thriller. Perhaps it was the fascination of the horrible or the discomfort of a serious challenge to long held assumptions that this book compelled me to reappraise.

PAUL ROSE

HOUSE OF HANOVER

Blood-Royal: *The Illustrious House of Hanover*. Christopher Sinclair-Stevenson. Jonathan Cape. £6.95.

The author is quite frank when he tells us in his first sentence that this 'is not a work of scholarship'. Throughout the rest of the book he seems determined to support his original assertion. His account is, nevertheless, racy and colourful as he traces the first four Georges to sit on the English Throne. Mr. Sinclair-Stevenson has an eye for a good anecdote and he has dipped into some of the best diaries of the period to find suitable tales.

Two other books that cover the same topic will come to most people's mind: Thackeray's delightful, if inaccurate, *The Four Georges* and Professor J. H. Plumb's *The First Four Georges*. Certainly Professor Plumb's account remains the best for anyone who wants some balance in their history, or what the eighteenth century called 'bottom'.

For example, we learn little of George I's reign other than a discussion of his marital problems. For a full account of the first Hanoverian, one should turn to Professor Hatton's recently published, *George I*.

In addition to collecting anecdotes on the Hanoverians, the author provides a short account of the Jacobites as well as the Dandies. History without anecdotes is dull indeed but the opposite should not be anecdotal history. Anecdotes should be the mortar that holds the bricks of solid research together. This is a pleasant book to while away a lazy summer Sunday afternoon but both its facts and interpretations should be treated with some care.

R. F. MULLEN

CAPITALISM STILL PERSISTENT

Religion and The Persistence of Capitalism. Ronald H. Preston. S.C.M. Press. £6.95.

Mr. Heath once declared to a startled House of Commons that some forms of capitalism might carry an 'unacceptable face', a bold declaration that no doubt diminished his own stock of political capitalism. Oddly enough, this memorable incident of a Conservative Prime Minister is not mentioned by Professor Preston who stands among the Christian Socialists of the F. D. Maurice, William Temple, R. H. Tawney and V. A. Demant school. His important book is based on the Maurice Lectures of 1977 established as a memorial to Maurice the great prophet of 'religion and the social order' which, in this volume, also becomes a mini-biography of R. H. Tawney, who carried the Maurice-Socialist banner up to his death in 1962. Professor Preston was a pupil of Tawney at the London School of Economics, and Tawney's books, especially the classic *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism* (1926), are the basis of his own socialist philosophy.

How then do capitalism and socialism stand after half a century of debate, discussion and attack? Would Maurice and Tawney recognise their pioneering teaching, especially within the Church of England, which seems unable to throw up comparable prophets? Capitalism, it appears, not only survives but is vigorously alive, especially in a world of oil which now dominates the economic scene for so many millions of people. Maurice and Tawney would also be surprised at the global debate in which the Christian Church is involved through the ecumenical movement and its main organisation, the World Council of Churches, which has just finished a prolonged conversation on the social order at that arch-capitalist institution, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Another post-Tawney fact is the arrival of the third and fourth worlds dominated by the black and coloured races and the use, by them, of the Christian Church as a revolutionary movement in politics and economics. This is a revolution involving both capitalism and socialism. For if there is one fact I have learned from Professor Preston's skilful and most readable book it is the co-operative necessity of these two opposing forces. This is where the Christian Church comes in, for it is the only organisation capable of spanning the diversified worlds of our time and speaking to both in their own languages.

CECIL NORTHCOTT

THE FATE OF MONMOUTH

Captain-General and Rebel Chief, The Life of James, Duke of Monmouth. J. N. P. Watson. George Allen and Unwin. £9.95.

Monmouth was the son of the beautiful Welsh girl, Lucy Walters and Charles II. She was 18 when her son was born and died nine years later. The question of whether his mother was married to the King was the most significant factor of his career, and although proof of the marriage seems to have been destroyed the inferences that such a marriage did take place are almost conclusive, yet tantalisingly elusive. Appendix A of the book discusses the circumstantial evidence of the marriage. Charles II would never admit Monmouth's legitimacy: 'As well as I love the Duke of Monmouth,' he said, 'I

would rather see him hanged at Tyburn than own him as my legitimate heir.'

Monmouth's reputation for military leadership has been consistently underrated by previous biographers, according to the author, and one of his aims has been to remedy this deficiency. Monmouth fought under Louis XIV at the Siege of Maastricht, won high honours at the Battle of St. Denis, and as supreme commander in Scotland in 1679 defeated the Covenanters at the Battle of Bothwell Bridge. It was in 1675 that the Whig society was formed, with Shaftesbury as president, and on special days its members wore ribbons in their hats of 'Leveller green': they referred to themselves as the Green Ribbon Club with Monmouth as their patron, and this club with its headquarters at the King's Head, Chancery Lane, formed the nucleus of the emergent Whig party which became so powerful after the Revolution of 1688. Monmouth's involvement with the Whigs who sought to pass the Exclusion Bill with a view to debarring Roman Catholics from succeeding to the Crown, brought about his exile in 1679; reconciliation between him and his father did not come about until 1683 when he was back in London and clearly the leader of the Whigs after Shaftesbury's death.

When Charles II died in 1685 Monmouth was in Holland and the first move of the Duke of York, now James II, was to demand his arrest and dispatch to England. William refused to hand him over but exiled him from Holland. Had James II not followed Monmouth with persecutions and branded him with High Treason it is possible that he would never have been persuaded to attempt armed invasion of his uncle's kingdom. Monmouth met the Earl of Argyle on 6 April and the plot of invasion was drawn up. There were to be simultaneous risings in Scotland and the West Country; Monmouth was to land in Lyme, Dorset, seize Bristol, join up with the rebels in Cheshire, and march on London. Monmouth took with him from Holland 80 armed troops but within a short time after landing in England he had some 7,000 followers from the West country; they were however not trained soldiers but he shaped them into a force that defied the might of England for a week. Unable to take Bristol he decided to march direct to London; rebels and royalists met at Sedgemoor, graphically narrated by Mr. Watson, and by the afternoon of 6 July Monmouth's army was routed, and he was captured and subsequently executed. Did he deserve his fate? He certainly acted against his better judgment in leading a revolutionary army but he had allowed himself to be coaxed into a situation of mortal peril by people 'who stayed at home like craven dogs'.

There are times when the book reads like a thriller yet it is no fiction but hard facts dug out of little-known historical sources with acquired skill and patient effort. It is lively and imaginative in style with many character sketches of 17th century notabilities, a gripping drama of one whose life at first was all sunshine—he was handsome, rich, powerful, generous, and popular—but which ended in disaster partly due to the ill-advice of so-called friends but perhaps more to his own manifest failings of character.

S. F. WOOLLEY

SHORTER REVIEWS

Deadly Magic (Robert Hale. £5.50). This account of 'communications intelligence in World War II in the Pacific' is of great interest. At an early age the author, Edward Van Der Rhoer learned Japanese and in 1941 joined the Navy Department. After a course in Japanese at Harvard, he was assigned to the Office of Naval Communications and joined in the work of deciphering Japanese radio communications, particularly relating to the decoding of Japanese naval messages, disclosing their plans and operations in the Pacific. This volume sets out his reminiscences based on his memory of events. He could keep no diary or documentary files. He has done his utmost to reconcile his memory from recorded historical sources. The Japanese had developed a cipher machine based on the German Enigma but much more complex, Type 97 known to Americans as Purple. After many months of fruitless study and analysis, 'a breakthrough finally came about through an inspired guess by one cryptanalyst.' In the result the Americans enjoyed throughout the Pacific war an enormous advantage in their continuing knowledge of the enemy's intentions and movements. The author's account of the messages being decoded before and during the Battle of Midway is quite dramatic. He quotes General Marshall as writing: 'The battle of the Coral Sea was based on deciphered messages and therefore our ships were in the right place at the right time'. Earlier the destruction of the Pacific Fleet at Pearl Harbour on December 7, 1941, might have been avoided, the author argues, by the warnings in decrypted messages. 'The American strategists', he writes, 'remained confident that Japan would never be reckless or foolish enough to launch a *direct* attack that would force the United States to go to war'. By way of parallel, it is remarkable how reluctant were the British Cabinet and Chiefs of Staff to accept the warnings of British Intelligence about a German invasion of Russia until the last moment.

Gerard Manley Hopkins: The Major Poems (Dent, Everyman's University Library, £4.95 and paperback £1.75. Dutton, Everyman's Library (U.S.), New York). This is a new edition of Manley Hopkins' complete poems written between 1875 and 1879. The poems are annotated by the Editor, Walford Davies, Director of Extra-Mural Studies at University College, Aberystwyth, who has also written a long and intuitive Introduction to Manley Hopkins as man, priest and more particularly as a major poet.

Bermuda—Unintended Destination 1609-1610 (The Island Press, Bermuda). On July 28, 1609, the *Sea Venture,* on its way to Virginia, was wrecked on the coast of the uninhabited islands of Bermuda. In command was Sir George Somers, and the first settlement started. Almost ten years later, Bermuda had its own Parliament and thereafter continued a long and remarkable history until the present day. Mrs. Terry Tucker, the leading historian of Bermuda, has now made generally available, in this brief paperback, contemporary accounts of the landing and descriptions of the islands, together with the earliest maps of Bermuda. She has added her comments in what is a scholarly book.

The Theory and Practice of International Relations (Prentice-Hall International. £7.10; $14.25.) Fred A. Sondemann, David S. McLellan and William C. Olson are the Editors of the fifth edition of this assembly of articles by expert contributors covering a very wide range of international affairs, both theoretical and practical. It is not intended as a book on 'current events' but as 'a conceptual framework within which current events can be organised, viewed and understood'. This new edition contains only nine articles which appeared in the last 1974 edition and has twenty-nine newly selected contributions. The section on 'Issues on Contemporary International Relations' has been updated with many new articles. For example, Robert S. McNamara writes on Population and food supplies and there is Cyrus R. Vance's statement to a Committee of Congress on the international considerations of President Carter's energy policy. The Kissinger Legacy: Old Obsessions and New Look, is the subject of Simon Serfaty's article, reproduced from the Chatham House, *World Today*, of March 1977. The obvious difficulty in a volume of this kind is to keep pace with the swift movement of affairs. There is a great deal, in this collection, of material of continuing value.

An Atlas of Fantasy (Souvenir Press. Paperback only, £3.95.) This is a revised, redesigned and more extensive edition of J. B. Post's collection of fanciful maps, first published in 1973. The compiler has brought together 112 maps of imagination drawn from great works of fiction or folklore. The maps themselves may have accompanied the original publication or more frequently have been drawn later by interpreters of the story through their personal imagination. There are many obvious authors involved, for example, Sir Thomas More, John Bunyan, Jonathan Swift, Robert Louis Stevenson, Jules Verne, Edgar Rice Burroughs, Kenneth Grahame, Edmond Hamilton and many others. There is included Anthony Trollope's *Barsetshire*, but Mr. Post has taken the view that Thomas Hardy's imaginary countryside, *Wessex*, is 'inappropriate to a fantasy atlas, though not to a literary one. Hardy took the South of England and merely renamed it'. It appears, however, that if a real map is used but an imaginary political structure is imposed on it, there would be sufficient fantasy to include it. It is an enjoyable volume.

Contemporary Review

Founded 1866 incorporating The Fortnightly

November 1979 Vol. 235 No. 1366

THE TRAGIC TRIANGLE

by Paul B. Rose

I WRITE in the shadow of the senseless murder of a much admired, liberal minded aristocrat and public servant, Lord Mountbatten, and while the visit of the Pope has brought a heartfelt plea to turn away from violence, the shockwaves of these events are, I fear, unlikely to have produced solutions to violence or initiatives for peace by the time this article appears in print.

The irony of the assassination is that its victim pioneered the post-war policy of yielding independence to former colonies in the true spirit of those who saw Britain's imperial role as at an end when subject peoples were ready and anxious to decide their own destinies. This has not been so easy in those areas like Kenya or currently Rhodesia where an entrenched minority of colonists saw their role in terms of permanent domination and privilege. The first and last example of this is of course the one nearest home. The plantations in Ireland and the myth that Ireland was no more than an extension of the United Kingdom without distinct national aspirations has been hardest to grasp—perhaps because proximity and familiarity have blurred the historical divide.

That the division is seen in terms of religion rather than nationalism is underlined by the hostility to the Pope's visit expressed by Paisleyite hardliners and the fact that he is not to set foot on Irish soil on the wrong side of the artificial border creating the political division which I.R.A. violence and other more peaceful efforts strive to obliterate.

The assassination should not obscure the thousands of human tragedies suffered by less eminent people, whether civilians or the families of British soldiers sent out to do a job which they must find futile, frustrating and distasteful. Nor should the Pope's visit and the varied reactions obscure the fact that Irish Nationalism, historically, was not a religious movement and the most militant among its leaders from Theobald Wolfe Tone, Robert Emmett through the Young Irelanders and Parnell to Erskine Childers were Protestants. It is not the first time that the Catholic Church has condemned the militants and their methods.

If there is one lesson to be learned from the presence of troops it is that military action can be counter productive and it tends to ossify a situation so that political initiatives remain frozen. Certainly, the disaster of internment shows that repression breeds counter-terror and serves

its users to justify their own hideous response. That is why there is a growing movement not merely born of tiredness which advocates the withdrawal—or a date for withdrawal—of troops from Ireland.

This found voice at the Liberal Party Conference and commands widespread support among the population at large. It is perhaps too simplistic but it should be made clear, if we are to avoid plunging the North into a bloodbath while stimulating an initiative, that the commitment is not open ended and the British public and politicians alike demand a viable solution to the tragic triangle that has afflicted us on both sides of the Irish Sea for so many hundred years. If this means leaning on the majority which we artificially created by partition then it is time we grasped that nettle before violence escalates even more. It must be clear by now to even the most obtuse Powellites, conciliatory Whitelaws or spineless Merlyn Reeses that a military presence and emergency legislation are no substitute for a dialogue in which the three sides of the triangle have a role to play.

The final answer must come from inside Ulster itself but it will not happen if the Irish dimension is ignored or we repeat the sort of error that increases representation at Westminster—a symbolic gesture of integration in an area where symbols are often more important than the realities and become themselves a new reality and a new source of grievance. Few commentators have realised that it was the failure of the Labour Government to carry the two Irish Minority votes that led to its fall. This lack of sensitivity to Minority aspirations after half a century of discrimination, gerrymandering and second class status brought about Jim Callaghan's downfall in the crucial vote of confidence but a virtual conspiracy of silence over this crucial issue excluded it from the subsequent election campaign.

In a sense, the handling of the Northern Ireland situation mirrored my own frustrations as an M.P. and the peaceful Campaign For Democracy in Ulster of which I was founder chairman went on ice because of the counter productive violence of the I.R.A. and loyalist extremist groups. The frustration was partly at those who concerned themselves with everything from Rhodesia to Vietnam but refused to see the gathering storm in their own backyard. Labour Ministers pinned their faith on the aristocratic if more liberal O'Neil and Chichester Clarke, with a curious myopia that ignored the deep-seated fears of the protestant working class which defied Marxist economic theories in the face of its hostility to Catholics of the same status.

To back the men of the ascendancy as the third side of the triangle was to ignore their ultimate rejection by the masses they had misled under the blanket of the Union flag. It was no longer the turn of the Anglo-Irish dynasty to play a faded Orange Card when Mr. Paisley had a brand new one. Even Jim Callaghan as an astute ambassador made the fundamental mistake of seeing the minute Northern Ireland Labour Party as the vehicle for reconciliation and the means of joint working class solidarity in a form of neo-Marxist analysis which a century of

Irish history had belied.

When I proposed an Ombudsman for Northern Ireland, the Labour Government was at pains to explain its impracticability. By the time it created such a position events had overtaken the gesture. The whole tragic triangular story was that between 1964 and 1970 too little was done too late. The failure of well meaning politicians to grasp the Orange nettle led to its ability to organise a backlash far more powerful in political terms than the armalite rifles of the Provisional I.R.A.

The gravest mistake was to turn grudging support for the provos into a form of martyrdom by the introduction of internment as one of the first futile Acts of Mr. Heath's administration. By then, it was too late to contain the reaction to the mild reforms in local Government and housing on the part of those who felt their privileges threatened. The I.R.A. was counter-productive in turning minds away from the the issue of a peaceful move towards civil rights that would have brought North and South closer in an era when the Common Market was making the border an increasingly irrelevant obstacle to concilation. Once again the issue of United Ireland was to dominate the debate, rendering the N.I.L.P. completely irrelevant. However, most of the minority still stake their future on peaceful change as the unwavering popularity of Gerry Fitt and John Hulme of the S.D.L.P. at the two most recent polls amply demonstrate.

Merlyn Rees's failure of nerve over the so-called Protestant Workers' strike and the bluff arrogance of Roy Mason over alleged breaches of human rights have only suceeded in alienating both groups of Ulstermen from those who are most concerned for their future economic and political welfare.

Perhaps, however, it is this very alienation and the common antipathy to successive British Governments that holds the key. There is as well as fear and hatred a growing recognition amongst sane if extreme partisans of the two factions that they are locked together whether they like it or not. To emphasise the Westminster link in this context without creating viable institutions for Northern Ireland is a recipe for further bloodshed and bereavement. Principles were sacrificed on the altar of an expediency that hoped sleeping dogs would not wake. No long term strategy exists and the replacement of British troops by a United Nations Force or Troops Out are easy slogans for those who now wish to lay down their responsibility for what they have created.

Firstly we have to recognise that there is an Irish dimension in the triangle. Secondly we have to understand the fears of an entrenched majority with its pitiful privileges and thirdly to give ear to the aspirations of a segment of the population that refuses to play the passive role assigned to it by the Boundary Commission, the Ireland Act and half a century of discrimination. Both sides have turned abroad for help. Some sought to create a viable Ulster. Indeed, what emerges is that the third side of the triangle, however artificial its original line, has a distinct identity which is not regarded as British by us or much wanted by those

who live South of the Bann.

There has emerged an Ulster identity shared by assassin and victim, oppressor and oppressed, Catholic and Protestant alike. The irony is that there is probably more of a common language between Harry West and Gerry Fitt, between Unionist and republican than there is between either of their Westminster or Dublin counterparts. If initiative there is to be, by the time this article is in print, it will only succeed if Ulstermen are talking to one another as Ulstermen rather than as adjuncts of London or Dublin. They are now the parties to a dispute in which the U.K. is tired and confused. The Trotskyist accusation of imperialism makes little sense in an area which is bleeding us literally and economically. It is no treason for Jack Lynch not to match long term aspirations with military or economic sanctions. We are all within the same economic community and to a large degree interdependent.

The interests of both communities in the North are increasingly identical—assuming they were different by reason of the artificial solution imposed nearly sixty years ago. An Ulster identity has emerged. It is not viable as a Nation state. However, there are forms of independence and federation accompanied by mutual respect which can overcome the passions of the past. Alsace Lorraine no longer represents the cockpit of a European War. Territorial claims of European Nations in the Balkans or the integrity of the Benelux countries have become irrelevant in our world scale calculations.

I see no reason why, almost ironically, it will be Ulstermen first and foremost who will decide their own identity and destiny. The other two sides of the triangle are important dimensions in guaranteeing a settlement. However, a permanent garrison and obvious military presence is not likely to be conducive to the right atmosphere. Nor can it move out overnight with the risk of a bloodbath in its wake. Its profile should be low and diminishing. It should endeavour to keep out of sensitive areas. Its temporary nature should be made clear without specifying dates. This may well concentrate the minds of Ulstermen on how to clean out their house if they are not to be engulfed in mutual slaughter.

Whatever initiative we take—and there are few signs of thought or debate from any quarter at present—in the end Ulstermen will decide. Let no one condescend to think otherwise. The age of paternalism is over and all that Mrs. Thatcher or Mr. Lynch can do is to cement goodwill on two sides of the triangle while facilitating or acting as a catalyst to the third side so that it may once again be complete.

EUROPE—THE REGIONAL BACKGROUND

by Cosmo Russell

OF all the questions with which the European Community, including its newly elected Parliament, will have to deal over the next few years, there are few more important than Community regional and agricultural policies and their interlocking. It is of course a fact of life, still perhaps an anachronism, that within a Community so called, there should be very rich and very poor regions. The Treaty of Rome recognised this in stating that a Community aim was to strengthen the unity of their (Member countries') economies and to ensure their harmonious development by reducing the differences existing between the various regions and the backwardness of the less favoured regions. The problem is that, despite manifold efforts, the gap between rich and poor regions has been widening although a European Regional Development Fund has been in existence since 1975, the purpose of which is to reduce the gap. Of course this Fund is only one of the available means. Others preceded it and are still operative. Moreover the Fund could hardly have started life at a worse moment with the crisis provoked by oil and depression in full blast. Yet it came into being as a further measure to supplement another and more substantial mechanism—the European Agricultural Guidance and Guarantee Fund, which is also of regional importance because poorer regions, where they are not depressed industrial areas as is to a large extent the case with the Development Areas of the United Kingdom and the coal and steel regions of France, Germany and Benelux, are still mainly agricultural.

While the Regional Fund is running at 1,850 million European units of account (1 EUA=£0.66, £1,221 approximately) and is rather less than 4% of the total Community budget, the Agricultural Fund accounts for some 75% and costs are rising. This Fund has two sides: a Guarantee Section, which is the big spender since it is the price protection mechanism, and the Guidance Section, which supplies direct aid to farmers and farm structures individually. It is alarming to note that the latter section, which should be the most important, is little more than 5% of the total Farm Fund with the remaining 95% devoured by prices policy. Yet if there were no prices policy, it could be argued that all farming would be affected and this in turn would affect the poorer regions.

However, it is generally accepted that the Community common agricultural policy is out of balance and needs basic review. Reasons are mainly twofold: firstly international exchange fluctuations of recent years, have imposed on the Community the need to pay monetary compensation amounts to offset exchange differences since the policy is to maintain minimum trading policies for farm goods within the EEC; secondly the intervention price system, whereby the Community buys in when the price of a product falls below an agreed economic level, has meant phenomenal storage costs: 'Butter and sugar mountains', 'milk lakes' etc., and these are rising.

One must be objective. Farm support prices have been necessary throughout the greater part of the 20th century, not least in Britain; without them farmers would have gone out of business, which would have been far more serious than the cost of any farm subsidy. Another common sense factor is that in principle food storage has been respectable since Joseph in Egypt in the Book of Genesis. In most cases present stocks are no more than three months supply, which could be a valuable guarantee against an unpredictable shortage. More positively still and given Community aid for the developing world, where there is not only shortage but frequent famine, it is ridiculous to ignore the potential value of food stocks in famine relief. How this can be done efficiently requires an article to itself. There is a Community milk surplus and skim milk powder is a form of aid, to give an example; certainly the incorporation of a proportion of selected stocks into a food aid programme rather than cheap sales to Eastern Europe is desirable, even if fraught with technical problems.

Whereas the prices policy—the Guarantee Section—of the CAP must take account of consumer as well as producer interest—it has certainly done the former for Britain where at one time £1 million a day was being spent in monetary compensation amounts to keep prices down for the British housewife, the Guidance Section is concerned directly with the farming industry and to that extent with regions where its existence is vital. The following percentages published by the Community show how Guidance money is distributed.

Reforming structures 28%: Farm modernisation; cessation of farming where uneconomic; reallocation of land; vocational guidance; mountain, hill and special areas (including Scotland); aid to young farmers; reafforestation.

Schemes in particular commodity sectors 21.9%: Beef and veal conversion incentives (from dairy farming to offset surplus milk): fisheries, off shore to deep sea; horticulture.

Improving structures 44%: Investment in rural infrastructure (roads, water supply, electricity, etc.); production and marketing.

Special measures 6.1%: Citrus fruit improvement, non-marketing of milk; grubbing up fruit trees; fishery aid.

Total cost of distribution, 1973/77, the first four years of the enlarged Community, was 1,127 million units of account assisting 3,659 projects. On a percentage distribution Italy received 29.6%, Germany 20.2%, France 18%, the United Kingdom 11.2%, Ireland 6.2%, Benelux 11%, Denmark 3.8%.

The United Kingdom therefore obtained 126.224 mua during that time (£83.3 million) from the Guidance Section of the Farm Fund. By comparison, Germany, at present a richer country than Britain but with a much higher percentage of small farmers, received 227.6 mua (£150.2 million) and France 202.9 million (£133 million). So by comparing the size of its farming community—2% of working population—with the more considerable farming communities of France and Germany (about

12%), it could not be thought that there has been too great a disparity between Britain's benefit here and that of its more agricultural partners. Of course this excludes the overriding factor of Guarantee Section price policy.

Turning to regional policy and the Regional Fund, the situation is different. Here the distribution of Fund resources gives Britain the second largest quota (27.03%); Italy comes first with 39.39%, France third with 16.86%, Germany way down with only 6%. There are basically three conditions governing the Fund. A project receiving a Fund grant must fall within an aided region of the recipient country, it must be either an industrial, handicraft or service activity creating or maintaining jobs or an infrastructure project contributing to the development of the region where it is located, it must be in excess of 50,000 units of account while in the case of infrastructure there must be investment by the country concerned from public funds.

The Regional Fund is not however by any means the extent of aid for regions; there are two further forms. The first is the European Investment Bank in Luxembourg. This contributes to common market development by granting loans and, on occasions, guarantees on behalf of industrial investment or infrastructure projects in all sectors of the economy, provided they contribute to assisting less favoured regions or modernising or converting concerns of mutual interest to several Member countries. There is a general ceiling for EIB loans of 40% of the cost of fixed investment. The Bank is non profit making and the standard rate of interest is no more than 10% for a 20 year loan. Guarantees are required from the State concerned or from other guarantors judged adequate. Secondly loans may be obtained from the European Coal and Steel Community. These may take the form of assistance to coal and steel concerns, conversion loans or loans to business prepared to absorb redundancies from coal and steel concerns, and aids to vocational retraining of coal and steel workers.

Britain was the second largest applicant for EIB loans from 1973-77 with 1,418.2 mua (30% of total loans issued) after Italy—1,626.9 (34%). Over the same years Britain was the largest recipient of ECSC loans with 1,136 mua (29%).

The annual report to the European Parliament for 1977 contains these comparative details of receipts by principal aid beneficiaries in relation to population 1975-77:

Regional aid receipts by priority regions 1975-77

Region	Regional Fund mua	Regional Fund per head ua	Ag. Guidance Fund mua	EIB(MEUC)	ECSC (mua)
Mezzogiorno	423	22	74	772	267
Ireland	84	27	52	175	2.5
N. Ireland	58	38	17	28	—
N. England	108	35	3	240	362
Schleswig-Lower Elbe	5	7	5	—	—

The EUC is the new European unit of account which came into use in 1978 but was used prior to this date by the EIB. It differs from the old in having a flexible instead of a fixed value.

These areas are selected as indicative of regional aid distribution to regions of main recipients. The Mezzogiorno includes all southern Italy and the Italian islands. Further examples of Regional Fund distribution are:

France: 79% of aid received to the west, the south west, Corsica and the French overseas departments. Since the latter are administratively part of metropolitan France, they are entitled to European Fund aid.

Federal Republic: 62% to West Berlin, to the zone frontier region and to selected first priority development areas.

Italy: 91% to the Mezzogiorno; the balance went to the earthquake disaster area of Friuli.

Denmark: 82% of Greenland; remainder to special priority areas.

Ireland: 59% to 'designated areas' mainly in the west of the country.

United Kingdom: 86% to projects in Northern Ireland, Special Development Areas and Development Areas, which include Scotland.

The following industrial projects received grants in the North of England: six major projects including modernising of a British Steel Corporation works at Redcar, a glassworks at Sunderland and a cigarette factory at Darlington. Grants were 19 mua on a total investment of 182 mua and the projects are to create 1,800 and maintain 4,500 jobs.

Five infrastructure projects were aided over 10 mua: the Kielder dam, which has received 25.5 mua over three years (part of a major reservoir project on the east coast); the Eden-South Lakeland water supply network, road improvements in Cleveland, harbour improvements at Tees-Dock (Cleveland) and electricity supply at Stockton-on-Tees. Total investment, 288.8 mua and total Fund aid 17.4 mua.

Throughout the Community over three years 4,747 projects were financed representing a total investment of 11,700 million units of account; 65% went to infrastructure and 35% to industrial or service activity projects. Projects of 10 million ua or more received 47% of Fund aid and 53% went to projects of less than 10 million ua. Projects aided in industry or service activity were calculated to have created or maintained 185,000 jobs.

The long term picture shows the need to maintain a regional policy including support for farming, as the largest and most permanent industry, and for more balanced development throughout the Community. Yet one could hope that certain regions will remain faithful to farming since this is not only necessary but also a way of preserving the splendid natural heritage of Europe and the need for clean lungs.

THE SUDAN: NUMEIRY'S TEN YEARS OF POWER

by Percy Allum

LAST May, President Jaafar Mohamed al-Numeiry celebrated the tenth anniversary of his seizure of power in the Sudan. Ten years of power is a long time, particularly in the Sudan which in twenty-three years of independence has had four different regimes. This anniversary could lead one to believe that the Sudan had finally found political stability but it would be wrong because the Numeiry regime has been prey to a large number of failed revolts, plots and coups, of which the most recent was only on 7 April of this year; and others of which, like those of 19 July 1971 and 2 July 1976, were almost successful and only overcome thanks to foreign intervention. Sudanese history of the last ten years certainly seems to illustrate Jean-Jacques Rousseau's famous maxim: 'If force creates right, the effect changes with the cause. Every force that is greater than the first succeeds to its right. As soon as it is possible to disobey with impunity disobedience is legitimate; and the strongest being always right, the only thing that matters is to act so as to become the strongest."[1]

To understand what the Numeiry regime represents in the evolution of Sudanese politics, it is necessary to situate it in the global perspective of the country. It is worth noting, first of all, that the Democratic Republic of Sudan is the largest country on the African continent, making up 8% of its surface; and one of the poorest. Its territory extends over almost a million square miles between Egypt and Uganda, the Red Sea and Chad, and embraces the most diverse geographic, ethnic and cultural elements (arid desert, Savannah and semi-tropical forests; nomadic, semi-nomadic and sedentary populations, two-thirds of which are Arabs and Muslims and one-third Nilotic or Africans, Animists or Christians). The only link between them is the Nile which traverses the length of the country from south to north and which, with its water, dominates the life of the country today as it did in the past. It is symbolic that the capital, Khartoum, is situated at the junction of the Blue and the White Niles, and is not only the principal urban centre of the country but also the centre of the most important productive region, i.e. the Gezira Plain, the 'island' formed between the two Niles south of Khartoum.

A poor country, but promised, according to the experts, a very rosy future.[2] Today, the Sudan has a small population (estimated at about 18 millions in 1976) and, hence, a very low density (less than 15 people per square mile), but, on the other hand, growing very fast indeed, thanks to one of the highest birthrates in the world (30 per 1000). It is not surprising therefore to observe that the greater part of the population is both rural and illiterate. In fact, if 60% of the population live along the banks of the Nile, only 12% live in towns, only 13% are employed in the secondary or tertiary sectors and only 15% can read and write, percentages which are among the lowest in the world and mean that the country has a small elite.[3] There is little doubt that the Sudan's problems are those of an

underdeveloped country, but they have their own dimension which results from, on the one hand, the country's size, its ethnic and cultural diversity and its lack of means of communication (both physical as well as social and cultural) and, on the other, from its great agricultural potential which requires enormous resources of capital and equipment to be developed.

In the thirteen years of independence before Numeiry's seizure of power, the Sudan had two periods of parliamentary government (1956-58 and 1964-69) and one period of military dictatorship (General Abboud's regime, 1958-64). The common characteristic of these three regimes was the domination of political life by traditional forces. Thus, they were not only conservative but also inefficient; parliamentary life was characterised by obscure manoeuvres and the struggle of factions, while the military dictatorship grew in corruption, and all this despite successive economic crises and the never-ending civil war in the South. The reasons for this situation are to be found in both the history of the Sudanese Parties and the heritage of British rule: the former were organised by the new urban intelligentsia under the banner of Sudanese nationalism in order to obtain the independence of the country from the British. This was obtained thanks to a complex diplomatic game in which Egypt, the other member of the ruling Condominium with the British, played the role of third party. To demonstrate their representativity to the British, the Sudanese Parties were forced to appeal to the traditional groupings in Sudanese society (both the tribal chiefs and the *turuq* or islamic religious sects[4]) to rally the support of the rural populations. Moreover, the rapidity with which the Sudanese Parties achieved independence meant that they were unable to reform local administration before independence which meant that tribal chiefs and local religious leaders were able to consolidate their local power in the early years of the independent nation[5].

In any case, the consequences of this development were, on the one hand, that the new intelligentsia, in allying with the traditional groups, lost its own autonomy, and, on the other, that the parties became an integral part of sectarian and tribal politics. Despite the fact that only two *turuq*, the *ansar* and the *khatmiyyah*, led by the al-Mahdi and al-Mirghani families respectively and intense rivals (the former had played the British card and the latter the Egyptian), succeeded in having weight nationally, others determined the political colour of certain localities and, added to the various southern groups, ensured that no party was effectively able to dominate the legislature during the two periods of parliamentary government. The result was the need to form coalition governments which left a large margin of manoeuvre open to factional politics.

This did not mean that attempts[7] were not made to create parties on more modern bases, but the only ones that had any measure of success were the Sudanese Communist Party (SCP) and, to a lesser extent, the Muslim Brothers; and both had to survive long periods of clandestinity. The SCP[8], founded in 1946, quickly gave itself fairly strong roots in intellectual and working class areas, but as these were very small, it saw itself virtually excluded from rural and tribal areas. Nonetheless, it was able to create during the 1960s three strong bases: (i) the control of the

Sudanese Workers Trade Union Federation (200,000 members) founded by the Railway Workers Association in 1949; (ii) the support of the Gezira Tenants Association; and (iii) a strong influence among the new intelligentsia, particularly at the University of Khartoum and even among certain army officers, which made it the most important Communist Party in Africa and enabled it to play a determining role in certain historical conjunctures, specifically in the overthrow of the Abboud regime in October 1964 and again in the first months of the Numeiry regime in 1969-70. The development of the Muslim Brotherhood seems to have been much more discontinuous and linked above all to the intellectual world (students and professional men).

A first time in October 1958, the coalition of parties, unable to control a rapidly worsening political and economic situation, opened the way to a military coup which brought the Chief of Staff, General Abboud, to power. A second time in May 1969, after the restoration of the parliamentary system, the parties found themselves again in a similar if not worse situation, and the army seized power again. This time the coup was not the act of a group of senior officers acting more or less with the complicity of the politicians, but of a group of junior officers of petty bourgeois origin: Colonel Numeiry and the 'free officers' movement'. Progressive nationalists of Nasserist inspiration, they acted with the support, but not the participation of the SCP (which was split at the time). They shared the Nasserist analysis of the Egyptian situation in the fifties[9] and took as their starting point the rejection of the party system which they accused of being responsible for the political confusion and economic stagnation which the Sudan was suffering. This refusal implied the destruction of the material bases of the parties and explains their adoption of the Nasserist programme: dissolution of all parties; confiscation of their property; creation of a single party organisation; nationalisation of the private sector of the economy; reconciliation with the USSR and the Soviet block; and finally Regional autonomy for the South to end the civil war.

This programme provoked the opposition of the traditional forces which rapidly degenerated into a bloody confrontation with the *ansar* militia at Aba Island, 150 miles south of Khartoum. The Imam al-Hadi al-Mahdi, the *ansars'* religious leader, called, as his predecessors had successfully done many times before,[10] on his supporters to revolt in Omdurman and, in Wad Nubawi on 29 February 1970, to force the new regime to change its policy. Numeiry, once he had regained control of the situation, launched a direct attack on Aba Island where the Imam had retired with his militia of 30,000 warriors and stormed it with tanks. The slaughter was tremendous and the Imam himself was killed; immediately afterwards the regime purged the army of all those known for their Mahdist sympathies and confiscated the Mahdi family property.

Shortly after the crushing of the *ansar*, the latent conflict between the Numeiry group and the SCP became open struggle; ostensibly the *causus belli* was the refusal of the SCP and its organisations to dissolve itself inside the single political organisation, the Sudanese Socialist Union (SSU), but what was at stake was much more fundamental than an organisation

formula: it was the class leadership of the May 1969 Revolution. The majority faction of the SCP maintained that the petty bourgeoisie was incapable of carrying out a people's revolution by itself; it required the participation of the working class and its organisations. Before the 25 May coup, the SCP had submitted its programme to the 'free officers' movement'; it envisaged the creation of a Front comprising the SCP, its organisations and the other progressive parties and organisations. But, given that the Sudanese petty bourgeoisie had shown itself to be incapable of sustaining autonomous parties, this programme implied handing power over to the SCP, something the 'free officers' and their supporters refused, quite naturally, to do. In point of fact, it was the SCP challenge which led them to insist that the new regime should be based on a single political organisation (the SSU). Finally, it must also be added that some Communists supported the 'free officers' ' programme of giving the petty bourgeoisie a leading role in the revolution, but they were expelled from the party.

In any event, Numeiry escalated the confrontation with the SCP in Autumn 1970 with the elimination of three pro-Communist officers from the government; it was brusquely resolved with the failure of the coup of 19 July 1971, organised by the three officers in question. Despite the initial success of the coup and his own arrest, Numeiry succeeded in turning the tables three days later, thanks, on the one hand, to a counter-coup organised by NCOs and, on the other, the active help of Egypt and Libya. The leaders of the coup as well as the principal Communists, including the Party Secretary, Abdel-Kaliq Majhoub, were summarily tried and executed; and the SCP was forced to go underground. Numeiry seized the opportunity for a radical change of direction: he had himself elected President of the Republic by plebiscite; denounced the alliance with the USSR and the Soviet bloc and began a reconciliation with the West which became stronger with the passing of the years; reversed the nationalisation policy and returned certain confiscated property to its original owners, etc. It seems that he had been very disillusioned by the slowness and meagreness of Soviet aid and hoped to obtain more funds and quicker from the West. In this context, it is not insignificant that the first Western country with which the Sudan re-established diplomatic relations was the Federal Republic of Germany, followed by the USA.

Having defeated the organised forces of Right and Left, the regime was able in 1971, with a view to consolidating its own power, to put an end to the civil war in the South and set up its own institutions. The former task, which has turned out to be the great success story of the regime, was achieved by a policy of elite accommodation[11] sealed in the Addis Ababa agreement of March 1972 and written into the new Permanent Constitution of 1973. It has been noted correctly[12] that the content of the agreement (autonomous regional government for the three southern provinces of Equatoria, Bahr el Ghazal and Upper Nile with its own institutions, exercising certain specified powers and having certain specified sources of financial support) was virtually the same as that agreed at the Round Table Conference of 1965. What was lacking then was an authority power-

ful enough to get its provisions accepted both in the North and in the South. This was provided in 1971-2 by the consolidation of the Numeiry regime in Khartoum and the unification of the *Anya'nya* rebels under Colonel Joseph Largue in the South.

The second task was much more difficult to accomplish. The new political structure has been described as comprising six elements[13]. The first is the National Charter which sets out the basic goals and socialist philosophy of the new regime. The second is the central government institutions as laid down in the Permanent Constitution (Presidency, People's Assembly, etc.). The President is nominated by the SSU but must submit himself to a national plebiscite. President Numeiry was nominated in October 1971 and again in 1977 and both times won a large 'yes' vote in the subsequent plebiscites. His term of office lasts six years and he has the power to appoint ministers and execute his policies. The People's Assembly is elected every four years on the basis of three separate kinds of constituency: geographical constituencies (where the population as a whole can vote); 'popular' and 'functional' constituencies (where each 'popular' and 'functional' organisation and group can choose its own representatives); and local government constituencies (where members of local government councils select their representatives). Further, the President appoints 25 members in addition to the 225 elected MPs. So far, there have been two elections in Spring 1974 and 1978. The Assembly has no power directly to censure the President for his policies, but it can question Ministers and may, by a two-thirds majority, force a Minister to submit his resignation to the President, but it cannot compel the President to accept it; it can also nominally oblige him, by the same majority, to submit his policy to a popular referendum. Finally, the Assembly has certain legislative powers but these are subject to a Presidential veto which can only be overruled by a two-thirds majority of the Assembly.

The third element is the Sudan Socialist Union which was founded after the 1971 coup and organised on the model of Nasser's Arab Socialist Union. Its mission is to give the regime a political base in the country by consolidating national unity and promoting the revolutionary transformation of Sudanese society. To carry out this mission, it was given the task of approving all candidatures for national and local office and covered the country with a network of sections, branch, district and provincial organisations. The Fourth is the Southern Regional Autonomous institutions, like the Higher Executive Council set up in 1973, and the Regional People's Assembly which has also been elected twice. The fifth is the People's Local Government Councils which formed the centre-piece of the local Government Reform of 1971. This created a pyramidal structure of elected councils in every village, town district, market area, industrial area and nomadic encampment, followed, in ascending order, by rural and town councils, sub-province area councils and provincial executive councils. It was intended that only the 'popular' and 'functional' organisations could nominate candidates for subsequent election because the intention was to reduce the local political power of the traditional elites by stimulating the active participation of the masses. It has to be said

that its success has been very limited[14] because, despite the replacing of control of candidatures by SSU, the local councils were quickly infiltrated by the traditional elites as they were more or less the only people to interest themselves in local problems. Finally, the sixth and last element is the so-called 'popular and 'functional' organisations, i.e. the different professional and social associations, like the trade associations and unions (functional); and Youth, Women's Organisations, Village Development Committees etc (popular). Where they did not already exist before 1969, they were set up by the regime in the years between 1969 and 1973.

In spite of the complexity of the country's political structure outlined above, there is no doubt that the only institution that really counts in the country's political life is the Presidency. First of all, the Permanent Constitution of 1973 endowed it with virtually dictatorial powers. The President makes and unmakes Ministers; he is the Supreme Commander of the Armed Forces; he presides over the Secret Services; he appoints the leaders of the SSU, whose executive organs only meet occasionally; he can even suppress the People's Assembly. Secondly, and more importantly, the *modus operandi* of the institutions under Numeiry's leadership clearly illustrates their subordination to the Presidency. The key mechanism is the periodical cabinet reshuffle which is employed without any other apparent objective than ensuring that no other Sudanese leader can build himself an autonomous power base which would make him a rival of Numeiry. Hence, at least once a year, and sometimes more often, there are reshuffles which see a swapping of posts between ministerial departments, SSU executive, People's Assembly and Presidential advisers. President Numeiry unwittingly revealed the nature of the system when he bluntly justified the latest reshuffle in the Cabinet on 28 January 1975. It is worth quoting Numeiry's words at some length for the light they throw on his paternalistic conceptions, authoritarian methods and populist style:

> Positions are integral and complementary to each other, equal to one another, and their effort is directed towards the accomplishment and realization of national aims and hopes. Furthermore, there is no place for groundless assumptions that some place-holders are favoured and influential and that others are insignificant. This is one of the pitfalls into which some of the Ministers of the last Cabinet fell. I was aware of this and took note of it, but I refrained to take steps, attributing the matter to the newness to office and allowing further time for self-correction. The limited or unlimited trust I place in my assistants is determined, negatively or positively, by trial. I give chances of condoning, forgiveness and direction. Thereafter, the remedy will be thorough ousting without chances for half-solutions. Some Ministers of the last Cabinet lost the chances of forgiveness I extended to them, took my direction to be censure and acquiesced for a time but resumed their old ill-practices later on. I was taking note of what was happening in detail and even of repercussions at home and abroad. I was conscious of attempts of some Ministers to build isolated empires claiming supremacy over other Ministries. I was also noting claims of others of being power-centres, sources of influence, or that they could order or forbid. I was aware of the nominal affiliation of some Ministers to the SSU and their attack on the sole political organisation in their 'chatting' meetings, unheeding the contradictions of their situation as members of the SSU . . . I was following the failure of some Ministers to lay down organisational bases for their Ministries, whereby functions were distributed and responsibilities defined in a manner that would not stop or be affected by the absence of the Minister who con-

> centrated all functions of decision-making, execution and follow-up in his hands. They thought this would be efficiency while it proved to be failure and tyranny . . .[15]

Again on 5 January 1976, he told the people in a television talk:

> I am with you in the market and public places, in the villages and towns . . . I feel close to your living problems . . . I hear and learn and see more from the people than I learn from dry reports . . .

Finally, on 14 February 1976, after yet another cabinet reshuffle, he declared:

> Change is continuous. Whoever obstructs and does not innovate will be changed . . . Whoever fails in leadership will be changed . . . Whoever lacks competence will be changed . . . Change will be continuous . . . This will be the task: removing whoever cannot keep up . . .[16]

In this situation, it is necessary to ask what is the real political base of the regime? In my opinion it can have only two: the Sudanese Socialist Union and the Army. As regards the SSU, it must be said that, despite the periodical enthusiastic reports of its leaders on its development (for example, the claim of over four million members and more than six thousand local sections in 1977), all the information available suggests that it remains a moribund organisation totally incapable of a real political mobilisation of the population. This is the only way that the successive campaigns for relaunching it as an active political organisation (of which Directive n. 1 of 21 November 1978 is merely the most recent) can be interpreted. Sadiq al-Mahdi, a former Prime Minister and leader of the Umma Party, furnished an explanation for its failure in an interview last year[17] when he outlined his own political conceptions:

> My idea is that the SSU must not remain any longer a department of government but become the government party itself—a genuine political organisation which is grass-roots based. Also it should finance itself rather than by the Ministry of Finance. Political will must finance itself. Also the party should be officered by its own political cadres rather than by people seconded by the civil service. The party should also have nothing to do with Security instruments and organisations so that it doesn't give the appearance of coercing or intimidating people to become members.
>
> If the SSU is not the mouthpiece of the people, then it becomes unnecessary. If it is the mouthpiece of the people, then it must be allowed to govern. The Ministers should be only those elected by it and accountable to it. So that the people who will be the executive will be genuinely elected people coming from outside the whole process . . .

On this basis, it is easy to understand the challenge to the regime which Sadiq threw down when he demanded, as the basis of National Reconciliation, the election of the grass-roots organs of the SSU and a free press. The fact that Numeiry has so far turned a deaf ear to Sadiq's requests, despite growing internal and external pressures, shows that he is perfectly aware of what is at stake, namely that such a reform would permit the traditional forces to create a rival power base.

This means quite simply that, after ten years in power, the Numeiry regime had not destroyed the material bases of the traditional groups' power which was one of the *raisons d'être* of the coup-revolution of 25 May 1969. In point of fact, the destruction of these material bases became incompatible with the political economy adopted by the regime after its change of directions and alliances in 1971. Rapid economic development

with western capital required denationalisation, promotion of the private sector and even the appeal to Multi-national corporations (like Lonrho, etc.) which strengthened the position of the traditional groups already integrated in capitalist economic relations. The petty bourgeois who had led the 1969 Revolution believed that they could act autonomously, but, if the only alternative to capitalist economic development is socialism, Numeiry, as noted above, rejected out of hand the Socialist road in 1971. The 'Technocratic Populism', which the regime adopted subsequently was nothing more than a fanciful rhetoric; and it certainly did not propose any new developmental strategy.

On the other hand, it is well known that one of the consequences of the Arab Petrol embargo of 1973 was an increasing awareness on the part of the Arab countries of their own dependence on the West for food. They decided, therefore, on a vast programme of agricultural development which was intended eventually to make them self-sufficient. They chose the Sudan as the first country for implementing this programme. It was in this way that the project to make the country the 'Breadbasket of the Arab world' took shape between 1974-5, but so far it has turned out to be a mirage.[18] Massive investment with stiff conditions attached have completely undermined the fragile Sudanese economy provoking a serious economic crisis: short-term debts to the verge of bankruptcy, liquidity problems, galloping inflation, petrol shortages, etc. All this has increased the country's dependence on the wealthy conservative Arab states, like Saudi Arabia, Kuwait and Gulf States, etc, the more so since Saudi Arabia, in particular, has taken care to subordinate financial aid to its international diplomacy.[19] Numeiry's margin of manoeuvre has thus been considerably reduced both at home (forced to pursue National Reconciliation with his former enemies Sadiq al-Mahdi and Hussein al-Sherrif al-Hindi of the National Front, instigators of the failed coup of 2 July 1976, in an attempt to forestall the growing popular disaffection with his regime) and abroad (obliged publicly to rebuke President Sadat of Egypt after the latter's censure by the Arab world, despite the agreement of 'political and economic integration' between the two countries and the presence of 18,000 Egyptian troops on Sudanese soil).

It follows from all this that the regime's real political basis remains the same as it was ten years ago: the Army. If further proof were needed it is supplied by the fact that almost half the national budget is devoted to the armed forces (including the security forces). It is very difficult to assess the situation inside the Army itself but it almost certainly reflects the diversity of Sudanese society, if only because of its recruitment. In any case there is no doubt that Numeiry is well aware that his power, in the final analysis, depends on his ability of being able to ensure the loyalty and unity of the officer corps and of convincing the NCOs and troops that he is looking after their interests. His success to date explains their privileged position in a society characterised by widespread poverty. Nonetheless, Numeiry's inability to ensure his regime's underlying stability, despite his impressive contributions to the Lusaka conference, illustrated by the violence and number of the risings, demonstrations and failed coups,

means that, as Jean-Jacques Rousseau observed of similar situations two centuries ago, its future remains very uncertain.

Since this article was begun, however, the Numeiry regime has had to face one of the most serious political crises of its 10-year rule. On 8 August, students in Khartoum took to the streets in protest against rising prices and penury, and rioting reminiscent of the 1977 Egyptian bread riots ensued. The student demonstrations were followed by the announcement of a 5-day nationwide rail strike. The cause was the decision of the Sudanese government in May, under pressure from the IMF, to withdraw its subsidies on wheat and other essential commodities, and raise taxes on tobacco and alcohol. On 6 August, the retail price of petrol was increased 66%, sparking off higher bus and taxi fares.

Numeiry responded in his usual manner of providing scapegoats: on 12 August he sacked Vice President Abdul Gassim Mohammed Ibrahim, Secretary of SSU and a personal friend, and replaced him by General Hamid Kalil, the Defence Minister; on 17 August he operated a vast cabinet reshuffle, sacking eight major ministers; and finally half the SSU Politbureau got the chop with its members being reduced from 27 to 17 and the party secretaries from 15 to four. President Numeiry also appeared on television on 13 August to appeal to the Sudanese people to bear with him a little longer in the present crisis. He accused the Communists of fermenting trouble in the University and claimed that the country's problems could not be solved by a change of regime. He also announced major political changes (which have so far not materialised except for the sackings) and a series of measures to relieve economic hardship. The latter included: pay increases for government workers totalling $275m a year; lowering of fuel prices put up earlier in the month; allocating to the domestic market 30% of the cattle and sheep destined for export; and price control of wheat and bread.

It is too early to know if Numeiry has successfully mastered this crisis as he has the many before it, but it is worth noting that (i) he has tied his regime even more closely to the Army (General Ali Malik, Chief of Staff, went on Radio Omdurman on 15 August to assure Numeiry publicly of the Army's loyalty and support); (ii) he admitted the moribund state of the SSU rendering it co-responsible for the crisis; (iii) he has tacitly ensured himself of financial support from Saudi Arabia by accusing the Communists (a Communist take-over in the area is what the Saudis fear most); and (iv) he has attempted to prevent an opposition alliance between Marxists, Bathists and Muslim integralists as in Egypt, by appointing Dr. Abdullah Turabi, leader of the Muslim Brotherhood to the cabinet post of Attorney-General (in contrast, the left opposition announced in Beirut, the formation of a Sudanese Progressive Front to oust Numeiry 'in order to re-establish democracy'). For details, see *Le Monde* of 12, 15, 18, 19, 20 and 30 August 1979, and *The Economist* of 25 August 1979, p.26.

NOTES

[1]J-J. Rousseau, *The Social Contract*, Book 1, Chapter 3.

[2]C. Batsch, 'Le Soudan, peut-il devenir le grenier du monde arabe?' in *Le Monde diplomatique*, janvier 1978.

[3]In relation to the population, but not in relation to the elites of other African countries.

[4]Islam in the Sudan is strongly tainted with *sufi* beliefs and institutions and the loyalty of Sudanese muslims is to their *sufi* leaders, blessed with *baraka*, rather than to abstract religious ideas or an orthodox code of behaviour, P. M. Holt, *Holy Families and the Sudan*, Princeton Near East Papers, n. 4, 1967.

[5]P. R. Woodward, 'Political Factors in the Changing Structure of Administration —The Experience of Anglophone Africa', Paper presented to the ECPR Workshop, Berlin, March 1977.

[6]Such as the hindiyyah (associated with the al-Hindi family), the ismailiyyah, the tijaniyyah, the sammaniyyah and the gadriyyah, etc.

[7]For example, Sayyad Ismail al-Azhari, Prime Minister on Independence in 1956, made the attempt with the Ashiqqa Party in 1943 and again with the National Unionist Party (NUP) in 1956 after the split with the Popular Democratic Party (PDP—Khatmiyyah); and Sadiq al-Mahdi (Prime Minister in 1966-7) also attempted the experiment when he split the Umma Party (Ansar), creating a separate group from that of his uncle the Imam al-Hadi al-Mahdi in 1967, but all these attempts ended in failure.

[8]G. Warburg, *Islam, Nationalism and Communism in a Traditional Society: The case of the Sudan*, London, Cass, 1978.

[9]A. Abdel Malek, *Egypt, Military Society*, New York, 1968.

[10]For example, against the Sidak-Bevin protocol in 1946; against unity with Egypt at the opening of the Constituent Assembly in 1954; against the provisional government in favour of elections in February 1964, etc., P. R. Woodward, *Condominium and Sudanese Nationalism*, London, Collinge, 1979.

[11]R. K. Badal, 'The Rise and Fall of Separatism in Southern Sudan' in *African Affairs*, October, 1976.

[12]M. O. Beshir, *The Southern Sudan, From Conflict to Peace*, Khartoum, Khartoum Bookshop, 1978

[13]T. C. Niblock, 'A New Political System in Sudan' in *African Affairs*, October 1974.

[14]S. A. al-Arifi, *Local Government and Local Participation in Rural Development in The Sudan*, Occasional Paper n. 10, Khartoum University, Khartoum, 1978.

[15]Quoted in *African Contemporary Record*, 1974-5, London, Collinge pp.B93-4.

[16]Quoted in *African Contemporary Record*, 1975-6, London, Collinge p.B109.

[17]In *Africa*, n. 81, May 1978, p.32.

[18]J. Buxton, 'Sudan's Euphoria gives way to Austerity' in *Financial Times* of 5 May 1979; and C. Batsch, *art. cit.*

[19]The goal of Saudi diplomacy for the last fifteen years has been to defeat progressive forces and eliminate Soviet influence from the Red Sea area, M-C Aulas, 'La diplomatique saoudienne à l'épreuve', in *Le Monde diplomatique*, Avril 1977.

[Dr Percy Allum is Reader in Politics in the University of Reading. He visited the Sudan earlier this year sponsored by the Inter-University Council for Higher Education to teach in the University of Khartoum.]

THE HUMBOLDT UNIVERSITY: YESTERDAY AND TODAY

by David Southern

WEST German institutions are widely admired as a pattern for adoption elsewhere. Yet no-one has put forward the modern German university as a model for imitation. In the past the German university achieved immense renown and distinction. In recent years universities in Germany appeared to be devoted to the negation of the goals of education. Why should a country, which in so much of its social and institutional life has achieved a notable blend of harmony and efficiency, fail so signally in this one respect? The answer lies partly in the history of the Humboldt university in Germany.

English institutions, like Topsy, 'just growed'. German institutions have been the conscious product of will and decision. It is rare in the experience of nations for a country to make a fresh start in terms of state organization. Such an experience fell to the lot of Prussia in the period from 1807 to 1811. In the wake of the catastrophic defeat by Napoleon at Jena in 1806 Prussia was subjected to a revolution from above. In the field of education the leading reformer was Wilhelm von Humboldt, elder brother of the scientist Alexander von Humboldt. Wilhelm von Humboldt presided over the systematic reorganization of the whole educational system in Prussia. The crown of his structure was the Humboldt University in Berlin which henceforth served as a model for all other German universities.

Humboldt was imbued with the humanistic ideal that through a comprehensive academic education man could be elevated to a higher state of existence. He embraced Rousseau's goal of self-realization, that man should become what he really is. His three-stage system of general non-vocational education exists to this day in West Germany in the form of the Primary School (*Grundschule*) which imparts the technical pre-requisites for learning; the Senior School (*Oberschule*) which educates the pupil to independent study and grants the matriculation certificate (*Abitur*) which entitles the holder to study at any German university; and the university where man becomes his true self through free learning and research.

Vocational education played a minimal role in the Humboldtian system. Hence little provision was made for the attainment of specific qualifications. Universities did not provide organized courses leading to examinations. Examinations for those who wished to attain qualifications were organized by the state independently of the universities. Because the universities did not offer regular courses there was no career structure for university teachers. The only established post in universities was that of professor with tenure (*Professor Ordinarius*). The Ordinarius enjoyed high prestige and salary. The rest of the university teaching staff lived a frugal life on the peripheries of the system. Many men with a real

calling and ability to be scholars struggled all their lives in obscure and scarcely remunerated posts without ever achieving the rank of Ordinarius. While professors were civil servants and universities subject to state supervision, they remained remarkably free from political control. In this respect, as in many others, Prussia was the pioneer of liberal values in central Europe. Universities enjoyed the coveted right of self-administration. The government of universities was vested in the Rector and Senate, the latter composed exclusively of professors. Universities in turn were divided into faculties headed by an elected Dean. Each professor organized his own seminar to which students would attach themselves. Other than the provision of public lectures, the form and scope of teaching in German universities depended on the individual professor's commitment to his seminar and students.

This ideal of an academic education divorced from political or economic considerations was capable of only limited realization. The interest of students lay in securing entry to the state service and free professions. It has always been the task of the universities to train and qualify people for these occupations. The Humboldt university completed and expanded the closed, aristocratic social system by offering to middle class aspirants a channel of entry to the new aristocracy of education. Both academically and socially the system was profoundly undemocratic and elitarian. The professors constituted a self-conscious and self-governing elite, while the cost of the prolonged period of study and apprenticeship which the Prussian system imposed on entrants to the higher state service and professions restricted university education to the scions of the aristocracy and the propertied and educated middle class.

Because of its immense prestige the Humboldt system survived the political transformations of Germany, until the advent of National Socialism. The Nazis rejected the Humboldtian ideal of the disinterested pursuit of knowledge and restricted the role of the universities to the provision of technical training for specific jobs. After 1945, however, the Humboldt university was reborn in a purified form. The Western occupation powers had no common educational policy. Because Hitler had abolished the Humboldt university with its broadly based curriculum and emphasis on academic freedom for teachers and students, the concept was idealized. Not withstanding the dysfunctional role which the universities had played in the Weimar period, when they served as the springboard for reactionary conservatism and radical nationalism to attack the republic, German professors returned from exile, who constituted the principal advisers to the Western allies on educational matters, identified the Humboldt university with everything that was good in the German past. Hence there took place in the 1950s in Germany an astonishing restoration of the Humboldt university, which in the days of its high noon corresponded more closely to Humboldt's ideal than at any period in the past. It was a tranquillity born of neglect of necessary change and oblivion as to future developments.

In the 1960s the age of mass higher education broke on Western

Europe. The inherited and revived Humboldt system could not cope either with the appearance of students in unprecedented numbers or with the disappearance of the old ideal of a general academic education. Possession of the Abitur in itself entitled the holder to study at any German university. Once matriculated, the student could remain at university indefinitely. In the absence of organized courses or a hierarchy of teachers an enormous mass of bewildered, disorientated and unorganized students swirled around the universities.

The problem of institutional adaptation to new circumstances was exacerbated by Germany's federal system. Education was traditionally and constitutionally the responsibility of the German states (*Laender*). The Federal government could not impose any national scheme of educational reform. Each Land could act autonomously in educational policy. A measure of co-ordination could be achieved only by the voluntary agreement of the Laender. A constitutional amendment of 1969 empowered the Federation to pass outline laws on the general principles of higher education and under this provision an important Universities Framework Law was passed in 1976. Nevertheless the Laender have direct responsibility for universities: they finance them and play a key role.

The root cause of the uncontrolled expansion of student numbers was the principle that the Abitur was a general entrance ticket to all German universities entitling the holder as of right to be matriculated. The Abitur itself was sacrosanct for social reasons: it afforded entrance not just to university but to middle class jobs and status. In Britain to be middle class is to own one's home; in Germany to be middle class is to possess the Abitur. On the other hand the actual value of the Abitur as an entitlement to a place at university was sharply reduced by the introduction of student quotas by the university faculties whose places were most in demand, because their courses provided a route to well-paid and prestigious jobs and their facilities, e.g. laboratory space, could be made available only to a limited number of students. The ten nation-wide numerous clausus faculties are: medicine, chemistry, psychology, architecture, biology, pharmacy, dentistry, veterinary science, biochemistry and food science. In 1972 the Laender agreed to set up a central office in Dortmund to implement a uniform national system for processing applications and allot places in these faculties according to agreed criteria. While a number of factors were taken into account, the principal criterion was the Abitur grade of the applicant. The Abitur is graded from 1 down to 6, and the central office was soon processing Abitur grades to several decimal places. In the schools a mad competition began to improve fractionally Abitur grades. It was demonstrated statistically that average Abitur grades varied from Land to Land. In Bavaria, for example, 15 per cent of those obtaining the Abitur received grades from 1.0 to 1.19, while in Lower Saxony only 6 per cent received such marks. Hence it proved necessary to weight individual Abitur results according to the Land of the applicant. An applicant from Bavaria with a grade of 1.5 would after weighting have a lower grade than an applicant from Lower

Saxony with 1.7. In 1975 Bavaria refused to provide the statistical information necessary to calculate the level of Abitur performance in Bavaria compared with that in the other Laender. Partly because of Bavarian opposition, the weighting system was replaced in 1977 by a Land quota system, calculated as to two-thirds according to the proportion of the Land's population between the ages of 18 and 20, and as to one-third according to the proportion of applicants for a particular faculty coming from the Land in question. This new system has in turn produced a fresh set of anomalies: to obtain a place in one and the same faculty requires —in extreme cases—an Abitur of 1.5 for an applicant from one Land, and 2.5 for an applicant from another Land.

Applicants who fail to obtain a place in the subject of their choice in the annual distribution of places have three alternatives: to wait, possibly indefinitely; to get a job; or to go into a faculty in which there is no *numerus clausus*. A deterrent to taking employment is that for entry to the state-accredited professions and higher grades of the civil service study at university is an indispensable pre-requisite. The majority of disappointed applicants have matriculated in faculties from which employment prospects are worse, e.g. German, Sociology. These have inevitably become reservoirs of academic and social frustration.

Control of numbers has also been attempted in some Laender by imposing compulsory ex-matriculation on students who have not registered for an examination after a set number of semesters. This, however, is highly controversial, contrary to the Humboldtian principle of academic freedom, and of doubtful efficacy.

The Ordinarius principle has also proved immutable in changed times. Additional teachers have been appointed to provide for the greatly expanded student numbers. But the expedient has been adopted of increasing the number of temporary assistants on short-term contracts, rather than reforming the system itself. The distinction between the elite of tenured professors and the fringe group with little income, status or security survives. These temporary lecturers lack any institutional attachment to their faculties or universities and have in difficult times often proved a profoundly disruptive influence.

The number of universities has also increased sharply. Because of Humboldt's disdain for vocational education, academic training for jobs as opposed to the more grandiose general education was provided in the past by various types of college separate from and inferior in status to the universities: agricultural colleges, commercial colleges, colleges of education, and so on. With the decay of the Humboldtian ideal of general education this institutional distinction between academic and vocational training lost its justification. The number of university places was increased in the 1960s and 1970s by up-grading these colleges to universities, with a corresponding augmentation of the status and actual or future remuneration of their staff and students. Hence there was a multiplication of institutions claiming the unique privileges, status and freedoms of the Humboldt university. To seek to counteract this fissuration of the university system some Laender have introduced the Comprehensive

University (*Gesamthochschule*) by amalgamating the old universities with the new. The difficulty with these institutions is that they serve such a multiplicity of purposes and cater for such a range of requirements that they imperil the very notion of the university itself.

This wholesale expansion of universities to embrace subjects and levels of attainment which were formerly outside the range of universities has swollen Land budgets for higher education beyond their financial capacity. The costs of higher education have also been increased by the introduction of a grants system. The old system restricted study at university to the well-off and made students financially dependent on their families into their late twenties and beyond. After 1945 such a situation was unacceptable because socially inegalitarian. The enhanced status and rights of young people made this prolonged financial reliance on their parents a source of demoralisation and resentment. This dependence was rendered the more undesirable by virtue of the fact that, with the changed pattern of marriage and sexual behaviour, most students were living in a state of pre-marital monogamy. The fee system in German universities has now been abolished and matriculated students have been given a legal right to receive monthly payments for subsistence. The amount of these payments is dependent on the income and property of the student's parents, who are required to make up the balance. The dependence of children of mature years on their parents has thus been reduced, but what was a moral obligation on parents to support their children during education has now become a legal obligation enforceable in the Administrative Courts.

In these changed circumstances the continued dominance of universities by committees of tenured professors was regarded as objectionable both on grounds of principle and practicality. The Social Democratic-Liberal coalition government which took office in 1969 was committed to the extension of co-determination. Unable to achieve the rapid implementation of its plans in industry, it turned to the easier field of universities. A number of Laender ruled by the Social Democratic-Liberal coalition introduced university co-determination laws which devolved the government of universities on committees consisting of one-third professors, one-third professorial assistants and one-third students. The Federal Constitutional Court greatly modified these schemes by ruling that in all important academic matters the tenured professors must be assured a 51 per cent majority on the relevant committees. This movement towards government by representative committees has been reinforced by the Federal Framework Law of 1976.

All these adaptations would have been difficult enough to accomplish in normal times. They were introduced, however, in the late 1960s against a background of a wholesale rejection of the values of post-war West German society by wide sections of the younger generation, especially university students. The eminently practical question of university reform became overlaid by an ideological conflict carried on in the universities. Students who sought a sense of meaning and purpose which they derived neither from the educational system nor from the containing society

turned to the only ideology which could give authoritative and academically impressive answers to their questions: Marxism. The destroyed authority of the older generation was replaced by the infallible redeeming doctrine of Marxism. Power, which in its coercive aspects was not obviously present in ordinary day to day life in West Germany, was reinterpreted as the power of money. Hence adherents of the new creeds could legitimately feel themselves exposed to the tyranny of capitalism.

The combination of an antiquated structure with superficial and inadequate reforms and a militant rejection of the whole system by widespread sections of students produced a breakdown in West German universities. They became a state within a state from which evils poured forth. The democratic political authorities seemed condemned to stand idly by while the destruction of democracy was carried on at the expense of the working population.

In the 1970s these dangers receded. There occurred a profound wave of conservative reaction in European youth, as sudden and inexplicable as that of the late 1960s in the opposite direction. Educated German youth turned from seeking to overthrow the capitalist system and with it the capitalist university to embracing its alleged values uncritically and seeking a place within it for themselves. The universities were saved — but by virtue of good fortune rather than their own efforts and timely reforms.

Three functions are traditionally ascribed to education: political, economic and ideal. Education—according to the received view—should perform the tasks of making people good citizens by imbuing them with the values and standards of their society. But many Germans feel that German universities perform their tasks in a way which is dissonant with a society which in so many other spheres manages to combine democratic organization with efficient performance. The new mood of student passivity is almost more perilous than that which it replaced, for it encourages the continued existence of profound structural flaws arising from the failure of the Humboldt university to overcome its aristocratic origins. The Humboldt university of the old style is now dead. Its successor has yet to emerge. Until it does so German universities will continue to fall short of their great traditions and new responsibilities.

[Dr. David Southern, Lecturer in Politics at Darwin College, University of Kent, is at present doing research work in Bonn. He will be contributing further articles to *Contemporary Review* on the political situation in West Germany.]

DANCING, WITH SWORDS

by John Elsom

I WILL not name the Scottish town where, ten years ago, I spent a dank and dismal Sunday evening. By now, the oil boom will probably have transformed it. There may be Wimpy bars, discotheques, four-star hotels and little Scottish-French restaurants calling themselves Chez Mac. Then, however, it was a place where, if you had time to kill, nobody would lift a finger to kill it for you.

The cafés were closed. The hotel was built like a medieval fortress with miles of cold corridors. The heating switched itself off at eight o'clock and although there were slot machine gas fires in the bedrooms, mine was never more than half-lit, and flickered and popped alarmingly. The restaurant closed down with the heating, and the whole town seemed locked in a puritanical conspiracy to drive you to church. No pubs were open either, and, at times, I felt a strong compulsion to share a melancholy bottle of some brew or other with the occasional bum huddled up against the cold in a doorway.

Walking the streets, usually the most interesting way of killing time in any unknown town, required guts and a thick overcoat. I needed both, and, a hundred yards from my hotel, I began to wonder whether it might not be better to chance the gas fire, than to wander still further among these dark, granite streets where the tall Georgian buildings loomed so alarmingly and the sea mist rolled in spectral waves, apparently searching for vagrants to choke.

What kept me going was the rumour that somewhere on the fringes of the town there was a cinema, open on Sundays. The hotel manager was reluctant to talk about it, as if it breached the Sabbath dourness. He subtly warned me against it, without saying anything exactly derogatory, but implying that I would see no good there and that it would do me no good to be seen there, either. It was his duty to protect the reputation of occasional visitors.

The cinema, when I found it, was built in concrete slabs, like an army hut. Its dingy whiteness stood out against the surrounding granite. Its auditorium was long and cone-shaped, like a wind tunnel, and the whirring of the projector and the crackles from the screen seemed to meet in the middle, around my seat, as if I was being bombarded by particles from some disintegrating whole. They were showing a nudist movie from the early 1950s, where extraordinarily happy people flicked towels at each other in gay abandon around strategically placed bushes. Scotland had never seemed further, alas, from the Ile de Levant.

I must protest, at this point, that I love Scotland, for what followed was an incident not so much sordid as downright saturnine. I had spent four beautiful days in the Highlands, visited the Pitlochry Festival Theatre and riotously enjoyed the Edinburgh Festival, sating myself on fringe events, almost all of which then seemed to have something to commend

them. Scotland seems to me now, as it did then, a wonderful place to spend a holiday; but what may add a certain zest to the pleasure is a prevailing feeling, which many Scots seem to share, that the dark side to life is never far away. As with gaelic *ceilidhs* when, with the songs sung, the stories told, the reels and flings momentarily paused, the floor is cleared to let one nimble, thick-calved, kilted warrior skip point-toed between the edges of two crossed swords, you never quite forget that one too abandoned moment will cause blood to flow.

No blood precisely was spilt in the twenty minutes or so, after I left the cinema, bored and bombarded, half-way through the thirty-ninth glimpse of a bare bottom. What happened though did leave some kind of wound which throbs now when I think about it. I had to visit a public lavatory which, surprisingly enough, was open, for the heavy gate, with its rusty padlock and chain, indicated that at times, probably during Lent, it could be closed. The steps down seemed to lead into the heart of the granite, with dim gas lamps, as in a horror movie; and the room at the end of a short tunnel was simply a dungeon, small but infested, with a little metal trough to serve as a urinal, running along one wall. A rusty tap trickled dark, brown water along the trough to the open drain at one end, which was choked with sodden cigarette butts, bits of newspaper and chip packets. The place stank of undrained urine; and although the walls were not painted black, or in any colour, they were fumed black, as if the dark grey rock had been stenched into solid soot. Normal graffiti writers could have made no impression on its surface with their pencils and ballpoints; but abnormal ones had been at work, chipping away at the soot with God knows what—a knife, a flint—until the lighter granite showed through. What they laboriously wrote matched the effort, and much else besides, for the short phrases dripped violence. A layer of threats had been scratched across the stone, sometimes faintly, sometimes in chunky lettering, warning Sandy, Ian and Dave, fat Alice and skinny Lettice, teams and races, women in general, men in general, exactly what to expect. No humour, no rhymes, and not much bawdry, except for the references to parts which were due to be cut off or drastically enlarged.

As I stood there, marvelling at this concentration of vicarious cruelty, I became aware that somebody was watching me. This lavatory had an attendant, a stocky man with a leather face, whose age was hard to guess at in the dim light but who seemed an old tough. He had a penitential cell to himself, off the dungeon proper, with a green wooden door; and he stood by the door, watching. As I went out, he put out his hand for a tip; and I tipped him, as if we were both in a London club or the Assembly Rooms in Edinburgh. But I didn't know what I was tipping him for—there were no washbasins or towels—or what he was doing there in any case, guarding the trough and the smell on a municipal wage.

I asked him, but I couldn't at first catch all his answer, all glottal Scotch, beginning with B and ending with '. . andalism'. The last word clearly was 'vandalism', and it struck me as odd, when I was walking

back to the hotel, that I should tip somebody whose main purpose was to stop me from being vandalistic. And what was there left in that place to vandalise? Who cared if another sinister threat were added to the list? It seemed to be peculiarly representative of the dark side of Scotland that, in this fetid and loathsome hole, somebody should have been appointed to root out sin.

And then, of course, I guessed at the first word, which must have been 'buggery'. He had said sternly: 'buggery and vandalism'. That's what he was there to stop; that was his role in life, and it seemed overwhelmingly sad that there must have been men and boys in that gloomy town, whose longings were so compelling, who were watched so censoriously by their neighbours and whose furtiveness was so ingrained and complete that they needed to flee into nowhere down those filthy steps.

I do not know quite why the memory of this incident should be so haunting, why it should hover obliquely just to one side of all the much happier pictures in my mind of Scotland; particularly because it is, in a sense, so clichaic. Everybody expects Scotland to be dour and puritanical, and often it is not. The dungeon lavatory calls to mind the particular grand horror of Scottish castles—would *Macbeth* seem so compelling if it had been set in Pembroke Castle rather than Glamis? Of course not. The Welsh, it is assumed, have a different temperament—and even its attendant seems to have stepped straight out of mythology. Instead of thinking of him, as he probably was, an old man tackling the dangerous task of stopping drunken hooligans beating each other up, I instinctively related him to the murderers and gaol-keepers, or even the porter in *Macbeth*. Burke and Hare, wandering the streets off the Grassmarket in Edinburgh, might have looked like him; but so might any old man boosting his pension with a part-time job.

Successive writers on Scotland, from Dr. Johnson onwards, have started their descriptions with precisely similar images, and either extended them into Johnsonian fantasies about the repressive peasant culture of Scotland, or disavowed them altogether, saying that they are untypical or belong to a Scotland which no longer exists. Captain Topham, an 'English officer of culture and ability', who wrote a series of letters about Edinburgh in the 18th century, was at pains to dispel rumours about the dark Scotland while, through the act of refutation, perpetuating them. He too wrote about the lavatories: 'this town,' he said of Edinburgh, 'has long been reproached with many uncleanly customs'. But that, he says, is untrue and unfair: '... you rarely find, in the worst part of the town, an obscure lodging that has not some degree of neatness and a certain simplicity about it, to make it comfortable.' He continues in a typically double-edged paragraph:

> The police set an example by being particularly careful of the cleanness of the streets, into which, as a common sewer, all the nuisances of the houses are emptied at a stated time in the night, on the ringing of a bell, and immediately removed by persons appointed for that purpose; and at the same time, the reservoirs being set open, which are placed at certain intervals in the streets, carry everything away; so that in the morning the streets are so clean that foot passengers walk in the middle of them. But I cannot help observing the intoler-

> able stench that is produced at this season of the night on the moving of the tub of nastiness from each floor: such a concatenation of smells I never before was sensible of; it has been sometimes so powerful as to wake me, and prevent my sleeping till it was somewhat pacified.

The puritanism too has many sides to it. At best in, say, the Morningside district of Edinburgh, it is a matter of style and class, an instinctive sense (shared by Ulster upper-class protestants) of what is fit and appropriate—the right time to take tea in the afternoon, or sherry in the evening, the places to visit for casual luncheons, such as the Oyster Bar in the Café Royal, or for more formal dinners. The New Club is a place whose style is the soul of discretion. The door in Princes Street, between two shops, is simply numbered, but a large, impressive door, leading to a marble hall with mirrors. The steps take you up to a very modern lounge and hall, which manages uniquely to combine the auras of James Bond and James Balfour: ancient retainers leaned on malts, hessian walls, portraits of kings and conquerors, etchings of soldiers, members' lists pinned, with the menus, on noticeboards. Behind those walls, you feel that anything could be happening—communications rooms controlling satellites, board meetings of multi-nationals, hot lines here, there and everywhere; while the dining room commands the most magnificent view of Edinburgh—the post-card view, across Princes Street to the high Castle, flanked by the monument to Walter Scott on the left and the British Caledonian Hotel on the right.

My Morningside friends leave Edinburgh at the time of the festival. They have no objections to the festival itself, but it upsets their routines. They don't like having to battle with innumerable tourists along the Royal Mile; and suspect that the posters plastered everywhere announcing fringe programmes are merely the tip of an iceberg of limitless vulgar proportions. When the festival is over and the streets have been cleared up, they return from their holidays, well content to face another eleven months of peace. For a visitor to Edinburgh who has not settled into the Morningside routine, this attitude seems stuffy to the point of utter insensitivity. How can they not enjoy the festival, with its perfect mixture of fun and silliness, it prestigious visits from world opera and drama companies and its welcoming of the lowliest student company from a comprehensive school?

I suspect, however, that the festival is well, if coolly, appreciated in Morningside. It is just that they savour their mode of living so delicately that excess activity ruins their palate. There are so many examples of pernicketiness from the city fathers that we tend to forget that, despite it all, they too have helped the festival to take place. The very assembly hall of the Church of Scotland has been used from the start as a prime venue for main festival events; and the first director actually to explore the possibilities of that square, sensible debating chamber was a firebrand, Tyrone Guthrie, who had a curious ability to charm away ruffled feelings while simultaneously treading on corns.

I suspect too that Scottish puritans have the rare and altogether civilized ability to take offence in good part. When a mild but anarchic young

American, Jim Haynes, who ran a bookshop in Edinburgh, started the Traverse fringe theatre, there were cries of alarm from all sides. Haynes was occupying an old building which had previously been a brothel. The steps, the corridors and the small intimate rooms bespoke their former calling: there were tattered remains of felt curtains, gaudy paintings on the wall, dents on the floors from over-energetic beds. The city fathers felt that Haynes might use this disorderly house to even more immoral purposes; but gradually the intellectual liveliness of the Traverse, its readiness to try out anything once, won its audiences, until the place had acquired a national, indeed an international reputation. When, ten years later, it moved out of its old premises, its new building in the Grassmarket was opened with as much pomp and ceremony as its fringe status would permit. The Traverse had proved its worth and Edinburgh was fully prepared to welcome it.

Haynes's Edinburgh experiences in winning the battle against Scottish puritanism contrast sharply with his time in swinging London where, in the late 1960s, he started the Arts Lab in Covent Garden. There was no opposition at all to the starting of the Arts Lab; but within a couple of years, it had run into trouble. The Arts Lab acquired a deserved reputation for harbouring drugs and drug addicts, as well as the arts; and eventually the authorities felt that they just had to close the place down. There were police raids—and withdrawals of Arts Council grants—until finally Haynes and his friends decided that the struggle was no longer worth the effort.

The moral of this story is that the Edinburgh authorities, through their early dour censoriousness (which was infuriating at the time), had nevertheless indicated very clearly the social limits within which the Traverse Theatre could pursue its admirable policy of artistic freedom. The London authorities, however, apparently more enlightened and liberal, had not done so; with the result that the Traverse thrived while the Arts Lab closed. A somewhat similar situation occurred in a very different city from Edinburgh, Glasgow, where, when I wrote *Theatre Outside London*, the city authorities were renowned for their attitude towards the Glasgow Citizens Theatre. The Glasgow Cits was in a very bad way in the late 1960s. Successive directors had come and gone, complaining of interference; while the whole Gorbals district, with its gloomy tenements and five flats to a bathroom, was being knocked down around the theatre, so that it stood, absurdly isolated, amid acres of bombsite.

I do not know quite by what miracles of tact Giles Havergal managed to resurrect that theatre, or turn it into such an individualistic place, with its own flashing style of acting, half-ham—half-dandyism, its glittering sets inspired by Philip Prowse, its over-literary writers, such as MacDonald, and its curious mixture of populism and high camp. Havergal's Scottish background may have helped, coupled with the local determination that a theatre associated with James Bridie should not fold. The real secret, however, may well lie in Havergal's ability to learn the rules of Glasgow, the unspoken ones, as well as the formal bye-laws,

within which his freedom could be welcomed, not just resentfully accepted. Havergal had learnt, like a good Scottish dancer, to skip between the blades of the swords.

Sometimes, of course, these swords cut quite unnecessarily. The saga of the Edinburgh Opera House, which is unlikely now ever to be built, is a tale of false economy; as are the persistent complaints about the cost of the Edinburgh Festival. A survey conducted a few years ago indicated that the festival cost Edinburgh about £650,000 in grant money to stage, whereas it brought £16 million annually in tourist revenue into the city. The festival lacks, above all, a decent opera house for its visiting companies; and it can only maintain its status with desperate measures of expediency, which cannot continue for long. They are now, however, building a Hilton Hotel on the site reserved for the Opera House; a hotel which would not be needed except for the success of the festival.

Such short-sightedness reflects a widespread Scottish view that public money should not be spent on entertainment, however many benefits this pleasure brings in its wake. Tales like that suggest that the Scots are somehow against pleasure in itself, which is self-evidently untrue, for if they were as dour and puritanical as legend suggests, the festival, the games, the tattoos and the Glasgow Cits would and could never had started at all. The Scots love having a good time: they even revel in the kind of anarchic humour, best represented by the Glasgow banana-boots boy, Billy Connelly. But they structure their pleasure within a strict sense of what is formal and appropriate. They want no blood to flow.

And, curiously, this formality, this puritanism, brings its own reward at festival time. How wonderful it is to feel the temporary relaxation of the absurd licensing laws, to see what can otherwise be a grey, formidable city — more elegant but as severe as the unnamed town where I once spent Sunday—suddenly blossoming with carefree students. It is altogether typical of Scotland and Edinburgh that it should be the one place in the world where spring comes in early autumn. Topham described the 18th century Edinburgh tenements which can still be seen in the old town today.

> The buildings are divided, by extremely thick partition walls, into large houses, which are here called lands, and each storey of a land is called a house. Every land has a common staircase, in the same manner as the inns of court in London, and houses in Paris; from whence, it is most probable, this custom was taken. This staircase must always be dirty, and is in general, very dark and narrow. It has this advantage, however, that as they are all of stone, they have little to apprehend from fire, which, in the opinion of some, would more than compensate for every other disadvantage.

In the spring-autumn of the Edinburgh Festival, these lands are covered with many flowers blooming, a three-week revel after a long hibernation. A city, made bountiful by its own severe self-discipline, opens its hospitality to others; and it cannot altogether have escaped their attention that such generosity is also *extremely* good for trade.

THE STORY OF THE MINER

by George Beattie

THE story of the miner starts in the early 1600's. Then, the small pits belonged to the owners of the estates on which they were situated.

Acts of Parliament in 1606 and 1631 obliged the miner to remain on the land and work up to eighteen hours a day. If the land and mine were sold, the miners were part of the transaction. They broke the law if they ran away and looked for work elsewhere. Their sons were bound to follow their fathers into the pits.

To increase the labour force, 'criminals' who did not merit hanging were sentenced for life to the pits, and as a sign of that sentence had iron collars fixed round their necks. These conditions spanned two centuries. The collier and his sons left their hovels at eleven o'clock at night, walked over the fields to the pits, where a spiral staircase round the walls of the shaft was their entry to the shallow underground.

They hewed the coal from the walls for three hours, then the miner's wife set out for the pit with her daughters, bringing baskets to carry the coal. They too went down the pit and the coal was loaded into the baskets. A commission described what ensued: —

> Such is the weight that it frequently takes two men to lift the burden up on their backs; the girls are loaded according to their strength. The mother sets out first, carrying a lighted candle in her teeth; the girls follow and in this manner they proceed to the pit bottom, and with many weary steps ascend the stairs, halting occasionally to draw breath, till they arrive at the pit top. In this manner they go on for eight or ten hours, almost without resting and return down the pit singing.

Reforms came slowly and reluctantly. In 1775 an Act was passed which laid down that all miners who were under the age of 21 were to be set free in seven years, and those between 21 and 30 were to be set free in ten years. But most of the miners were too ignorant to take advantage of the Act and continued in their bondage.

It was the end of the century before an Act was passed making freedom of choice to miners unconditional. Yet, in the opening decades of the nineteenth century, women and children were still working underground. The mining communities again lapsed into obscurity, little thought of by the rest of the country, until a Parliamentary commission in 1842 stabbed the conscience of the nation.

One commissioner, who took evidence in the east of Scotland, found children of eleven working from five in the morning until five in the afternoon, carrying one hundredweight at a time, in water up to their knees. A girl who could carry two hundredweight described how once she went up to her neck in water.

Another girl who could only be eight years, worked from two in the morning until two in the afternoon and said, 'I have had the strap when I didna do my bidding.'

About the beginning of the century rails were laid in the underground 'roads' and the coal was drawn on wheeled boxes, to which boys and girls were yoked by a girdle and a chain. The report caused a great outcry, and in 1843 an Act was passed prohibiting the use of female labour down the pits. And it limited the starting age of boys to ten years and for boys between ten and thirteen a three-day week of twelve hours a day.

So 'progress' went on through bitter industrial strife in the latter part of the nineteenth century.

The 1920's and 1930's were still very hard times for the miner. Wages were low, work was often scarce. There was still real poverty in the mining villages.

I was born before the first world war in the Scottish mining village of Lochore, under the shadow of the Mary Pit. It was the beginning of the age of the deep pits. The Mary was driven two thousand feet downwards into the rich coal seams formed over sixty million years by the great carboniferous forests. It was part of the ruthless drive for deep-mined coal which swept over Fife.

The great colliery superstructure of chimney and pulley wheels under the wooded slopes of the Benarty Hill dominated our lives.

To cater for the great expansion, shops and stores moved into the village. In a house above one of the stores I was born, and as I grew up I looked out on the Mary, and nearer in view the cluster of miners' houses. Just over the road were the Caravan Rows, so called because at first they had roofs like caravans. Each row had six two-roomed houses. They had no water or sanitation inside. One dry lavatory was at the end of each row, and there was a well from which the women drew their water in pails.

Let us look at the caravan rows on a summer's afternoon in the early twenties.

The miner has come home, between two and three o'clock, begrimed from hand to foot. His wife, has risen at four or five in the morning, packed his metal piece box and filled his small metal tea flask (he drinks the tea cold). She has a meal ready for him when he comes home and a wooden tub full of hot water awaits him in front of the fire. He strips and bathes and then eats. The woman scrapes his pit clothes and boots, and puts them out to dry in the sun. If it is raining she has to dry them beside the fire. A drab and bare existence for the miner's wife.

It was in the twenties that the miners made a real attempt to combine with the other work forces in the troubles of the year 1926, caused by cuts in already meagre miners' wages. Then, after a short time, the others opted out, and the miners were left for months to fight a battle that became increasingly hopeless, and ended in a winter of surrender.

It was a difficult time for my father, a shopkeeper. He had to decide what credit to give to his miner customers, who were good payers when they had any money, but who in a long strike had no money.

Then there were the miners' children. They had somehow to be fed. So soup kitchens were set up in the school playground. Shopkeepers and

others gave what they could. Bread, boiling beef to go in the soup, which was, however, mainly cabbage. A thick piece of bread and a ladleful of soup was the meal.

The miners were out in the fields snaring rabbits, or catching wood pigeon and partridge when they could. For fuel they 'raided' the pit bin, and were prosecuted for it, although the coal was not saleable.

My mother did what she could. We had about 100 hens in the back yard. Strangely enough, they were never stolen, nor were their eggs. We were, you see, part of the community. My mother would take me to the window, point out two or three miners' houses and send me to each with a dozen eggs. But that was a drop in the bucket. Real hunger stalked the village as that bitter winter dragged on.

Over all these hard times of the twenties and thirties brooded the spectre of danger and accident underground. Safety measures were not as good then as now. Mine managers were solely responsible for safety, but at the same time they were answerable to their company for the economic running of the pit. How many pit props were necessary to hold up the roof? That is, how *few* would do, consistent with safety. It was a dilemma that was resolved in different degrees by different managers.

Major disasters were the most harrowing. I was a young man in the early thirties, and was the first reporter present at the Bowhill pit disaster, in which ten men died.

There had been an accumulation of the deadly gas called 'fire damp'. This was probably caused by inadequate ventilation, ignited either by a broken safety lamp carried by one of the men, or by a switch-box which was not flame proof.

The news spread through the village, and men immediately offered their services for the rescue attempts. The first rescuers were driven back by 'after damp' which spreads after an explosion. Relays of miners worked feverishly to build a screen to turn the air back into the affected section.

While the battle was being fought underground, wives and families gathered at the pithead. The news brought sobs from the relatives of the men there.

As night came on, hope faded and was finally destroyed when the manager grimly announced that all ten men in the section were dead.

At mid-day on the Sunday, the next day, the pulley wheels turned slowly as the cage came up time after time and body after body was brought to the surface. The now silent families drifted back to the village, and on the Wednesday a tragic chapter in the history of a mining village came to a close with the funeral of the ten miners.

But besides major disasters there were frequently single accidents from roof falls and other causes. The ambulance would come up to the miners' row from the pit. At each door appeared the figure of a miner's wife. Who was it? It had, of course, to stop at one door. The first reaction of the others was relief—then sympathy, consolation and help. For to lose a bread-winner was a very serious matter. The whole village rallied round, but in material terms the help was not much. They must wait until the

eldest son was 13 and could take his father's place in the pit.

These tragedies were a further bond among the miners.

Nowadays, the isolation of villages and communities is not so great. A miners' leader uses flying pickets to take part in strikes in other industries. The ease of communications takes miners and their families to towns for outings and holidays (unknown before) in far flung places. But in the rank and file the feelings of separation and the necessity to look after their own interests is still deep-rooted, and it is as well, if only in the interests of restitution, that the rest of the country should recognise and understand this.

The people of this country generally misunderstand the miner. He is regarded as a man who grabs what he can for himself with no consideration for others and does not hesitate to impose his will by striking and bringing the country to a halt. When such a situation arises he becomes 'the enemy of the nation'.

But this is because, over hundreds of years, the nation has been an enemy of the miner who has always been a race apart. Deeply embedded in the heredity of their closely knit communities, the miners know that for centuries they have been hidden away from the rest of the world, and little thought given to the conditions under which they worked to supply the fuel that set the wheels of the industrial revolution turning, fired the proliferating railways, powered the merchant ships and battleships.

I was born and brought up in a mining village and spent my youth there. I had personal insight into the life of the miners and I came to realise that their attitude was rooted deeply in their history.

Tom Hooson, M.P. Conservative Member of Parliament for Brecon and Radnor writes: If ever a man earned his wages it is the miner at the coal-face harvesting energy for you and me. There is no better time to witness the injustice of the tax on earnings than when the collier discovers this loss from his pay packet. Our whole economy may be in danger this winter because an agreement concerning wages of £200 per week cannot be reached.

This may seem absurd, and it is. But the absurdity is the breaking of every wage agreement by the tax on earnings. A price is agreed for the job and it is never paid. The tax on earnings is a violation of every wage agreement that is made. The only ethical basis for any wage agreement must allow the worker to earn what he will and to keep what he earns. Rates of pay must have that basic agreement, otherwise they are a fraud and a cheat.

The tax on earnings was once outlawed in Britain. In 1815 Parliament declared this tax to be detestable, shameful and immoral. We can all recognise the truth of that statement when we see the British coal miner being robbed of his earnings by the tax man.

Let us win justice for all who work, put an ace into the hands of Joe

Gormley, the greatest leader the miners have ever had in Britain, and put Tory principle into practice, by ending the taxation of earnings.

When Britain stops the practice of punishing its workers for working with a tax on their earnings, productivity in the pits will double and even treble. Every Budget in the lifetime of this Parliament should take a bold step in that direction. Nothing less than abolition of the tax on earnings is acceptable as the final goal. Britain will no longer need to print money to pay its way and inflation will disappear. Inflation hits the lowest paid workers hardest of all. Ending the tax on earnings will bring an end to the poverty created by inflation.

Let us use the inspiration, given to the Nation by Joe Gormley, to reform an iniquitous tax. Let us endorse his stand against unreason by ending the tax on earnings.

[George Beattie was Editor of the daily paper, *The Dundee Courier*, from 1961-78. He is at present undertaking research on a study of the proletariat and middle classes in the Twenties and Thirties.]

The December issue of *Contemporary Review* includes *Australia's Winter of Discontent* by Keith D. Suter, *Close-up of Julius Nyerere* by Alfred Landor, *John Singer Sargent* by Cyril Fradan and *Theatres in Hammersmith—a Move from the West End* by Robert Rubens.

A FRIEND OF ISRAEL

by Sir Alan Marre

MY wife and I first visited Israel in the late spring of 1973, a few months before that country underwent the agonies of the Yom Kippur War. We were there for a holiday, but at the time I was filling the post of Parliamentary Commissioner for Administration (as the British Ombudsman who handles complaints against Government Departments is officially known). When he learnt that I was coming, my Israeli opposite number — a distinguished lawyer and former politician, Dr. I. E. Nebenzahl — invited me to meet him and members of his staff. I was, therefore, able to learn something at first-hand about how complaints against the working of bureaucracy were handled in Israel, a country where it is, alas, strong and deep-rooted.

But my wife and I were mainly concerned to meet people and get some impressions of the social life of the country and what helped to make it tick. In that respect the visit proved to be something of an eye-opener. A country no larger than the Principality of Wales impressed us, as it does so many others, by its compact diversity, its sense of purpose and its intense complexity. We have returned again since, and are planning another visit quite soon; and since my retirement in 1976 I have actively involved myself in a number of ways in Anglo-Israeli affairs.

Most recently I accepted an invitation to become one of the Trustees of the Friends of Israel Educational Trust. In that capacity I help to administer a new, broadly-based, but still small British agency fostering exchange schemes between this country and Israel. Before outlining the aims and activities of the Trust, I want to try and explain in more detail the powerful attraction of Israel for me.

I am a non-observant Jew, not particularly interested in the more sacred features of the Holy Land; yet the fact that this tiny country located at the eastern end of the Mediterranean can command the spiritual attentions and the supra-national concern of hundreds of millions of Jews, Christians and Moslems world-wide can stir the emotions of even the most secular mind.

For example the Western Wall, the last remaining trace of Herod's Temple, is in itself perhaps little more than an unusual landmark. Yet the fusion of the place with the masses who go there to worship, who project into that site their historic hopes, ideals and loyalties, seems actually to transform and visibly animate those bare stones. I have observed the scene on a Friday night, at the beginning of the Jewish Sabbath when thousands of Hassidic worshippers dressed in strange Eastern European garb monopolise the piazza in front of the Wall. Influenced by their fervent movement at prayer, thousands swaying as if at a revivalist meeting, others too can feel and share in that warm current of joy and uplift they generate; and in the same measure all those, however lacking in any

religious sense, who see the Friday crowds of Moslems surging towards the gracious Mosques in old Jerusalem, or the streams of Christian pilgrims following the route of the Cross, cannot but find the scene both stimulating and unique to this Holy Land.

It is a remarkable paradox that in Jerusalem, one of the tiniest capital cities in the world in one of the smallest member states of the United Nations, you encounter something approaching a veritable microcosm of the world community—a dynamic cosmopolitanism stimulated by pilgrims from all parts of the globe, including even Arabs from States officially at war with Israel. And this rich international atmosphere is complemented by the cultural diversity of the resident communities within Israel. Jew, Christian and Moslem, not to mention Druse, Bahai, Samaritan and other smaller ethnic and religious groups all consider this Land as home, and within each group social customs vary considerably.

Jerusalem today boasts over 35 different Christian denominations, each with a following and an impact on a section of Israel's population; within the Israeli Arab community, now 550,000 in number, subtle nuances and traditions distinguish town from village; and the majority Jewish population of over 3 million people draws deeply both on local traditions built up over 3,000 years of continuous residence in the Land, and the new styles of Jewish refugees returning to Israel from over 120 different countries of dispersion. After 32 years of renewed independence, with over half the population now native-born Israelis and over 50 per cent dark-skinned citizens, of Middle Eastern or Third World origin, Israeli society looks almost like a sophisticated mosaic, the richer for its unique endowment of cultures.

What gives Israel an extra quality is the creative momentum which characterises this whole Society. Within the country from Metullah, in the naturally fertile North, to Eilat and Sinai in the Desert South (in reality a journey of a mere 12 hours or less by car) there are Israelis of all faiths engaged in a consciously constructive process of nation-building.

As is well known the Israelis have over the course of the last century accepted the challenge of the Land and physically transformed a wasted countryside and restored it to its former fertile state. All the malarial swamps have been drained; over 130 million trees have been planted; and the deserts of neglect have been tamed and pushed back. I can with so many others bear witness to the achievements of Israel's farmers who have restored the terraced hillsides of Galilee and the Judean Hills and brought shade and fertility to some of the most inhospitable desert country. Their agricultural system is now ranked amongst the most advanced technologically in the world, and the social organisation of farming on kibbutz and moshav collectives has proved to be economically productive, financially viable and egalitarian socially.

Equally stimulating is the atmosphere in the urban centres where the bulk of Israel's population lives. 26 brand new cities have been erected

since independence in 1948. Industrial activity in highly specialised areas of production, drawing on the large pool of university trained talent in the country, now represents the growth sector of the Israeli economy. Industry is closely linked to the seven main universities from which innovative ideas flow. Research programmes in the Arts and the Sciences, including major work in the fields of solar energy, water desalination and medical electronics have won praise from colleagues all over the world; and teaching in most faculties attains the highest international standards.

In town and country alike the artistic life of Israel pulsates with activity. Established writers, painters and musicians are now being rivalled by the new generation of outstanding youngsters who come forward in ever larger numbers to attend master classes or participate in the orchestras, dance companies, music schools and drama groups in which this young country abounds.

Perhaps a particular cause for congratulation is that, external hostilities notwithstanding, Israel remains an open, self-questioning Parliamentary democracy. Very few of the countries who attained independence after the Second World War have consistently offered the voter a genuine choice at elections. In Israel elections have been held at regular intervals; genuine freedom of speech has been guaranteed to all communities, indeed dissent has become almost the hall mark of Israeli public life (sometimes perhaps even with too strong an imprint); the press, too, is free from Government interference, and the military remains under firm Parliamentary control.

My former colleagues in the Israeli Ombudsman's Office illustrated the conspicuous individuality of Israeli life most vividly. The service was opened in Jerusalem in September 1971. In its first year of operations the Department received 10,000 complaints, 7,500 of which were lodged directly with the Ombudsman. Their comment to me was: 'Our numbers have reached a world record!'. Indeed, in our own very much larger country, only about 1,000 complaints reached me in my first year of office (1971/72)—and only half of these through Members of Parliament, the only authorised method of approach to our Parliamentary Commissioner—though the number had risen to about 2,000 in my last year (again only half through Members of Parliament).

Any visitor to Israel must find it difficult not to feel excited by a society which is so articulate, argumentative, volatile and engaging. I personally find Israelis outgoing, sometimes rather over-poweringly self-involved and aggressive, but justifiably proud of their record of achievement.

Yet no visitor can miss the other side of the coin too. As Israel moves into her fourth development decade, major strains persist on both domestic and external fronts. Intrinsic, structural problems have made it impossible to create a society with full equality of opportunity from such disparate social elements; and the continuing state of advanced preparedness for war has diverted scarce resources away from critical areas of need on the home front.

The experience of the last 30 years has shown also that the communities within the State of Israel are not equally well equipped to cope in a Western-oriented, technologically-based society. The large, ill-educated immigrant Jewish families from the Arab countries of North Africa, for example, have faced far greater problems of adaptation than either European or North American settlers, and indeed in income terms have fallen well below the levels of attainment of the lowest Arab communities in Israel. The State, equipped with a sophisticated social welfare system, is trying to disperse and rehouse large, overcrowded families and generally eradicate the slums. Particular emphasis is placed on helping the young to break out of the 'poverty trap' and to raise their own perceived status in Israeli society, but it is recognised that within all sections of the community at large, both amongst Jews and Arabs, there is legitimate dissatisfaction and complaint. And despite the equality of rights provided for in the constitution, and the praiseworthy efforts of determined bridge-builders, there is still—no doubt largely under the pressure of external forces—much mutual mistrust and suspicion between Jew and Arab.

Sadly, as already mentioned, domestic priorities have had to take second place to the needs of security and defence. After 32 years the state of war between the Arab World and Israel continues. All the Arab States, with the exception of Egypt, officially maintain a state of hostility and provide support for terrorist actions against Israel. Finding itself ranged against over 20 immensely wealthy Arab powers, Israel now spends a disastrously large element of each annual budget on defence; approximately one quarter of the country's Gross National Product maintains a highly advanced, but unproductive, military machine.

Confrontation therefore imposes a major financial burden on this small community. It also inevitably intrudes on the well-being of Israeli families. Men and women alike serve for extended periods in the Army and most Israeli men are now called up for reserve duty each year of their lives up to the age of 55.

In spite of this dislocation and the rampant inflation, in large measure produced by the need for military preparedness, Israel nevertheless remains remarkably resilient. Beaches along the Mediterranean are crowded with sun-worshippers, the shops are bursting with home-produced goods and foreign imports and even that one uniquely Israeli sight—youngsters on leave from the army, travelling on public transport with their weapons (to relieve pressure on the armoury administrators)—is carried off with casual disregard. Touring the country it would be easy to forget the ever present danger. Whether in factories perfecting new computer ranges or on farms growing millions of flower blooms for European markets or even discussing esoteric academic issues with Israeli scholars, life is generally as normal and as unruffled as in any part of London.

If I am concerned for the welfare and well-being of Israel, I am I hope not chauvinist about my support. I admire the resolution of the Israeli people, and I am excited by the creative tension and the sense of purpose

which characterises them. In many areas of their national life they require support and the expertise of a well-established society like that of Great Britain. I welcome the fact that (in addition to charitable funds that provide some general support) particular Israeli institutions have groups of friends in this country which have organised charities dedicated to the task of providing those institutions with financial and other support. The great Hebrew University of Jerusalem, for example, has its British Friends (among whom I am one) who raise substantial sums of money on its behalf and promote valuable academic interchanges with British Universities. In turn, I believe the Israeli experience can be of immense applied value to the citizens of this country. I wish there were more people who showed that they realised this, and understood the need for Britain to maintain genuine multi-lateral contacts with Israel as well as with all the other countries in the Middle East, for the greater good of us all.

The Friends of Israel Educational Trust (FOI), a British registered charitable and educational fundation having Lady Stone as Chairman of its Board of Trustees, is one of the newest agencies set up to promote a better understanding between the two countries. Over the last three years it has been endeavouring to generate much greater interchange between specialists of all kinds in the U.K. and their Israeli peers. Working still on the most modest of British-raised budgets, FOI has been trying to identify areas of mutual interest and has brought together experts in a broad range of disciplines. In the Sciences, the Arts, in Education, Social Welfare and in many other fields FOI has fostered greater contact between specialists and this has prompted both exchanges of information and, in some instances, long-term collaboration on projects. FOI has encouraged British specialists to travel to Israel, organising and sponsoring such visits, to assess and advise on developments in Israel; at the same time we have encouraged Israelis to visit the U.K. to report on their own work, to receive new ideas and to enlarge the dialogue between Britain and Israel. The London office explores potential points of association with academic institutions, individual specialists, leaders of religious thought and, in fact, any interest group prepared to participate in a critical and open association between the two countries. Politics is no part of our concern.

Within its broad frame of reference FOI does not restrict its activities simply to the so-called VIPs in society. The Trust recently organised a London programme for a party of 20 young people from Israel composed of Jews, Christians and Moslems drawn from all parts of Israel. The members of the party were hand-picked by Neve Shalom, a non-denominational, non-political Peace Education Centre in Jerusalem which is directed by a French-born Dominican priest, Father Bruno Husar. All the participants were distinguished by their active commitment to the promotion of inter-communal relations within Israel. 'At home we must learn to live together, after all we have no choice' said one member of the group. 'Of course peace takes time. That is why we have to start

now.' The group visited Moslem, Christian and Jewish religious centres in London and met with leading political, religious and youth-work personalities during their stay.

In February 1980, on the other hand, a party of British, mainly non-Jewish youngsters, selected from applicants from all parts of Britain who have submitted essays explaining their interest in wanting to visit the country, will embark on a new 6-month Israel programme. The 'Bridge in Britain' group will be composed of school-leavers taking off a year before beginning university or other higher education courses. The programme prepared by FOI will include a month with Professor Mordechai Gichon of the University of Tel Aviv Archaeology Department at one of his 'digs'; four months on a kibbutz in the Northern Negev Desert; study days with academics or working professionals in each participant's chosen field of study; and ample time to tour the country extensively at leisure.

My fellow Trustees and I hope that this encounter with Israel will prove to be a stimulating and valuable experience for each participant. Though each member of the group will make an individual, personal assessment of the country, we certainly hope that a longer-term relationship with Israel and her peoples will be prompted by the visit and that a sensitive dialogue will continue in the future.

Israel is blessed with a number of unique distinctions. It is a new state with age-old roots. It is a tiny country with a special meaning for millions of people scattered throughout the world; and it is a country facing a basic elemental battle for survival which has avoided the danger of becoming a modern Sparta, and remains a diverse and complex society which defies simple classification.

It is the FOI's aim to stimulate wider interest in this country of Israeli achievements, problems and hopes; and in Israel of the British scene, including our own successes and our own difficulties.

We hope in the promotion of this Anglo-Israel dialogue that people will explore the fascinations of this old-new land afresh. Whatever one's speciality Israel is bound to stimulate interest and concern.

[Sir Alan Marre was a Civil Servant from 1936 to 1971. He served for most of this time in the Ministry of Health and its successor, the Department for Health and Social Security, concluding this part of his career as Second Permanent Secretary. In 1971 he was appointed Parliamentary Commissioner of Administration (Ombudsman) until his retirement in 1976. His present activities include voluntary work of various kinds, among them membership of the Board of the Whitechapel Art Gallery and Chairmanship of Age Concern, England.]

VISITING A 'FELLOW'S' FLAT

by E. A. Markham

A FRIEND, sharing my flat in Hull, received a letter from a German acquaintance, and the second line of the address read, VISITING A FELLOW'S FLAT. That was not the least amusing comment on the sign at the foot of the staircase announcing my new status—VISITING FELLOW. And naturally, there is the tendency to scurry for cover, and to set up barricades reading STOP. HUMANIZING THE ENVIRONMENT. IRRIGATING THE SOIL, etc. CONNECTING. So let me admit now that I don't know if you can *teach* Creative Writing, but I'm prepared to take the risk—I, with about thirteen or so other writers sponsored by the Arts Council to attach ourselves to educational institutions for a year or two, and then to get on with it. It was obviously useful for the Fellow to gain the cooperation of his (or her) new colleagues, but success probably depended as much on the size of the ego, or the driving-force of plain, old-fashioned writerly guilt. But the writer talking of taking risks soon finds himself in difficulty: from nowhere, images of Hemingway and Allen Ginsberg start getting in the way.

But no need to be on the defensive, they say, on welcoming you: you are among friends, allies. They know all about risk-taking (College people, you know) associated with, say, punk, with reggae, with the improvised jazz piano of Keith Jarrett; with the West Indian approach to cricket, etc. No need to accuse one another of vulgarity at this stage, wait until the end of the enterprise and see if we are still clutching, clutching. Time enough to talk about the 'Writer in Society' when you *find* such a writer, conscious of being alive in a specific place. One of your allies who could only be from a selection committee you wish to forget will say something like, 'The novel is necessary to correct the distortions of development', and you will certainly agree and wonder why he himself was not appointed to the post. You get the picture. It is intended to put you at your ease.

Did I say something about taking risks? Ah yes. How about a parting shot at those (from the welcoming party) on their way down the stairs: it's up to Art, isn't it?—if what we've been saying makes any sense and somehow Art is connected to the rest of the social 'Quatermass'—it's up to Art to take the risks which these days we deny the airline pilot, the anaesthetist. Well, it's not the worst thing in the world to be thought of as trying too hard.

But let's have less coyness, more straight talking. The Creative Writing Label helps. It helps you to get office-space, use of 'facilities' and a Dean or two to sign your cheques. And it helps, in a way, to concentrate the mind on what might not normally be specific or concrete. It helps, as they say, to 'identify an area of need'. There would be the shared acceptance that, well, ways of speaking to (and of) one another tend in

time to narrow into *cliché*, tend to become conventionalized and that the writer and the Institution have some sort of vested interest in at least being self-conscious about it. You are chosen, you end up like someone putting down a marker and though you never quite avoid getting kicked, you soon learn not to bruise easily. Or to heal quickly. (If for nothing else, all writers should have a Fellowship).

For a year, I was Writing Fellow at a particular place, Hull College of Higher Education, in Humberside. It was a period of transition (in the literal sense in that five or six institutions were in the process of being made one institution, and raising its academic status). I eventually came to terms with some of the split-site problems by living on one site, having an office on another and holding a weekly workshop on a third. By the second term the pattern was established (and by the third term, my students were thinking of their exams, I was thinking of moving on: a comment on the length of such Fellowships?)

It was, as expected, difficult to persuade inexperienced writers to come together in workshop. Some were uncertain whether their own private fantasies and forms of madness weren't too precious, or too fragile, to be witnessed by others at a 'similar stage of development': these were for my eyes and ears only. Skill was needed to enlarge the membership of these secret societies of *one*, and to show that leaks would not undermine them, for new members could ultimately be persuaded to adopt similar rules of conduct. That, if nothing else, would make the experience of workshop less repetitive for the Fellow.

Within this group, then, we encouraged people to write regularly, to expect to be misunderstood and to *write* rather than talk their way out of supposed crises.

But some of the problems we encountered weren't specifically writing ones. (I take it for granted that one way to help a young writer is to introduce him to a friendly grocer or fish-monger, so that Art might be sustained where it matters). No, the real problems were those of, say, the constituent which finds itself far from the parent body. That was true of the region as a whole; though, having been brought up in provincial London, I try not to make vulgar assumptions of other provinces. Jokes about Hull being far away in time as well as in space are not mine. The lovely image of the artist throwing up his arms in a gesture reminiscent of a person in an old photograph doing a dance no longer daring, is simply foolish. The Fellow is being paid to do a job, not to posture.

But the fact is, people at HCHE did feel dispirited; both staff and students felt far away from where things happened—or from where they happened *first;* and that the nearby university had contributed to this sense of being on the periphery. Yet Hull was rich in local writers, though the most important of these tended to compound our problems. There was a sense that those who wrote well here tended to disapprove of what was young and vital, wrote with a sense of regret, lamenting a vanished youth. This is a permissible attitude, of course, and not always

dishonest, but for eighteen-year old students at a college, it could be seen as a violation of their rights, their democratic rights to optimism and generosity of spirit. In this sense, Hull is a difficult place for the young writer.

As I was the first incumbent, I had inherited no in(terested) group, no structure; and repairing this meant taking time off from workshop to deal with the Arts Administration delights of organizing visits of professional writers, dealing with grant-giving bodies, and the like.

They came up to convince us that we existed, the poets, novelists, etc. We weren't, of course, trying to turn HCHE into a cultural railway-station emulating that earlier, more innocent decade, the '60s, but we induced some very exciting passengers to change platforms here and to open their luggage to us while they waited. Now a tenuous link between Michael Baldwin and Gavin Ewart is that they performed at our workshop. James Berry and Linton Kewsi Johnson might both be West Indian poets but . . . And did you know that Geoff Adkins, Martin Bax and Abigail Mozley were not *just* magazine editors but . . .? The American short-story writers, Diana Hallett and Lorna Tracy: we now know what else they have in common. Theatre Critic John Elsom and CBS dramatist Rachel Wyatt visited us too. . .

Yes, of course, this is silly. And maybe too much of our energy and 'resources' went towards bringing people in and focussing attention on work-in-progress than in the revised drafts of workshop.

Workshop: people continued to come, and to write. Some wrote regularly. At the start of the workships, we stressed the need for industry rather than talent, for we were not then sure enough of ourselves and of the conditions which might stimulate excellence. But in time we stopped being promiscuous in assuming that writing itself was a good thing, the more of it the better; and started questioning one another on why certain markings on the paper were as they were, why they were not achieving their desired effect: in short, we became critics. But we were a group of consenting critics, trying to pay attention to detail: words, phrases, images—even the correct spelling on our posters—were all presumed to be relevant to our immediate goal of clarity (and to fulfilling our part of the contract—still a secret—with the green-grocer, the fishmonger). We grew increasingly vigilant in our hunt of the cliché, even when it lodged in the most unlikely places—in our own work, for instance.

Towards the end of the year, a voice from the past interrupted one workshop with, among other pleasantries, a quote: 'The novel is necessary to correct the distortions of development'. It was like something left over from a party, a phrase remembered on the return of consciousness. And it seemed to me that the messenger had aged in pursuit of what we must call his academic duties. We would have liked to make him welcome, but we hadn't yet quite worked through to generalizations; though we were on our way. Given another year, we would be ready: risks, we reminded ourselves, were our business.

Maybe that's why the College offered no second year.

But expectations have been raised: poems, stories, plays etc. will continue to be delivered to the flat at the top of the VISITING FELLOW'S staircase, and their authors will expect them to be dealt with. There are people about who now expect things to *happen* at the College, and the Creative Writing Fellowship has contributed to this hope.

The time-span of one year defeated us in other respects. Forging links with other institutions proved difficult. The university, though separated from one of the main College sites by a *lane*, was like a thing on the right side of the tracks, whose inhabitants are loth to cross over. There was a pre-war sense of Institutional self-sufficiency on Cottingham (University/College) Road—pre 1968, that is; and many attempts at our working together must tactfully be relegated to anecdote.

[E. A. Markham is at present C. Day Lewis Fellow in the London Borough of Brent. Formerly he was Creative Writing Fellow at Hull College of Higher Education. He has been Director of Caribbean Theatre Workshop and has written a number of plays. The latest of these, *Local Colour*, opens at the Keskadee Arts Centre, Islington, London, in November 1979. Publications of poetry include *Cross Fire* (Outposts 1972), *Master Class* (Curlew 1976) and *Love Poems* (Lobby Press 1978). Also, for 1980, *Games and Penalties* (Poet and Printer).]

QUARTERLY FILM REVIEW

by James Morton

THE summer is always the silly season for films. This year has been no exception, with a series of horror movies with such titles as *Phantasm* which carried the advertising slogan 'If you're not frightened by this then you are already dead'. It is therefore particularly heartening that the BBC has produced a major retrospective season of the films of Jean Renoir. It is impossible to overestimate the value of such a season because whereas the National Film Theatre may present a more extensive catalogue the actual viewing figures cannot begin to equal those of the BBC. Thousands, if not millions, have been introduced to Renoir's work. Those of us who already know it have had the opportunity of reassessment.

Renoir is, of course, the son of his even more famous father, Pierre August. After his father's death he married his model, Catherine Hessling, whom he used in his first silent films. One of the strengths of this season has been the introductions by Gavin Millar which have included clips from films not used in the season. If one complains about the introductions it is that Millar tends to show the highlights of the films to be shown which produces a *déjà vu* effect.

The first in the twelve film series was *Une Partie de Campagne,* an unfinished film based, with total fidelity, on the short story by Guy de Maupassant. This established the basic tenet of Renoir's work—that of purity. It was by no means his first film. As director his debut was to make *Nana* with his wife in 1926. Two years later he made *La Petite Marchande d'Allumettes*; a quite stunning box of technical tricks but at the same time clearly setting out his pursuit of innocence.

The nineteen-thirties produced a string of magnificent films. *Bondu Sauvé les Eaux* was shown in the season. It is now nearly fifty years old and it is as fresh as if it had been made in the last decade—perhaps fresher because all that has dated is the clothing the characters wore. The acting, noticeably that of Michael Siman as the eponymous tramp who brings anarchy and carnage to the house of the philanthropic bookseller who has saved him from drowning, is as good as one can hope for. The camera work is never obtrusive and overall there is such charm in Simon's destruction of the house and household that one can understand how everyone allows it to happen. A result not obtained by many later films which sought to capitalise on the idea of the intruding stranger.

1936 saw the turning of *Une Partie de Campagne,* never completed because of bad weather. It is difficult, seeing it now, to understand what more was needed. Gavin Millar in his introductions gave the impression that he thought it a happy film. I thought, both when I first saw it and on television that it was a film of more or less unrelieved gloom. Taken faithfully from the de Maupassant short story it is the story of a Paris family's outing on the river. The young daughter is engaged to the slobbish apprentice. Whilst he and her father sleep off the effects of the

lunch the girl and her mother go rowing with two young men who have lunched in the inn. Both women are seduced—the mother in a comic scene by the better looking of the men. The scene is notably erotic—this large corseted lady playing hide and seek with the young man playing imaginary pipes. (The Pan motif recurs often in Renoir's work.) By contrast the scene between the young girl and the other man is tender and touching. At the end of the film the man revisits the wood where they made love. By chance the girl is there with the apprentice, now her husband. Again he is asleep. The man asks the girl if she ever thinks of the afternoon they spent together. 'I think of it every night', she replies. It is, for me, one of the most heartbreaking lines in both literature and the cinema.

Again, the acting is of the highest standard—no one over plays his or her part. The same cannot be said for another of his films that year, *Les Bas-Fonds*, based on Gorky's play. That film, made on a stage set, stars Jean Gabin and the immortal Jouvet as the Baron. There are fine performances from both of them but the minor characters seem to indulge in a great deal of eye rolling and general hamming. The film does contain many fine images, the most famous being that of Jouvet with the unlit cigarette which signifies his gambling losses have finally ruined him. If one had to take a dozen sequences from films which could be shown on their own and which did not, for their strength, depend on their juxtaposition in the film this would surely be one of them.

Renoir's output was quite phenomenal. One masterpiece followed another. 1937 brought *La Grande Illusion*. This film which starred Gabin, Von Stroheim and Pierre Fresnay was for some time considered not only Renoir's best film but also was thought to be the best film ever made. In recent years it has been down graded in favour of *La Règle du Jeu* made two years later. I think *La Grande Illusion* is Renoir's finest film. For a start he has obtained outstanding performances from his three principals in this story of disillusionment and hope. By all accounts Von Stroheim was difficult to work with. There was every reason he should have been. After all, he was one of the greatest directors of the silent screen hounded by production managers out of directing and forced to act in films directed in the main by men with less than half his talent.

The film, the story of a French officer trying to escape from a prisoner of war camp in 1918, is really a plea for peace and an analysis of the end of an era. For Von Stroheim as von Raufeustein and Pierre Fresnay as de Boildeau it represents a change in their life styles to which the latter can adapt whilst Von Stroheim sees merely defeat. Gabin escapes because Fresnay can betray the old order. At the end of the film he falls in love with the widow of a German soldier. Finally he escapes to Switzerland intending, when the war is over, to return to the girl. Again it is the purity of the relationships which shines through.

Looking through the list of films Renoir made it is amazing how he sustained such a high quality in the making. A year after *La Grande Illusion* came *La Bête Humaine* with Gabin as Lantier carrying the curse of the maquants, Zola's fated workers from his great series of novels. He

falls in love with Simone Simon, the wife of a work colleague. In this film it is perhaps the images of the train which are the most outstanding, although again he used the symbol of the band which runs through his films, *Les Bas Fonds, Bondu,* culminating in *French Can Can,* the story of the making of the Moulin Rouge.

Memory had it that the last film was made with a fixed camera but seeing it again memory has played false. There are tracking shots. Again Gabin stars, this time with Francoise Arnoul and Maria Felix. This film was made, after his somewhat unhappy spell in America, in 1955 and the master's hand was still sure. It is a brilliant evocation of a lost era. In part it is a comedy but perhaps it contains Renoir's testament, that art is all and everything else comes a poor second. This film recreates the milieu of Paris of the 80's with just as sure a touch as he showed in creating Russia of *Les Bas Fonds,* the Seine of *Une Partie de Campagne* and *Bondu.* the railways of *La Bête Humaine* and the prison camps of *La Grande Illusion.*

He made a few films after that. *La Caporal Epingle,* was in some ways a remake of *La Grande Illusion* with Jean-Pierre Cassel in the Gabin role. That was in 1962. Nine years later he made his last film, a trilogy for French television, *Le Petite Théatre de Jean Renoir.* It is a minor work but again, in the relationship of Francoise Arnoul with her husband, there is the same spirit of freedom and purity.

A film career which spanned nearly fifty years produced at least ten great films and never one less than workmanlike. Often it is said of someone, 'There will never be another like him'. Rarely it is true, but it is true of Jean Renoir.

At first Peter Bogdanovich could do no wrong in the eyes of the critics. He started in 1968 making in three days what has become a classic horror movie, *Targets.* This was made with the left over time from Roger Corman's film, *The Raven* which starred Boris Karloff in his last role. For a while Bogdanovich was all the rage. *Paper Moon* followed as did *What's Up Doc?* and for a time it looked as though Bogdanovich would become one of the great names of contemporary cinema. Basically Bogdanovich then began to fall away. He was always, according to his friends an *hommageur* and according to his enemies a *pasticheur.*

There followed a series of disastrous films including *Daisy Miller* and *Nickelodian* and for a time it looked as though Bogdanovich would never be restored in either critics' or public's eyes. Now we have *Saint Jack* from the novel by Paul Theroux. Mr. Theroux is also given a credit for the screen play and it rather looks as though there were problems because no less than three writers are given such a credit. The story is basically one of picaresque adventure with Ben Gazzara as the eponymous ponce who for no very clear reason is called Saint Jack. He does not seem to do anything very saintly in the film. In the version I saw there seemed to be large gaps in the story. On the showing of this film Bogdanovich would seem to have a long way to go in his struggle for critical restoration.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

A NEW LIFE OF BRENDAN BRACKEN

Brendan Bracken. Charles Edward Lysaght. Allen Lane. £10.

Brendan Bracken, to adapt words used by Gladstone about Parnell, was the most remarkable man I have ever met. Not the best, though he had plenty of virtue. Nor the greatest, though he had elements of greatness. But the most remarkable. His career is described correctly as 'wonderfully successful' by Charles Lysaght, in this superlative biography. It goes deeper and wider than the earlier book by Andrew Boyle, though that also was excellent, and will always supply some useful correctives.

Si monumentum requiris respice. Who else in our time except perhaps Sir Winston Churchill, his beloved master, and some pundits connected with the National Theatre, can point to a monument like Bracken House in the City? Inside, the powerful statue recalls the man who built the group of financial papers concerned and indeed brought the building itself into existence. Only the mop of red hair and the big glasses are missing.

His father was an Irish Fenian who built a fair-sized business, but died when Brendan was fairly young. His mother moved the family to Dublin. Brendan became what Charles Lysaght calls 'a near delinquent' and at 14 was packed off to an uncle in Australia. On his return, after a brief visit to Ireland, he is soon found presenting himself at Sedbergh as a prospective pupil. He was by this time 19, large and broad-shouldered, but described his age as 15, the first of many 'whoppers' that he went on telling throughout his life. A very perceptive headmaster accepted him and though he only lasted one term there, it gave him a public school background, which was of inestimable value later. Eventually he emerged as chairman of the governors. The author reckons that he contributed at least £100,000 to the school.

He is best remembered in politics for his devotion to Sir Winston Churchill, who didn't seem to mind his passing himself off as his illegitimate son. In the worst times of Churchill's isolation, Bracken stuck close beside him, being dubbed 'the faithful *chela*' by Baldwin. Later when Churchill became Prime Minister, he was at once called in to help pick the government, was closer to Churchill than any one man during the war and became a highly successful Minister of Information. During the brief caretaker government, he was First Lord of the Admiralty, the first real Irishman on my reckoning since the Duke of Wellington, unless you count Carson, to serve in a British cabinet.

Not very long afterwards his health began to fail and though his business affairs went forward, as did his charitable enterprises, he ceased to count in politics in the post-war era. He died of cancer when he was fifty-seven, after long drawn-out sufferings, borne with noble stoicism along with a refusal to accept any of the consolations of religion.

He was a man of outstanding mental gifts, which are illustrated in his brilliant letter writing, though many of the judgments in his correspondence seem foolish in retrospect. His derisive way of talking about his contemporaries must be judged indulgently. At the time of Suez, after Eden had retired to Jamaica, on the point of collapse, he wrote to Beaverbrook: 'Eden has no intention of giving up No. 10. I should say he was the least rattled of all his ministers. He writes cheerful letters from Jamaica and doesn't seem the least

bit perturbed by all the storms that blow over him. There is nothing wrong with him physically, but he was very tired; hence his holiday.' Eden, as we all recall, disappeared from the scene soon afterwards.

His reading was wide and his memory and immediate application of it astonishing. The first time I met him he was then a young M.P. of 28. I was 24. It was at a grand week-end at Cliveden; all sorts of notables were there, including the eloquent, but garrulous Garvin, editor of the family paper (The Observer). Brendan talked them all down to the slight annoyance of the younger element, including myself. But when introduced to me, he began quoting what Winston Churchill wrote about my father's death at Gallipoli ('on that battlefield of fog and flame fell Brigadier-General, the Earl of Longford and other paladins . . . '). He won me over immediately. His style of wit was too reckless for him to be a permanent success in the House of Commons. He took the Chair for Sir William (later Lord) Beveridge when the latter's famous report appeared at the end of 1942. In front of the world press, Brendan suddenly announced: 'I must leave now to attend a meeting of the War Crimes Committee of the War Cabinet, presided over appropriately enough by the Lord Chancellor, Lord Simon.' The journalists took the allusion to Simon being a leading 'man of Munich' and roared uproariously. But it was an unusual crack to make about a leading colleague.

He is sometimes referred to as having repudiated his family, his religion and his country. But there is plenty of evidence here of kindness towards the first, although he did not always behave as he might have done towards them. Certainly he died unshriven, but it would appear that he appreciated to the full the chapel services at Sedbergh. He made excellent friends at Ampleforth. It was really his denial of Ireland, of his own utterly Irish personality that was *il gran rifuto*. This was surely at the bottom of the self-deception that permeated so much of his nature for ever afterwards. He had a good side and a bad side like most of us; his good side, inspired by an old-fashioned respect for British standards, made him approach his ideal of a great Englishman. But that he could never be. He was in fact a great Irishman manqué, with a power of feeling and arousing affection that transcended creed and class and nation.

FRANK LONGFORD

THE THOUGHTS OF TONY BENN

Arguments for Socialism. Tony Benn, edited by Chris Mullin. Jonathan Cape. £5.95.

Having reviewed Sir Keith Joseph's thought provoking essay on the impossibility and undesirability of equality in last month's issue, Tony Benn's arguments for Socialism provide a timely antidote. Both are populists representing the two ends of the democratic political spectrum. Sir Keith prefers to leave financial and economic decisions to individuals rather than Parliament, while Benn emphasises collectivism and participation with accountability rather than Parliamentary or corporate elitism.

Indeed, far from being the revolutionary ogre created by the press, Benn is as fundamentalist, traditional and steeped in religious morality as the old Testament prophet Micah whom he quotes in his initial Chapter as proclaiming God's message. His own does not purport to come from so elevated a source but one gains the impression of an updated technological version of the Ark of the Covenant being handed down by a Socialist of aristocratic lineage to slightly lesser mortals bemused by North Sea Oil and the silicone chip. If there

is strength in his proposals for industry, there is weakness in facing up to the implications for jobs.

The text is rather turgid but that may be the subjective view of one who made similar speeches for 15 years and finds his truths to be self-evident. However, the recurring themes of accountability and participation, not least in the public sector are particularly relevant as is his plea for open Government and Parliamentary reform. It is curious that he finds the current unfair electoral system acceptable. The indictment of unrestricted corporate power, the emphasis on democracy thrusting upwards rather than the stultifying weight of patronage and Prime Ministerial power has implications far beyond anything the Labour Party has dared to attempt. It would mean a shifting of the balance of power within the Constitution and explains the fear with which Benn is regarded by the establishment.

Benn is doing no more than restating a long standing tradition within the Labour movement. He has produced an alternative manifesto around which his supporters can gather. For more than a decade the 'revisionist' wing of the Party as expressed in Anthony Crosland"s *Twentieth Century Socialism* has held the initiative and monopoly of Labour Party philosophy. Opposition has come from outside such as the criticism of 'Labourism' made by 'New Left' figures such as Ralph Milliband.

Sometimes I find Benn's arguments woolly and idealistic in overestimating the aspirations and concern of the very people on whom he wishes to bestow his benevolence. His myopia over E.E.C. is strange for only multi-national institutions answerable to the electorate can control multi-national corporations. This insularity is another example of the peculiarly British approach to Socialism removed from the ideological basis of continental sister parties.

I would have been more impressed if Benn's industrial and constitutional proposals had been balanced by an emphasis on the need for radical reforms in the field of individual rights. It was the so-called right wing Roy Jenkins who initiated the most radical reforms and I do not recall Benn standing out against the spineless conservatism of Merlyn Rees at the Home Office. Nor do I recall his taking an interest in my lone battle against an evil fifty million pound empire where the unresponsiveness of various Government Departments ultimately drove me to leave the House.

By contrast his proposals to give more power to the rank and file could weaken the independence of M.P.s but this responsiveness in opposition on such topics as internment in Northern Ireland may merely reflect the fact that Ministers become too immersed in their own departmental responsibilities and good M.P.s have little to fear from his proposals. Clearly his experiences on the Upper Clyde or Meriden have had a profound effect on his outlook in wishing to create a more open society in which decisions affecting the lives of thousands of working people are not taken behind the closed doors of the boardroom or Whitehall.

Impressed as I am by many of Benn's proposals I am left with a little scepticism born of personal experience, not least by reason of his opposition to a free vote on Europe. Nevertheless, his arguments should be read by the great unwashed clientele of the Daily Telegraph or Mail who see Benn as the Che Guevera of Bristol rather than the charming, idealistic if ambitious representative of a longstanding British tradition.

PAUL ROSE

KINGS OVER THE WATER

The Saga of the Stuart Pretenders. Theo Aronson. Castle. London. £7.95.

Literature about the Stuarts continues to burgeon, testifying to the fascination of the dynasty. It is the saga of might have been, of characters of immense colour, vitality and fortitude, of a royal house which brought excitement and an aura of high romance into the often drab and staid courts of England and Europe.

Theo Aronson's book encompasses the lives of four men. James II, deposed in 1688 by his daughter Mary and her husband William of Orange, was dominated by his unquestioning belief in the Divine Right of Kings. His lasciviousness outstripped even that of his brother Charles; by nature he was moody, tyrannical and despotic; his conversion to Catholicism, a matter still shrouded in mystery, was the watershed of his career and led to his downfall. In exile he was disgruntled and depressive; the Irish venture of 1689 was disastrous; his wife Mary Beatrice, rapidly gaining equipoise and confidence at the French Court, became for him a buttress against an otherwise hostile world.

There is a sympathetic, yet penetrative, analysis of the Old Pretender—his strong sense of destiny, his courage while fighting as a volunteer with the French army in Flanders, his innate pragmatism, his tolerance and patience in adversity. The description of 'The Fifteen' adds no new information but is an admirable chronicle, both entertaining and poignant.

The chapters on the Young Pretender are among the best in the book. The sheer unadulterated glamour of 'The Forty-five' is vividly recaptured. The complex nature of Charles Edward—his unique yet elusive charm, his restlessness, his relative asexuality, above all his overwhelming response to his 'finest hour'—is delicately portrayed. His steady downhill drift after the abortive rebellion, his increasing reliance on alcohol as an anodyne, his continuously unsuccessful relationships with women, all combine to evoke sadness and regret.

With the advent of the self-styled Henri IX, the Cardinal King, the twilight of the Stuarts is well advanced. The dynasty was now occupying cloud-cuckoo land; the chances of restoration were completely chimerical. The last chapter of the book describes the line of succession from the Cardinal King. It passes through three royal families and culminates in Prince Albrecht, Stuart claimant to the throne of Great Britain as well as to that of Bavaria.

The Stuart dynasty is indeed fortunate in having a biographer of the calibre of Theo Aronson. He brings exceptional talent to the theme. No one knows better the labrynthine politics of European royalty; few possess his critical faculty combined with intelligence, wisdom and the ability to entertain. For all those interested in the Jacobite movement this book must surely become essential reading.

JOHN A. LORAINE

BISHOP BURNET'S HISTORY

History of His Own Time. Bishop Gilbert Burnet. Dent, Everyman's Library. £5.95.

This is a book one ought to have read in student days long ago. But I cannot remember any lecturer or supervisor in the Cambridge Historical Tripos ever referring to it, or any reading list giving it a recommendation. It is, of course, not an examination text book but essentially a book to be read for enjoyment as well as instruction. It stands alongside Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* with something of Pepys' *Diary* and of Macaulay's *Essays.*

His *History* is the product of a remarkable man for Burnet had the advantage of Scottish birth (1643) and a lawyer's ancestry, a professorship in divinity in Glasgow University, a London career as journalist, diarist, preacher and commentator on affairs, a man about town as well as the Court of St. James's, and then in 1689 the bishopric of Salisbury as a reward for his part in the Glorious Revolution. For Burnet is an ardent upholder of the Old Cause—the Protestant faith by law established, King and Parliament.

His *History* begins and ends with the Stuarts, from Charles I to Queen Anne, and being a Scot he does not neglect Scotland turning aside from every major event to see how Scotland was taking it and gently nudging them on. He knows his Ireland too and his comments are much to the point in our own time.

Burnet was a massive, voluminous writer and had to be abridged by Thomas Stackhouse (1724) and on this abridgement the Everyman edition is based with a new introduction by Mr. David Allen of Birmingham University who says 'it remains a nice question whether Burnet merits reading for his content or for his style or for both. Over the years Burnet's style has been both condemned and eulogised.' But the fact that so diverse a group as Fox, Walpole, Lamb, Swift and Johnson were enthusiastic as well as critical on Burnet is an indication that the 'old fellow' is still a lively proposition and now in the Everyman edition is likely to win a new generation of readers.

CECIL NORTHCOTT

RELIGIOUS HOUSES IN ENGLAND AND WALES

Abbeys and Priories in England and Wales. Bryan Little. Batsford. £7.50.

England on the eve of the Dissolution was studded with religious houses. They ranged from a nunnery at Berwick-on-Tweed to a college of secular canons near Land's End. Not one of all that company now stands intact. Such is the background to Bryan Little's gazetteer. The first half of the book offers a general survey of the subject, full of interesting *minutiae*. We learn, for example, that a carrel was a recess in a monk's desk and that the Gilbertine order, founded by St. Gilbert at Sempringham in Lincolnshire, is 'the only religious order in medieval England which was itself of English foundation and which was found only in England.'

Mr. Little gives succinct yet authoritative accounts of the principal orders: 'The Carthusian order was founded, before the end of the eleventh century, by St. Bruno, a Rhinelander who held an important ecclesiastical post at Rheims.' Both the common and the unique aims of each order are cited: 'In any religious community the most essential activity was that of communal worship in a church which had no other purpose.' We learn also of the duties of a precentor, a sacrist, and a *conversus*. Friaries, of course, were built in or near the towns in which the brethren preached, whereas the enclosed and semi-enclosed monks preferred a remote site in wild country. Although monastic zeal and piety waned with the Middle Ages, religious houses were still being built during the sixteenth century.

The gazetteer provides a short account of the chief site or sites in each county, with an assessment of their architectural merits. There is also a useful precis of the relatively modern houses such as Buckfast in Devon and the 1975 home of the Anglican Sisters of St. Margaret at East Grinstead in Sussex. Here, too, Mr. Little leavens his litany with life. Thus, the Discalced Carmelites of Wincanton in Somerset say Mass and hear confession for the handicapped Sisters of Jesus Crucified of Castle Cary (Parson Woodforde's old home). During the 1960s a small community of Anglican Cistercians settled in the grounds of an Anglican nunnery at West Malling in Kent, where they use

a medieval barn as their chapel, and serve as chaplains to the nuns. In 1907 the French Benedictines of Solesmes settled at Quarr on the Isle of Wight, driven away by anti-clerical laws. In 1922, however, most of the surviving brethren returned to France, and the Quarr monastery is now mainly English.

Hundreds of photographs illuminate the text. All of them are good, and some are outstandingly good. Blending scholarship with lucidity, Mr. Little's book will commend itself to the erudite as well as to the inquiring laity.

J. H. B. PEEL

AN HUNGARIAN ADVENTURER

The Dervish of Windsor Castle: the Life of Arminius Vambery. Lory Alder and Richard Dalby. Bachman & Turner, £7.50.

Arminius Vambery is remote enough to be, for readers today, a pleasurable discovery. Born in 1832 in Hungary, the son of a Jewish Talmud scholar, he showed an early aptitude for languages. A cultured Baron who became his protector gave him money and clothes to go to Constantinople to learn Turkish. Penniless, lame, he duly joined a caravan bound for Persia, and disguised as a Dervish Holy Man begged and schemed his way through Central Asia, via Khiva, Bokhara, Samarkand and beyond, then joined another caravan returning by way of Afghanistan.

He appears to have been as anti-Russian as our 'reds under the beds' faction. Virtually a secret agent, he was able to give our government information about Russia's expansionist aims against India. For his adventures *en route* we have to rely on his testimony, mostly uncheckable, in two autobiographies and other writings; but they were dramatic.

He returned to Budapest conversant with Turkish, Persian, Arabic, many Asian dialects, a deep grasp of the Koran, and became Professor of Oriental Languages. As such he was chosen adviser to the Persian Shah Nast-ed-Din on his first western tour; and a lively picture we get of his harem, eccentricities, breaches of etiquette, though some of these Vambery thought 'very exaggerated'. For example, that on his first visit to Britain he became infatuated with Lady Margaret Beaumont and offered to buy her for £500,000; that dining with the Prince of Wales he threw asparagus stumps over his back on to the floor and spat peach stones on to the Princess's train. In 1889, however, *The Times* did report, on his Vienna visit, that he borrowed a stick to goad the Zoo animals, and having wetted his hands at one function, wiped them on the coat-tails of the nearest gent. . . .

In 1864 Vambery came to London and lectured to the Royal Geographical Society. In '89 he was invited to Windsor by the Queen, who praised him in her Journal as 'very interesting, and enthusiastic about England' and on his 70th birthday King Edward VII made him a C.V.O. 3rd Class. At Sandringham he was impressed with Victoria's knowledge and correct pronunciation of Oriental names. He enjoyed the Prince of Wales' friendship for a decade.

After acting as adviser to Sultan Abdul Hamid at Constantinople there is little doubt that he gave the Foreign Office secret information on Near East affairs relative to Egypt and was paid for it. The authors say he was of great use, if at times a nuisance. They sum him up on the debit side as vain, boastful, sometimes a snob, social climber, name-dropper. But although we need not take all his pronouncements on international affairs as gospel, his achievements, starting from zero, were remarkable. Evidently with much documentary research the authors have reanimated an ace character of Victorian eminence, and made of him an absorbing story.

TREVOR ALLEN

NANCY CUNARD

Nancy Cunard. Anne Chisholm. Sidgwick & Jackson. £8.50.

As Nancy Cunard spent much of her life in France and died there, it is possible to use the words *enfant dové* and *enfant gaté* about her. Born in 1896 the only child of a Baronet and an American society hostess she was brought up in something of a mixed atmosphere. Her father was interested only in his stables, her mother patronised the arts. George Moore, a lion of letters of the time, was a frequent visitor and rumours were rife that he might have been her father. Certainly he took more interest in her throughout his life and much of hers than did the rather sad figure of Sir Bache Cunard.

Lady Cunard left her husband when Nancy was 15. Her Ladyship was by this time in love with Thomas Beecham whose career she assisted both emotionally and financially. She left the family home at Holt, and Nancy, who was already resentful of her mother, became steadily more wilful.

In 1915 she married, but two years later she was in love with a Peter Adderley. Perhaps this was a turning point in her life. He was killed at the end of the War. Anne Chisholm in her extremely attractive biography charts the steady downfall from thereon. After the war even whilst she was at the height of her social fame, Nancy was drinking heavily. She either fell in love with or made love to strings of men—Huxley, A. and Michael Arlen, the author of *The Green Hat,* were prominent amongst them. Both created characters thinly disguised from their affaires. Perhaps she was part of Hemingway's Lady Brett Ashley.

She went to Paris where she lived with Louis Aragon and started a small printing press with him. Then in Venice she picked up the former pianist of Jelly Roll Morton's Red Hot Peppers, Henry Crowder, with whom she lived and worked. Perhaps her greatest contribution to life was the volume of black culture she compiled with him, *Negro.* Emotional fidelity she may have had, physical fidelity she certainly did not. Her lovers became younger as alcohol took its hold. She broke with Crowder, went to Spain, returned to England—the second half of the book is one long slide to insanity and ill health. Perhaps the whole book is one slide.

Anne Chisholm has a great deal of feeling for Nancy who, even at her worst and in the grip of her wilder excesses, still generates the charm which captivated two or more generations. Evelyn Waugh in the *Sword of Honour* trilogy wrote of his anti-heroine Virginia Troy, again based on Nancy, 'We shall never see anyone like her again in literature or in life, and I'm very glad to have known her.' Anne Chisholm paints a fine portrait for those of us who did not.

JAMES MORTON

SHORTER REVIEWS

Constitutional Relations between Britain and India. The Transfer of Power 1942-7. Volume VIII: The Interim Government 3 July-1 November 1946. (H.M. Stationery Office. £35.) In this latest volume of official documents, the Editor-in-Chief, Dr. Nicholas Mansergh, and the Editor, Sir Penderel Moon, cover four months in the wake of the Cabinet Mission, with Lord Wavell still Viceroy. As the 541 documents show, it was a period of great activity and anxiety. The Viceroy eventually was able to form an interim coalition government, the main stumbling block being the Muslim League and their leader, Jinnah. On the other hand, the League refused

to participate in a constituent assembly, upon the basis that Congress was refusing to accept a literal interpretation of the Cabinet Mission's plan in May. The British Cabinet were having doubts about Field Marshal Wavell's capacity to deal with politicians in a political and non-military situation. In a personal letter to Wavell on 22 July, Clement Attlee referred to his lack of experience in political matters and suggested a political aide, for example Sir Maurice Gwyer, who could act as an intermediary for him with the politicians. 'Politics has its own technique which can only be acquired by practice and not from textbooks.' Wavell resented the suggestion that he was not capable of dealing adequately with Indian politicians, and was prepared to resign. In September the Viceroy proposed to the Cabinet a Breakdown Plan. It was in two parts. In the event of a political administrative breakdown requiring immediate action, the Viceroy would announce plans for a phased withdrawal of the British from India. In any event, there would be an announcement between January 1, 1947 and March 1 that the British would withdraw by the second quarter of 1948. While there had to be an emergency plan, the British Government strongly opposed Wavell's long term plan. Apart from the necessity of obtaining Parliamentary approval, his proposals 'would make an administrative breakdown a certainty'. The Plan involved the evacuation of Madras and Bombay. There would be 'a scramble for power', wrote the Secretary of State, Lord Pethick-Lawrence to Wavell, 'and an attempt to set up Pakistan by force either at once or in the wake of our withdrawal'. The Editors have enjoyed unrestricted access to official documents and also to others in private hands, including Attlee and Wavell papers. There is a very useful Introduction by the Editors and Summary of Documents. Like the previous volumes, with brilliant editorship and erudition. Volume VIII is essential to the study of the withdrawal of Britain from India.

Bermuda Today and Yesterday (1503-1978) (Robert Hale. £5.50). The new edition of this established work by Terry Tucker should be welcomed by all, including visitors, who want to be informed about these lovely and historic islands. It treats of the past and present with authority. Acknowledged to be the leading historian of Bermuda, Mrs. Tucker combines historical scholarship with an encyclopaedic knowledge of everything Bermudian. She writes factually, but with a warm detachment, of the past and present to 1978. There is much for the visitor, such as a list of hotels and places of particular interest to visit. But this is not a guide book; more an informative study for the general reader, with numerous illustrations.

The Second Sherlock Holmes Illustrated Omnibus (John Murray. £7.50). The first illustrated Omnibus, which appeared in 1978, contained a facsimile of all Conan Doyle's stories as they appeared in the *Strand* magazine, illustrated by Sidney Paget. After the latter's death, Conan Doyle resumed his Sherlock Holmes stories in the *Strand* in 1908. This second illustrated Omnibus includes all these later stories. New illustrators were found. In *His Last Bow*, republished here in the magazine format, seven different artists are employed. Frank Wiles was the only illustrator of *The Valley of Fear*. The third part of this volume contains *The Case-Book of Sherlock Holmes* with illustrations mainly by Frank Wiles and Howard K. Elcock. There are some variations from Paget's creation but in general the same conventions of the Sherlock Holmes portrait remains, as also with Dr. Watson. This is a very agreeable volume to have.

Contemporary Review

Founded 1866 **incorporating The Fortnightly**

December 1979 **Vol. 235** **No. 1367**

CLOSE-UP OF JULIUS NYERERE

by Alfred Landor

SISAL (a hard fibre) is a cash crop chiefly cultivated on the coastal strip of East Africa. With cotton, coffee, cashew-nuts and diamonds it is considered Tanzania's foremost foreign exchange earner. Probably half a million Tanzanians are dependent on its production. Unfortunately, like most international commodities, it is governed by commercial laws of supply and demand which sometimes bring about very high, sometimes very low prices. My professional activities involve the trading and distribution of sisal between its African growers and the international rope and twine manufacturers. Some years ago, when price levels were exceptionally depressed, I was requested by a parastatal authority during a visit to Tanzania to discuss market prospects with President Nyerere.

At the time TANU (Tanganyika African National Union party) was holding an important conference in Western Tanzania. Our small group chartered a monoplane to fly from Tanga, the Indian Ocean port, to Shinyanga, a small town which owed its prosperity to cotton and diamonds.

When we arrived at midday the place felt hot and dry but free from the sticky humidity which one encountered on the coast. Green fields surrounded a small airport. On the road we passed lorries tightly packed with happy and excited people, cheering and beating drums. The air seemed fraught with fierce importance. Everyone appeared agitated and expectant because their President was in town for the big conference. Eventually we reached the conference hall and joined delegates and officials for an informal lunch in an adjacent garden. We sat at small separate tables where food which was African and plain was served by local girls in neat, white costumes. Cups of Coca-Cola or milk were offered for drinks. Nyerere sat with his colleagues on a rostrum. The atmosphere was impressively charged with anticipation.

Once the meal was over, our small party proceeded to the State Lodge where we waited for the President in a large, simple but comfortably furnished lounge. An armed Askari stood at the door and a private secretary sat silently on a chair at the far end of the room. When the President entered they both withdrew immediately.

Following preliminary courtesies we were put at our ease with a few introductory words and a discussion on the sisal market began. Occasion-

ally the President intervened with some comments which demonstrated his understanding of finance and economics. Once he digressed to other commodities, also produced in Tanzania, and to the discovery of new outlets. Half jokingly, as if to illustrate the monstrous elements of commercial trading, he compared the troubles of his sisal producers with the difficulties of some grain purchases and the idiosyncrasies of domestic sugar retailers. And he added playfully that of course they had nothing in common with each other except to create problems for his poor country!

Soon we reverted to sisal and he listened politely. Suddenly he turned to me and remarked, 'If you cannot find a buyer for our big stocks, I'll call on my good Chinese friends for help and the problem is solved!' But before I had time to reply, he added smilingly—'You know as well as I do that they are not in a position to take these large quantities'. Then he let us continue.

Nyerere spent an hour with us before rejoining his conference. I was struck by his relaxed, friendly and informal ways, the quiet laughter and careful phraseology.

Julius Nyerere still lives, as he did then, at the centre of African politics, speaking dogmatically, metaphorically and symbolically. His impact at home and abroad stems as much from a tough and radical framework of doctrines as from his own strong personality. However, whether one agrees or disagrees with some of his ideas, most individuals react to him in personal terms and in the long run this has been to his political advantage. He has a sensitive, receptive African mind, but intellectually he will remain a fundamentalist and by temperament a revolutionary.

Nyerere was born in March 1922 when, according to his mother, the rains were exceptionally heavy. His father belonged to the small Zanaki tribe and was one of eight chiefs. Like most African children he grew up on maize and millet porridge. The sound of dripping rain from the roof of a grass hut would have been the beginning of his early memory. With the rest of black Africa his life emerged from tribal traditions with its own laws governing marriage, divorce, inheritance, theft and murder. Central to this was the institution and continuity of the family as a self-contained, economic and social unit. A basic and strict system of values was from the start family-taught and inherited, albeit modified as in the case of Nyerere, by education and contemporary ideas.

In his youth Nyerere first attended the Tabora government school where he met many of his friends and later colleagues. Subsequently he obtained a diploma of education at Makerere University. For a short time he became a teacher at St. Mary's, a Roman Catholic Secondary School, before enrolling in 1949 at Edinburgh University for an ordinary degree of Master of Arts. This was the time when his political ideology began to shape itself in preparation for a mission which began with the founding of Tanu, (a 'party of workers and peasants'), was followed by the independence struggle and ended successfully in his election as President on the 1st December 1961.

However, one must not conclude from this that Nyerere's African roots,

his tribal and rural back-ground became submerged in political doctrines. His initial tuition has never been forgotten and this applies particularly to his African family concepts. One might say that they have been the dynamo of his political career. Perhaps this is the outstanding feature which gives him an appearance different from other freedom-fighters. The legendary power of the Mwalimu cult is due to his total commitment to African familyhood (*ujamaa*).

His historical fight towards self-rule was non-violent and constitutional but maintained relentless pressure until the goals (freedom *uhuru* and unity *umoja*) were achieved. In an article written during his Edinburgh stay, he outlined the objectives of his struggle: 'We resent the idea that the power to shape the destiny of our country should be exclusively vested in the hands of an alien minority group . . .' This central thought explains today (as it did twenty years ago) the foreign and domestic policy of Tanzania.

Similarly his socialism is but a modern, political expression of the African family concept. In the Arusha declaration of 1967, he stated that 'socialism is a way of life'. In the same document he informed us that 'in order to prevent exploitation it is necessary for everybody to work and live on his own labour'. This varies little from his interpretation of individual responsibility within the family context. 'Every member of the famly accepts the obligation to work'. The ideals of the family are equality, freedom and unity. Likewise the socialist society which develops from the traditional African society is built on classless and egalitarian principles. In other words the family notion extends beyond the narrow definitions of the homestead (*shamba*) and is grafted on to a vast national setting which excludes tribalism, religious allegiances, small community interests and becomes a land of 'peasants and workers'. Thus the political catechism presents an intellectual sublimation to retrieve the past by modern terminology. Socialist, Marxist ideas should be seen as political superstructure. Nyerere explained this in a speech to the University College at Dar Es Salaam in 1967—'We start from a full acceptance of our African-ness and a belief that in our past there is very much which is useful for our future'.

Understandably, colonial rule is seen as an evil De-Africanization process. Colonialism, a variant of capitalism, is synonymous with exploitation. In a pamphlet written in 1962, Nyerere declared that he 'rejects the capitalist attitude of mind which colonialism brought into Africa'. According to him, the concept of areas of land as marketable commodities was introduced by colonial administrations, and this idea—he argues—is totally foreign to the African in whose mind 'land' as such belongs to the community. He also blames foreign powers for ruthless industrialization in urban areas leading to relative neglect of the rural hinterland.

It is therefore not surprising that Nyerere, the impassioned African, places major emphasis on agriculture in the Arusha Declaration. He tells his countrymen that 'their purpose must be to increase production of agricultural crops'. Again and again we hear him refer to the hoe, the axe, the plough and human exertion. 'Our land is good for grazing cattle, goats,

sheep and for raising chickens; we can get plenty of fish from our rivers, lakes and from the sea'. This is biblical language which preaches to the African soul lest it become subverted and seduced by false, colonial standards. Here Nyerere employs plain, pictorial phrases—metaphors which remind one of the daily routine of a simple life. Often his political exhortations turn into sermons and practical issues take on the urgency of timeless conflicts. Sometimes it becomes difficult to separate Nyerere the pragmatist from Nyerere the seer and Nyerere the traditionalist. The temptation to put his listeners into the political class-room is for ever present with him.

> Ten years after the Arusha Declaration, Tanzania is certainly neither socialist nor self-reliant.
> I am a very poor prophet.
> There are still great inequalities between citizens.
> Our democracy is imperfect.
> A life of poverty is still the experience of the majority of citizens.

These are some of the opening remarks in Nyerere's 'The Arusha Declaration Ten Years After', (February 1977), The tone is stern, critical and admonishing. In a dramatic document which is designed to serve the purpose of national self-examination, the most important chapter carries the title 'Our Mistakes and Failures'. In particular, parastatal organizations are taken to task for inefficiency, slackness and poor husbandry. Bluntly, he warns of the dangers which developing nations like Tanzania face, such as elitism, over-emphasis on prestige projects, neglect of rural cultivation, thoughtless mechanization and above all too much reliance on bank loans and foreign aid. One cannot help but admire the oustanding courage and honesty of such a speech. After all, the failures and poor performances by some sections become national failures which to some extent must implicate top governmental management as well. Nyerere, well aware of this, does not shirk the unpleasant logic of such a situation.

At home, despite some economic, financial and even climatic setbacks he retains the affectionate pride of his countrymen. Abroad, international statesmen, albeit often disagreeing with him politically, concede their reluctant respect.

PROFESSOR PAUL WILKINSON

We are very pleased to announce that Professor Paul Wilkinson, M.A., has accepted our invitation to become Editorial Adviser in place of the late Professor Sir Herbert Butterfield. Professor Wilkinson, formerly Reader in the University of Wales, has recently been appointed to the newly established Chair of International Relations at the University of Aberdeen. He is the author *of Social Movement* (1971), *Political Terrorism* (1974), *Terrorism and the Liberal State* (1977) and articles in journals published in the UK, Canada and USA. He broadcasts frequently in BBC World and Home Services.

AUSTRALIA'S WINTER OF DISCONTENT

by Keith D. Suter

'A WEEK is a long time in politics', Sir Harold Wilson once said. Malcolm Fraser's experience as Australian Prime Minister is certainly proving that correct. Despite his success in foreign affairs like Zimbabwe-Rhodesia, Mr. Fraser is in great difficulty at home.

He took office on November 11 1975 as the 'caretaker Prime Minister', following the Governor-General's dismissal that day of Gough Whitlam's Labour Government. An election was held the following month and the Labour Party suffered the worst defeat in its history. Mr. Fraser, who had become the Liberal Leader only in March 1975, ended the year not only as Prime Minister with Australia's largest ever majority, but also as the country's most dominant politician. Despite his massive majority, Mr. Fraser arranged with the Governor-General to hold a federal election in December 1977 (one year premature), which resulted in another Liberal-Country Party coalition victory. However, Mr. Fraser is now far less popular than many other figures in public life, including the new Labour Leader, Bill Hayden.

Mr. Fraser is aware of the Liberals' ruthless capacity for removing unpopular leaders. He was himself instrumental in removing two of his last three predecessors. Andrew Peacock, the rich and dashing Foreign Minister, is being tipped as the next Liberal Leader.

Mr. Fraser's remarkable decline has two main causes. First, he is the Richard Nixon of Australian politics: the leader that people love to hate. He conveys a stern, humourless and unsympathetic image. It is notable that Mr. Whitlam (who retired from politics in 1978), managed to retain some charisma, even among his detractors. Mr. Whitlam entered office in December 1972 with a programme of grand reforms (probably too grand). Mr. Fraser is very private and people find it impossible to work out where he stands on issues. Australians have difficulty reconciling his strong stands on human rights and disarmament overseas with his actions at home, such as those against the growing number of unemployed.

But his personality is not Mr. Fraser's only problem. In 1975 he said that he would correct the economy in three years, thereby making good the decline which set in during the Whitlam era. His record shows otherwise. The economy is in many respects worse than when he entered office. His overall concern has been to reduce inflation, almost at any social cost, especially by cutting governmental expenditure. He hoped that a reduction in inflation would somehow coincide with an international recovery, so that exports would pick up. The rate of inflation has gone down—but so have many other economic indicators.

Mr. Fraser then predicted a 'foreign investment-led recovery' but this, too, failed to materialize. The international recession ruled out foreign interest in investing in mineral exploration when there was little immediate chance of a demand for such resources. Then he predicted a 'consumer-led

recovery'. But the consumer has gone on strike. Consumers are scared about the future and so are saving at an unprecedented rate — thereby refuting economic theories which predict that people will not put money in the bank when inflation runs ahead of bank interest. Meanwhile, the spectre of unemployment is spreading over Australia and people are reluctant to spend in case they become unemployed. Unemployment benefits, which are below the official poverty line, are the lowest in the western world.

Mr. Fraser, with no clear economic policy, is therefore pinning his hopes on an international improvement. But the August 1979 survey produced by the Organization for Economic Co-operation and Development (OECD) predicted a continuation of the recession for 1980 and so there is no early sign of an international recovery.

The Labour Party, meanwhile, is well on the way to recovery. Bill Hayden is very different from the dictatorial, energetic, visionary Gough Whitlam. Indeed, his wavering throughout 1976 (following the Labour defeat) as to whether he would remain in politics, created an impression of a ditherer, lacking the psychological stamina to survive Labour's traditional rough in-fighting. But he remained, and was easily elected Mr. Whitlam's successor, following Labour's 1977 defeat.

His initial period as the low-key Labour Leader has been a time of healing. Mr. Hayden has introduced a form of collective leadership (something Mr. Whitlam would never have tolerated) and has patched up some of Labour's divisions. Also, he did not serve the usual apprenticeship of Deputy Leader and so he has had to tread carefully as he learned the job. On the other hand, his tentative approach has meant that he lacks the standing in the public eye normally expected of the Opposition Leader. With Mr. Fraser busily helping the Labour Party, this may be unnecessary since it is more a matter of standing aside as the Government collapses.

Throughout its history (it is the world's oldest Labour Party), the Labour Party has been wrecked temporarily by splits, usually between persons differing over the rate at which reforms should be introduced. These splits have damaged its electoral standing and reduced its chances of holding office. Some Labour politicians have, therefore, often preferred to be in Opposition and urge the Government to take a more radical stand. Mr. Hayden is determined (as was his predecessor) to convert Labour into a party of power—rather than protest.

Mr. Hayden is specializing in restoring Labour's record for economic management. He is the first leader of any major political party for many years who understands economics. Whereas other leaders have displayed an unease in discussing economics, Mr. Hayden conveys an easy confidence with statistics and jargon. Since he wants to avoid the fate of Mr. Whitlam's predecessor (A. A. Calwell), of the Menzies Government stealing his ideas and implementing them, Mr. Hayden is reluctant to explain the details of his broad proposals. It is therefore difficult to assess their significance.

Mr. Hayden has foreshadowed, for example, a capital gains tax, a levy

on domestic oil producers, action on family trusts (a source of tax-savings for wealthy people), as well as general action on tax avoidance, He expects to obtain A$1,000 million (about £500 million) in ways which will allegedly affect only a few people but which will allow tax cuts for others.

The important point at present is not so much the fine print of his ideas—by the time he comes to office (December 1980 at the earliest) the economic situation may be different from today's—but the overall image he wants to get across to the public and mass media. The reformist Whitlam days are over. Labour stands now (according to Mr. Hayden) for sound economic management, a reduction in unemployment and a very mild platform of domestic and foreign policy reforms.

It is possible that Mr. Hayden has struck the right note—not only in regard to recent events but even in the long term. Australia began this century (along with New Zealand) as a nation noted for social experimentation and liberal ideas, such as the power of the trade unions, votes for women and the avoidance of England's overt class system. It was the 'Sweden' of the southern hemisphere decades before Sweden acquired its present celebrity status.

But Antipodean reformism has since World War II suffered from a hardening of the political arteries. In retrospect, the Whitlam era may have been an aberration. Many middle-class Australians and the mass media recognised in the early 1970s that 23 years of staid Liberal-Country Party rule had resulted in stagnation and that a new broom was required. When the new broom (Whitlam) was too active, he was sacked. Ironically, Mr. Fraser has failed to produce the desired tranquillity, as he rushes from one policy to another. Mr. Hayden is, then, showing that he will avoid both Mr. Whitlam's penchant for reform and Mr. Fraser's erratic alterations in policies.

To a large extent, Mr. Hayden's Government will be cautious and careful not to offend people. There will be no major social reforms. The defence alliance with the United States will be maintained and Australia will remain closely tied to the western nations (rather than moving into the Third World non-aligned camp). While he would like to reduce the Senate's powers (the immediate cause of Labour's 1975 sacking), there will be no major constitutional alterations. Australia will not become a republic and the ties with the Crown will remain.

However, a week is a long time in politics. Mr. Hayden should not be too confident of being Prime Minister by December 1980. All national politicians are eclipsed in terms of public opinion polls by Robert Hawke, President of the Australian Council of Trades Unions (Australia's TUC). Over the years, he has managed to convey the impression of being a moderate person (apart from his beer consumption and he uses this as part of his identification with the working class) as well as being a skilful negotiator who avoids the 'crash or crash-through' confrontation techniques of Whitlam and Fraser. He has found a safe constituency as the first step in a parliamentary career and will enter Parliament shortly.

Since Labour does so badly federally, many talented Labour politicians prefer to serve in state political parties. Two of the six state governments are Labour controlled. There is a possibility, following Mr. Hayden's defeat at the next election, that a Labour state politician could enter federal politics. New South Wales Premier Neville Wran has been tipped for this. But it is unlikely that a person who is running a state with a comfortable majority would want to risk a career in federal politics, where the Labour Party is out of power, often for decades at a time, and whose periods in office have always been brief.

Meanwhile, there is the question of just how long will the Liberals tolerate Mr. Fraser's electoral liability. He is the strongest Prime Minister Australia has had for decades in his control of both the public service and his own coalition colleagues. While the nation was still undergoing its anti-Whitlam feeling and the coalition was highly regarded, his autocratic style of leadership was accepted. But the nation is getting restless with his lack of progress in reducing inflation and unemployment.

State Labour governments are benefiting from the anti-Fraser backlash. The October 1978 NSW state election saw not only the Wran Labour Government re-elected, but the Liberal-Country Party Opposition was practically demolished (even the Liberal Leader lost his seat). The 1979 Victorian state election, in which the Liberal Government fought both the Country Party and Labour Party, was notable for both its allegations of financial scandals involving land deals (large scandals even by Australian standards) as well as the strong Labour showing as a result of the anti-Fraser backlash. Labour came within one seat of being elected. It is well placed for victory next time. On July 28 1979, the Tasmanian Labour Government held an election 18 months prematurely and increased its majority.

In itself, the election of a state Labour government creates no special problems for Mr. Fraser. Federal-state tensions are a political fact of life, irrespective of who is in power in Canberra and the states. Labour federal governments are at least more honest in their attempts to focus decision-making in Canberra; while the Liberal-Country Party claims to support state rights, while still focusing power in Canberra. Indeed, some of Mr. Fraser's biggest problems are with the non-Labour state governments, notably the Country Party Queensland Government, which retains power by altering political boundaries to exclude both Liberal and Labour politicians from power. The state Premier has made a career out of attacking whoever is in power in Canberra.

However, the steady swing to Labour in the states has a psychological impact on the Liberals. They can see how easily Labour is capitalizing upon the anti-Fraser feeling. The mass media, traditionally unsympathetic to Labour, are being more sympathetic to Mr. Hayden than they were to Mr. Whitlam from 1974 onwards. Australia has the second highest degree of concentration of mass media ownership in the western world (after the Republic of Ireland). Support, or at least minimal opposition from the media barons is important for all political parties. The barons have sensed

that Mr. Fraser is in deep trouble and are preparing to abandon ship, either to support Mr. Hayden or Mr. Fraser's Liberal successor.

It is easy to see Australian politics at the highest level as a game of survival, in which prime ministers (of all the parties) fight to retain office in the face of political intrigue from their colleagues and the highly personalized mass media coverage of events. Sir Winston Churchill once remarked to Sir Robert Menzies (who was Prime Minister 1949-1966) that Australians play politics with a zest unknown in England since the 18th century. There is a concern with personalities, intrigue and scandals so that policies are low down the list of items on the political agenda.

This implies that Australians do not take politics seriously—unless there is a grave crisis at hand, notably a war. This interpretation accords with the Australians' image of themselves as being easy going and relaxed, and serious only in sport, gambling (where they are the world's undisputed leaders at present) and drinking (where their consumption puts them in the international league).

But it also raises the question (rarely asked) as to whether a federal Australian government can do much anyway. Between 1972 and today, Australia has been ruled by two very different political leaders; probably the two most varied leaders ever to succeed one another. The economic decline begun under one leadership and got worse under the other. Despite a range of policies, the decline has not been arrested.

Federal leadership is a story of frustration. Power is too diffused. On economic matters, for example, the prime minister and cabinet have to cope with the trades unions (which are more influential in Australia than in Britain), the cumbersome industrial relations and arbitration systems, whose judges can overrule the government on some matters like pay awards, business interests, the entrenched and inefficient public service, and the mass media, which set the agenda for political debate and which are more concerned about personalities than policies. Externally, the government is restrained by fluctuations in the international economy, pressure from major economic powers (notably Japan and the United States), and the growing influence of multi-national corporations.

Mr. Fraser's most famous phrase has been 'Life wasn't meant to be easy'. In the Australian winter of discontent, which threatens his political survival, he is discontented about the limitations placed on his own room for manoeuvre.

[Dr. Keith D. Suter is Dean of Students, Wesley College, University of Sydney.]

'TWAS EVER THUS—OR WAS IT?

by Paul Rose

IN 1945, the rivalry between Clement Attlee and Herbert Morrison momentarily threatened the unity of the newly elected Labour Government. By 1948 the highly inflexible policies of Ernest Bevin divided the Labour Party, firstly over Palestine and more fundamentally over the cold-war policies that only served to confirm Stalin's paranoia. His opponents ranged from thoughtful radicals to out and out crypto-Communists. Konni Zilliacus produced a counter manifesto: *'I Choose Peace', on Behalf of the Left.*

In opposition, the battles over German rearmament, Britain's nuclear bomb and Clause 4, whether practical or theological as in the latter case, were typified by the Gaitskell-Bevan battle which rocked Scarborough and Brighton.

More recently the EEC controversy revealed a curious three-sided battle which has assumed a greater significance than the popular press has ever understood. For Roy Jenkins was fighting not only the traditional left but also the traditional right. Both have now revealed themselves as partisans of irrelevant policies, more intent upon scoring hollow internal constitutional victories than in posing a radical alternative to the naked free-for-all of the most doctrinaire Conservative Government in living memory. Never was there a confrontation between the Parliamentary Party and the N.E.C. in previous battles.

I find it interesting to look through past articles which I have written for *Contemporary Review,* the most significant of which was an analysis of Labour's divisions after the 1970 defeat. In the light of the Callaghan-Benn or Parliamentary Party-National Executive rift, it is curious how history repeats itself in the context of electoral defeat. I wrote then:

> Loss of power is a shock to the fragile and complex nervous system of a major political Party. Prolonged deprivation of power sometimes produces withdrawal symptoms, a cycle of unusual responses, inner tensions and quite erratic behaviour replacing normal political drive.

And I went on to postulate that:

> There is undoubtedly a revulsion from machine politics and extreme slogans . . . that there was a need to reaffirm integrity and consistency in politics . . . It (the Labour Party) failed to spell out a coherent alternative philosophy for Industrial Relations and Prices and Incomes policy. What is becoming increasingly apparent is that the most underprivileged in our society—the old, the sick, the immigrants, the women, the disabled, the unemployed, the large families of the lower paid—are frequently the least protected by Union militancy. It is a problem which Socialists and Trade Unionists must examine urgently.

What is more significant, in an atmosphere where the Party has turned in upon itself, indulging in irrelevant arguments on compulsory reselection and who should draft manifestos unlikely ever to be implemented in the current climate of internecine strife, is the call for a radical reappraisal of past attitudes. I am now at the point where I doubt whether the reactionary

section of the left wedded to concepts relevant to the 1930s or the Conservative right which is typified by the sycophants, lobby fodder and unimaginative plodders grouped around Callaghan, are remotely capable of producing the sort of radical policies required of a Party of the broad left in the 1980s.

There remains only a handful of members devoted primarily to concepts of individual liberty and human rights, in touch with the aspirations of a new generation. For them 'Rock against Racism' has more appeal than the hypocritical slogans of a Party which has done little more than pay lip service to the struggle against racism other than in Jenkins's belated revised version of Callaghan's toothless Race Relations Act. At least Benn talks of open Government but it was Callaghan's closest confidant, Merlyn Rees, who deported a radical American journalist, Mark Hosenball, in the tradition of a police state. Dame Judith Hart of the so-called left promptly ended her opposition to such actions when reinstated in office. One becomes cynical when the former stalwart of the Campaign for Democracy in Ulster and a leading Tribunite, Stan Orme, signs internment orders in Ulster.

The nine members of the P.L.P. who supported Roy Jenkins on the first leadership ballot and Michael Foot on the second may appear at first sight to have acted strangely. What they were trying to highlight was the decline of radicalism and libertarianism in a Party where the big battalions now dominate and slogans mask the innate insularity and conservatism of the so-called left of the Labour Party. It is the same process which has created the new, albeit small, but growing Radical Party in Italy, defying convention in asserting the right of people to individuality, be it in matters of abortion, homosexual, or divorce law reform. It was the much maligned European, Roy Jenkins, who saw both the iniquities of the current legal system and the broader context in which Britain had to live. He was dubbed 'right wing' while reactionaries of right and left continued to throw empty outmoded slogans across the conference hall.

This is what I had in mind when I wrote that post-1970 election article—

> That is why the Labour Party needs to be more radical than when in office and the term 'left' is so inappropriate to some of the most conservative elements in the Party. The latter do not recognise the complex countervailing pressures, the competing interest groups, the increasingly blurred class lines in our society. The growing number of socially mobile open-minded young people who would vote Labour in a reasonably good year is becoming an increasingly important electoral factor they have not yet recognised. Outmoded slogans may rally the old faithful but they are alien to the rest of the voters. . . .
>
> It is not therefore an old fasioned left-right struggle that afflicts the Party. . . . They can make nothing of a Party which pursues a futile policy of absentionism in European Institutions.

These were a few of the points I sought to make which were reflected in the debacle of 1979 and the abysmal showing in the European Elections where even I could not bring myself to vote for a Labour candidate who might have been living in the days of the Indian Empire with an electoral system entirely unsuited to the number of seats.

It was the great strength of the British Labour Movement that it united

a broad spectrum of progressive opinion within one Party, wedded to a Trade Union Movement improving the lot of the majority of people in Britain.

Now, a diminishing band of the faithful have secured the right to undo what they did at selection conferences whereas those really wedded to democracy would have given that right to the broader Party membership. Why anyone should carp at the concept of a wider electoral college for the Party leader I know not. The fact is that these battles are symbols around which the warring factions gather while Mrs. Thatcher strips down hospitals and takes away school meals. Powerful Unions demand more while those with less muscle were asked by a Labour Government to accept 5% on their already low wages. If that was Socialism and the response of powerful Union leaders showed any concern for the long term interests of a Labour Government then they certainly fooled me and a lot of others—as the election result showed.

Perhaps the time has now come when the successive divisions in the Labour Party can no longer be headed off by yet another compromise of the pragmatic Wilson era. Is it perhaps time to consider a radical realignment of British Politics? Certainly, it would have happened but for the constraints of a 'first past the post' system in which a Party gaining 20% of the votes is likely to gain a mere dozen seats.

However, whether it is because they want freedom of information and open Government, a sensible view of the wide variety of forms of public ownership, participation or co-determination, an emphasis on civil liberties at home, human rights and our obligation to the third world abroad: a commitment to improve rather than denigrate the infant institutions of E.E.C., a total opposition to racism; a regard for the environment; the participation of ethnic minorities and assistance for community politics, while working out a fair incomes policy with the Trades Unions to whom a sympathetic connection rather than domination by the block vote will constitute the new relationship, I believe there is at this time the optimum possibility for radical forces to regroup.

Such a Party would gather together many traditional Labour and Liberal supporters. Above all it would tap the hidden springs of those who are ahead of them both and choose to channel their energies through other organisations. At the very least, David Steel, Roy Jenkins, Shirley Williams and many of those attracted to the positive side of Tony Benn's thinking, should begin to consider the possibility. In discussing it with M.P.s, ex-M.P.s and many with a deep interest in the political process I find that there may be scope for a Party of the 80s capable of posing a credible and overwhelming alternative to the naked Toryism of Sir Keith, Sir Geoffrey and Margaret Thatcher.

If we have to go on in the old way there will be many more who will follow those who preceded me out of the political arena in desperation at the futility of trying to inject new ideas into the rigid minds of inflexible men who call themselves Socialists but are, in the very real sense of the word, conservative.

PROFESSOR SIR HERBERT BUTTERFIELD

by Esmond Wright

THE late Sir Herbert Butterfield was for long a literary adviser to this *Review*, and for its editors a warm, wise and devoted friend. There was an intellectual as well as personal succession from G. P. Gooch to Herbert Butterfield, and in a sense, *The Contemporary Review*, with its liberalism of attitude, its quest for openness and variety of view, its political nonconformity, its interest in personality and in the relationship between people and causes went down the same road as did both Gooch and Butterfield. His passing was a sad moment for all on this journal who knew him and who had sat at his feet, if in the end the passing for him was merciful.

By one of those coincidences of timing that Butterfield would have enjoyed and no doubt called a conjuncture—for he was preoccupied in conversation as in writing with what others might call Chance—there appeared at the moment of his death, under the editorial hand of Dr. C. T. McIntire of Toronto, a collection of 17 essays, articles and lay sermons from him, some of which have not previously appeared in print, *Writings on Christianity and History* by Herbert Butterfield, edited by C. T. McIntire, Oxford University Press, £6.25. They are prefaced with an admirable essay on the man and his work as Christian and as historian, They allow us to face up to the central issue in Herbert Butterfield's career, the relationship between his work as an historian and his intensely personal Christian faith.

Students of history know best his two major pieces of what might be called traditional research, *The Peace Tactics of Napoleon*, 1806-1808, published in 1929, when he was still under 30, largely the result of his early years as a Fellow of Peterhouse, when he was much under the influence of H. W. V. Temperley, whose pupil as a potential diplomatic historian he was; and *George III, Lord North and the People*, 1779-1780, (1949), a less publicly-known masterpiece that portrays the effect on King and Parliament of Extra-Westminster opinion, and argues the thesis that 'Our "French Revolution" is in fact that of 1780—the revolution that we escaped.' By that time Butterfield was Professor of Modern History in Cambridge, and an obvious authority on the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century. Central to both studies was the interest in Charles James Fox, to whose papers Trevelyan had introduced him—the life he always wanted to write, and which remains unwritten.

These two studies are splendid pieces of technical history. It is impossible from reading them to conclude much about the personality or beliefs of the author, nor should it be possible. But even from these there were by-products that raised serious—and different—questions: what of personality in history? what of chance? If Tilsit was product not of Russian strategic planning, but of the captivation exercised by Napoleon on the Tsar, was not, and is not, every moment in time rich in choice not just for

Emperor and Tsar but for everyone? And so there came shorter books, and a host of articles—*The Whig Interpretation of History* (1931) with its scepticism for Acton's proneness for moral judgements, the brief life of *Napoleon* (1939) and *The Statecraft of Machiavelli* (1940) and, not least, in 1957 his rebuke of Sir Lewis Namier in his *George III and the Historians* (1957), testament to his convinction that even eighteenth-century political operators were men too, moved as much by ideas and ideals as by the vested interests of land and commerce, property and 'block' votes.

For alongside the impeccable technical historian there was another Butterfield, and until 1948 he had been careful as historian to suppress him. He was a Yorkshire Methodist, from Oxenhope near Keighley in the Brontë country, who went up to Cambridge to become a parson, and who until 1936 preached regularly on the Cambridge circuit. There was always a monastic touch in him, and he never believed that religious belief should be worn on the sleeve. As his diary records in 1933:

> I think perhaps a Christian should talk little of his religion lest he fall into this sin. It is the part of a spiritual man to be austere with his thoughts and to know what is fitting. Insensitiveness on this point means a real lack of spiritual apprehension.
>
> I think that the best evidence of Christianity in the heart is quiet assurance, and a flame that burns in silence, and a charity for ever expressing itself, for ever unexpressed; and with these a serene orderliness and a calm reliance on providence.

and, as he testified at Bristol in 1956,

> It was never my intention to set up as a teacher in religion, and I always have the feeling that heaven will strike me dead if I show presumption in this respect. On the other hand it is arguable that the Christian ought not to be unwilling to make confession of what he believes; so that I am between the upper and the nether stone, for I also have the feeling that heaven will strike me dead if by repeated refusals I seem to be declining to testify to the faith.

In 1948, however, Butterfield was persuaded by the Cambridge Faculty to give two distinct sets of lectures, and from them came *The Origins of Modern Science* and, not least, *Christianity and History*. And almost all his writing thereafter was preoccupied with the relations between his Christian convictions and his quest to write 'straight' and objective history. His convictions were in fact inherited from his Yorkshire youth, and relatively simple: that Christ was the Redeemer, both divine and human, that He rose from the dead, that sin and cupidity were realities in the human heart, that the authority of the Bible was ultimate and the transcendent need was for personal salvation. As he wrote in his diary in August 1932,

> To live a life of piety is inwardly to trust God and often to have communion with him and also to place one's treasure in heaven. The fruits of this are contentment and reconciliation within the self, and the acquisition of inner life—the building up of a fund of spiritual resources, and the deepening of personality. The blossom is in charity that overflows to all men, and in a life that is lived humbly in the world. In all this there is something very difficult for sophisticated men. And it is utter foolishness to those who are worldly wise.

Thus, alongside the 'straight' historian there were now more profound issues to be faced, new struggles towards clarification and understanding. Butterfield was no theologian and did not address himself to theological

or to philosophic problems. But the years from 1948 to 1956 were immensely creative, and not least in his historiographical studies. As Ved Mehta noted,

> What was remarkable was that, whatever Butterfield's religious views, they never coloured his professional academic history, and perhaps because he never hitched his lay history to the ecclesiastical wagon, he didn't forfeit his professional colleagues' respect or confidence.

For Butterfield, historical truth was indeed simple. As he put it in *The Whig Interpretation of History,*

> Finally, against Acton's view that history is the arbiter of controversy, the monarch of all she surveys, it may be suggested that she is the very servant of the servants of God, the drudge of all the drudges. The historian ministers to the economist, the politician, the diplomat, the musician; he is equally at the service of the strategist and the ecclesiastic and the administrator. He must learn a great deal from all of these before he can begin even his own work of historical explanation; and he never has the right to dictate to any one of them.

Deep down, the gap between his faith and his profession was bridgeable because of his faith in free will, and his belief in the limitless possibility of the human spirit. He wrote, in 1944, in *The Englishman and his History,*

> Human beings, though fallen from the state of innocence, move as gods and bear the image of God; they are not part of the litter of the earth, to be left uncounted like the sands of the sea. Each is a precious jewel, each is a separate poem; so that, without taking them in the mass, every single one of them has a value incommensurate with anything else in the created universe.

History, he recognised, could be read (and written) at many levels. But at all levels of writing and comprehension, what matters are human beings, free will—and compassion. As he puts it in essay 9 in Dr. McIntire's collection, in The *Christian and Historical Study,*

> The kind of history which has developed in our civilisation and was handed down to the twentieth century has clustered around personalities and we have tended to think of it as organising itself into the form of narrative. It resurrects particular periods, reconstitutes particular episodes, follows the fortunes and discusses the decisions of individual people, and rejoices to recover the past in its concreteness and particularity. It does not limit its interests to the things that can be reduced to law and necessity—a project more feasible to those who direct their studies upon the materialistic side of human beings and human purpose. It is more interested in what is free, varied and unpredictable in the actions of individuals; and the higher realms of human activity—the art and the spiritual life of men—are not inessentials, not a mere fringe to the story. The play of personality itself is not a mere ornament in any case—not a kind of cadenza or violin obbligato—but is itself a factor in the fundamental structure of history. The historical process is so flexible that all the future would have been different in a way that it is beyond the power of our mathematics to calculate if Napoleon had been shot in his youth or Hitler had failed in January 1933. In this sense history is like life and every individual should be aware that it does really matter to the world what decision he makes on a given issue here and now.

And as he further states in *Christianity and History,*

> Taking things retrospectively and recollecting in tranquillity, the historian works over the past to cover the conflicts with understanding, and explains the unlikenesses between men and makes us sensible of their terrible predicaments; until at the finish—when all is as remote as the tale of Troy—we are able at least to be a little sorry for everybody.

THE NEW INDO-CHINESE BLOC: IMPLICATIONS AND PROSPECTS

by Justus M. van der Kroef

A NEW power bloc is taking shape in Asia these days, one which may well have significant implications for the rest of the region. Commenting on the new agreement of 'friendship and cooperation' signed on March 22, 1979 by representatives of the Laotian and Kampuchean (i.e. Cambodian) governments in Phnom Penh, Vietnam's armed forces daily newspaper, *Quan Doin Nhan Dan*, editorially stated on March 25 that both the agreement and the alleged recent upsurge in the 'nation building' development of the Laotian and Kampuchean peoples was proof that the 'invincible strength' of the 'Vietnam-Lao-Kampuchea unity bloc' was being increased 'many times over'. A week earlier, Pen Sovan, Vice-President of the 'Kampuchean People's Revolutionary Council' government which, with the aid of some 200,000 Vietnamese forces, now controls most of Cambodia, praised the 'militant solidarity' and 'extremely close fraternal friendship among the Kampuchean, Vietnamese and Lao peoples', when speaking at a national congress organised by the Council. Indeed, according to Pen Sovan, that solidarity and friendship had now become 'the most powerful, solid and sacred force' in the defence of the three countries, particularly against the 'perfidious' Chinese.

The March 22 1979 Laotian-Kampuchean friendship agreement is the final link in the chain that unites not only the three nominally still independent Indo-Chinese states, giving substance to the old dream of Vietnamese Communists of forging an all Indo-Chinese federated unity, but it also solidifies Soviet influence among them. These developments give new impetus to the Soviet's strategic and diplomatic thrust in the Far East in recent years, as well as posing new problems for Indo-China's non-Communist neighbours such as Thailand, Malaysia and Indonesia, all struggling to develop their own regional *modus vivendi* with the superpowers. On November 3, 1978, the premier of the now unified Socialist Republic of Vietnam (SRV), Pham Van Dong, had already put his signature, in Moscow, to a twenty-five year 'friendship and cooperation' treaty with the USSR, as well as to various other economic and technical cooperation agreements. The former treaty (article 6) contains a clause requiring the parties, in the event of an attack, to consult each other in order to safeguard their mutual security. The latter agreements assure a flow of some $1.5 billion over the next three years in industrial and military assistance to the SRV, accompanied by several hundred Soviet 'advisers'.

Then, on February 18, 1979, the new 'Kampuchean People's Revolutionary Council' government signed a treaty of 'friendship and cooperation' with the Vietnamese government, whose forces, it will be remembered, in the preceding two months had driven the 'Democratic Kampuchea' government of premier Pol Pot from the Cambodian capital. It might

be noted that this expulsion of the Pol Pot regime, several thousand of whose forces are continuing to carry out a guerilla struggle mainly in the Cardamom Mountain range of Cambodia, among the ridges of the adjacent Elephant Mountains, as well as along the Thai border, was accomplished, according to spokesmen for the new Vietnamese installed regime in the Cambodian capital, by the Cambodian people themselves and not by Vietnamese troops. When Hun Sen, the Foreign Minister of the new 'Kampuchean People's Revolutionary Council' government was asked about the current presence of Vietnamese military in Cambodia he replied that they were there as a result of the February 18, 1979 'friendship and cooperation' treaty signed with Vietnam, and that, in any case, the presence of the Vietnamese in Cambodia only concerned the Cambodian and Vietnamese peoples and no one else. Where the Vietnamese go however, the Soviets are not far behind. Soviet technical assistance missions are beginning to visit the Cambodian capital and on March 25, 1979, for example, Soviet aircraft flew some 25 tons of 'fabric, clothing and medicine' into Phnom Penh, reportedly a gift from the 'Central Council of Soviet Trade Unions'.

So far, few details have been made available about the February 18, 1979 Kampuchea-SRV 'friendship' treaty, but it appears to provide for the kind of satellite status that has for some years characterised Laos' relationship with Vietnam. In July, 1977, a Laotian-SRV 'friendship' treaty had been signed and today some 80,000 Vietnamese military on Laotian soil help to ensure political, economic and diplomatic dependence on Hanoi. Soviet military and trade delegations regularly visit Vientiane, recently supplying MiG fighter aircraft and mining and hydro-electric power equipment. The Vietnamese Communists, backed by Moscow, thus have achieved an objective which Ho Chi Minh and his associates articulated early in the nineteen-thirties from the very origins of the 'Indo-China Communist Party' (ICP). The aim was a 'federated' but single Indo-Chinese power, bound together by interlocking treaties, and constituting militarily the strongest force in Southeast Asia. The SRV's standing Army alone numbers some 950,000, with an additional million in 'People's' guards and militia units, while its air force of 490 combat aircraft exceeds those of Indonesia, Thailand and the Philippines combined. More or less regular usage in the future by Soviet naval vessels of Vietnam's Cam Ranh Bay facility now figures in U.S. strategic calculations.

Yet how 'invincible' is the strength of this new, de facto, Indo-Chinese federation? First, one must note that both within Kampuchea and Laos there have been and are in varying degrees, opposition to and weariness of the Vietnamese dominance. For centuries before the imposition of French colonial control in Indo-China, in the latter half of the nineteenth century, the Vietnamese had encroached on Cambodian territory. Milton Osborne has pointed out that Saigon, now called Ho Chi Minh City, was once a Cambodian provincial capital named Prey Nokor, and Cambodian dislike for the *yuen* ('barbarians'), deepened as they entered Cambodia under the French colonial aegis.

The nationalist awakening in Indo-China did not change these animosi-

ties. On the contrary, Cambodian and Laotian Communists for a long time had to operate in the shadow of the Vietnamese dominated Indo-China Communist party. According to one authority on Laotian Communism, Professor Joseph Zasloff, Laotian Communists for years functioned only as a 'committee' under the ICP. A separate Cambodian Communist Party, was in fact not founded until 1960, with little enthusiasm from Hanoi. Those Cambodian Communists led by Pol Pot, who seized power on April 17 1975 in Phnom Penh, proclaiming their 'Democratic Kampuchea' state (two weeks before the Vietnamese Communists themselves seized the Presidential Palace in Saigon) combined a doctrinaire Marxism-Leninism with a nationalistic fervour in which there was little love for Vietnam. Indeed, during 1975 and subsequent years, even as Chinese aid and 'advisers' began pouring into Pol Pot's Kampuchea, there were bloody border clashes between Cambodian and Vietnamese Communist troops in the Eastern Cambodian border provinces and on islands in the Gulf of Siam claimed by both sides.

Sino-Soviet entanglements and rivalry in the Indo-China area have continued to grow. In Northwestern Laos, thousands of Chinese infantry and engineering troops had established a formidable presence since the early nineteen sixties, ostensibly helping to construct a road network in North Laos but also opening a 'cultural and trade mission' at Oudomsay which, despite Laotian entreaties, the Chinese have refused to withdraw. As 'Democratic Kampuchea's' premier Pol Pot began his bloody collectivisation of Cambodian society, in which tens of thousands perished, so did tensions with Vietnam over mutual border violations continue to increase; until, on January 8 1979, after a Vietnamese invasion force had entered 'Democratic Kampuchea', the Pol Pot government was driven from Phnom Penh. A new 'Kampuchean People's Revolutionary Council' government, backed by Hanoi, was put in its place. Laos, in the meantime, had vainly sought to moderate the quarrel between Hanoi and Pol Pot just as, later on, when relations between Pol Pot's principal backer, People's China, and the SRV began to worsen, Laotian President Souphanouvong warned his associates against Laos being drawn into a confrontation against Peking.

But China's invasion of Vietnam on February 17 1979 narrowed Laotian options. And by early March the Laos government accused Chinese troops of crossing the Laotian frontier and illegally occupying a six-mile-long and two-mile-deep area of Laotian soil. Laos also charged the Chinese with aiding anti-government Meo tribal insurgents, even as Laotian officials themselves were admitting in turn that their southern frontier had served as a staging area for the Vietnamese invasion of Cambodia. And yet, even though by March 9 the Vientiane daily, *Siang Pasason*, declared that all Laotians were supporting the 'Vietnamese People's just struggle against Chinese aggression', President Souphanouvong's government clearly did not relish being caught in the SRV-Chinese crossfire; or by the implications of the Vietnamese overthrow of Pol Pot's regime and Russian threats to come to Vietnam's assistance. Survival through accommodation of conflicting pressures of powerful neighbours—this has for decades been the

Laotian style. And though, for the moment, the 'Lao People's Democratic Republic' is a Vietnamese satrapy, its willingness to be part of the 'sacred force' of Hanoi's Indo-China 'unity bloc' seems less than enthusiastic.

Meanwhile, in Cambodia, the Hanoi-sponsored 'Kampuchean People's Revolutionary Council' government must reckon with the continued resistance of Pol Pot's guerilla forces. The latter, united in a 'Democratic and Patriotic Front for National Unity' (DPFNU), through its own South China-based radio transmitter called the 'Voice of Democratic Cambodia,' ceaselessly issues communiques containing running attacks on the Vietnamese occupation forces in Cambodia. In early April, nearly three months after the Pol Pot government had fled Phnom Penh, some 30,000 Vietnamese forces in Cambodia still were compelled to launch a new offensive against Pol Pot's guerilla army Southwest of Battambang. But their success here appears to have been indifferent, and the anti-Vietnamese resistance movement goes on. Despite Thai denials to the contrary it is reported that the Chinese are covertly supplying the Pol Pot insurgent force overland through Thailand, and that the guerillas also receive weapons and aid via Chinese vessels calling at the maze of offshore islands in the Gulf of Siam.

Chinese 'face' is involved in its Cambodian venture, and it is likely that Peking will find ways of keeping the Pol Pot resistance movement alive, at the same time exploiting anti-Vietnamese ethnic feelings among the Cambodian population. These feelings can only intensify so long as the Vietnamese troops remain in Cambodia to prop up the 'Kampuchean People's Revolutionary Council'.

The clear Laotian and Cambodian distaste for being rivetted to Vietnam, and through Vietnam to the Soviets, comes at a time when most if not all of the nations of Southeast Asia, including the Communist ones, still like to think of themselves as somehow 'non-aligned'. Whatever one may think of the effectiveness of ASEAN (the Association of Southeast Asian Nations, founded in 1967, and comprising Indonesia, Thailand, the Philippines, Malaysia and Singapore) it has sought to provide a new regional self-awareness and self-determination for its member states. The recent Indo-China events, particularly Vietnam's attempted conquest of Cambodia, have deeply disquieted ASEAN. The news that Chinese advisers of the Pol Pot government had been taken prisoner by the invading Vietnamese in Cambodia was followed shortly by reports that Pol Pot's guerillas had captured some Russian and Cuban military advisers working for the Vietnamese. The implications of the presence of these foreign advisers in the Indo-China area were summed up in an editorial in the leading Thai daily, the *Bangkok Post*, on March 28, 1979:

> Although the domino theory has been much maligned, it has worked in Indo-China where the toppling of the South Vietnam domino led to that of Laos and Cambodia, and the Vietnamese are now exerting efforts to consolidate the three countries into a Hanoi-dominated Indo-China federation. With the set of Indo-China dominos fallen, the Vietnamese, with Soviet-Cuban backing, now have the apparent objective of toppling ASEAN dominoes . . . now that most ASEAN nations are trying hard to achieve regional prosperity through cooperation, Vietnam arrogantly undermines this set up in clear furtherance of Soviet ambitions in the area.

'Toppling ASEAN dominoes' as an objective of the new Indo-Chinese power bloc has also been much on the mind of Singapore's Foreign Minister, S. Rajaratnam.

On January 13 1979, with the Vietnamese in control of Phnom Penh, the ASEAN Foreign Ministers met hastily in Bangkok, issuing a communique reminding Vietnam of its earlier pledges to ASEAN member states to respect each other's independence, and calling for the immediate and complete withdrawal of all 'foreign forces' from Cambodia. Even so, the communique was relatively mildly worded, perhaps because in view of the continuing Pol Pot guerilla opposition to the Vietnamese invasion and resistance to an Indo-Chinese power bloc in the heart of Southeast Asia the Foreign Ministers were persuaded, as one Thai daily put it, that 'the war in Indo-China is just beginning'. But the road of ASEAN's relations with Hanoi, over the years has, on the whole, been a rocky one. And, the meaning of the twenty-five year Soviet-SRV friendship treaty of November 3 1978 did not fail to make an impression on Hanoi's ASEAN neighbours. The Malaysian paper *Kuang Hua Yit Pao* in an editorial, pointed out that the Vietnamese had evidently been encouraged in their attack on Pol Pot's regime by the Vietnamese-Soviet Treaty.

After the brief, 'punitive', Chinese invasion of Vietnam, Southeast Asian fears of a wider war in their region reached a new crescendo. And so, on March 17, 1979, ASEAN states introduced a resolution into the United Nations Security Council calling for an immediate ceasefire and immediate withdrawals of Vietnamese forces from Cambodia and of Chinese forces from Vietnam. Individually, ASEAN nations at the UN also expressed the hope that the Soviets would not undertake an escalation of the fighting in support of Vietnam. As expected, the USSR, ever protective of Vietnamese interests, vetoed the ASEAN Security Council resolution. This action had the effect of leaving the Vietnamese in occupation of Cambodia, while the Chinese were already pulling out of Vietnam.

But perhaps most noteworthy was Vietnam's reaction to the ASEAN resolution; a reaction which, if anything, suggested that Hanoi meant to keep her new Indo-Chinese power bloc.

While a few ASEAN papers, such as the Indonesian daily *Merdeka*, had questioned the wisdom of ASEAN's UN resolution, protesting that it reflected too much the Western, especially the U.S. approach to the problem, Hanoi's reaction generally sharpened concern in ASEAN capitals from Bangkok to Singapore. Kuala Lumpur's *New Straits Times*, on March 27, not only noted that Hanoi's attitude was not that of a 'friendly neighbour', but also noted that a Vietnam dominated Indo-Chinese Federation now seemed largely to be 'an accomplished fact'.

To the ASEAN powers it has seemed in particular that Thailand has become a kind of 'frontline' of possible future Indo-Chinese encroachments; although the visit of Thai premier, Kriangsak Chamanand, to the U.S. in early February 1979, and U.S. President Carter's promise to Kriangsak that Washington remained 'deeply committed' to Thai security, gave ASEAN some much needed reassurance.

ASEAN has been careful not to create the impression that it is the successor to the now defunct SEATO (Southeast Asia Treaty Organisation). But the tenor of the Cambodian events and the emergence of the new, *de facto,* Indo-Chinese federation as interpreted in ASEAN quarters was already apparent by January 9 1979, two days after the ousting of the Pol Pot regime, from worried Malaysian defence reactions.

In fact, the new Indo-China power bloc, and more particularly the manner in which Hanoi created it, has placed Asian neighbouring states in a difficult position. Japan, anxious to develop its commercial and investment relations with People's China, has indicated to Hanoi that the Vietnamese action in Cambodia jeopardizes Japanese aid programmes to the SRV. Japanese analysts seem particularly concerned that Vietnam apparently believes that Chinese hostility is caused mainly by the barrier which an Indo-Chinese federation would place before China's own alleged attempt to establish hegemony in neighbouring Southeast Asia. Then, too, China's vituperative denunciations of the Laotian government recently seem an unnecessary provocation, according to some Asian observers, who still believe that Laos would prefer to follow a more independent course.

Meanwhile, the Soviets' reaction to the Chinese invasion of Vietnam has been a cautious one. There has been no Soviet military retaliation along its Chinese frontier, though many expected such a development. Hanoi, in fact, may well feel that some more dramatic Russian gesture, other than the sending of aid and the assurances of moral support, should have been forthcoming during its invasion by the Chinese. Doubtless, however, the relative Soviet restraint in the whole embroglio was dictated by the criticism of the initial Vietnam intervention in Cambodia. Not only Roumania, whose relatively independent stand in Soviet bloc matters is well known, criticized Hanoi's invasion. So did North Korea, a nation with which Moscow has been attempting to improve relations of late in order to offset the Japanese-Chinese *rapprochement*. Mark Frankland has noted that the North Korean party newspaper *Nodong Sinmun,* commenting on the Vietnamese invasion of Cambodia, questioned the 'future of the common cause of socialism' if one country mobilised its forces to overthrow a revolution in a 'fraternal' socialist state simply because the policies of that country were not to its liking. At the United Nations it is the Pol Pot regime's representative who, despite Vietnamese protests, remains officially accredited at the world body; and at the Conference of Non-Aligned Nations in Havana, in early September, 1979, the implications of the Indo-China alliance, also for the ASEAN states, became still clearer. Cuba, as the Conference host, and acting obviously at the behest of the USSR, desired the presence at the conference of the Moscow and Hanoi backed government of Heng Samrin. Malaysia and Singapore, clearly reflecting ASEAN opinion, as well as that of other non-aligned conference members, demanded that Cambodia's seat be given to a representative of the Beijing backed regime of Pol Pot. The Malaysia-Singapore position was based on the principle that, heinous though the policies of the Pol Pot government had been, Vietnam's aggression against the Pol Pot

government and its continued occupation of Cambodian soil could not be countenanced. In the end a compromise of sorts was reached, and Cambodia's seat at the Conference remained vacant: but in ASEAN capitals it appeared that the Non-Aligned Nations had in effect bowed to Moscow's wishes through its Cuban Proxy. The result has been an accentuation of ASEAN suspicions and hostility toward the Moscow-Hanoi axis, even though it is also apparent that resentment in Laos and Cambodia over the heavy hand of Vietnamese controls is rising. Thus through the Indo-Chinese alliance tensions are mounting once again in the Southeast Asian region.

All in all, despite criticism and rebuffs, it seems likely that Hanoi will out Laos and Cambodia, and that Ho Chi Minh's old dream of a united Communist Indo-China state has and will to all intents and purposes become and remain a reality.

[Dr. J. M. van der Kroef is Dana Professor and Chairman of the Department of Political Science at the University of Bridgeport, Connecticut, U.S.A.]

The January issue of *Contemporary Review* includes *New Zealand in Crisis* by Keith Suter, *Is the West Losing the Great Game in Central Asia?* by John Biggs-Davison, M.P., *British Penal Policy*: *The Shackles of the Past* by Malcolm Ramsay and *The Homosexual Debate* by Cecil Northcott.

POEM

REDUNDANT

Through the plans of so many similar governments,
Still they come;
The not-so-old, the tired men with greying hair;
Treading the streets, crowding the offices.
The hopeful, hopeless crowd.

What do they seek?
These importuning men,
With steadied gait and anxious eye.

'The job. The job we heard about.'

'But you're old.
My friend there aren't enough jobs for the young.
The old should sit satisfied, faces to the maturing sun,
Putting the extra years to special leisure.'

Oh yes, a good philosophy for sure, for sure;
But they know the atrophy of aimless days —
Of walls so tight and grey within countless little rooms.
Of tongues that have no taste
To taste the little food that is left for them.

Old, getting older;
But the hand that shuts the high, dense door,
Cannot see down the years.

DAVID R. MORGAN.

JOHN SINGER SARGENT AT THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON

by Cyril Fradan

> The business of a poet is to examine, not the individual, but the species; to remark the general properties and large appearances: he does not number the streaks of the tulip, or describe the different shades in the verdure of the forest. He is to exhibit in his portraits of nature such prominent and striking features, as recall the original to every mind: and must neglect the minuter descriminations, which one may have remarked, and another neglected, for those characteristics which are alike obvious to vigilance and carelessness. (Samuel Johnson: *Rasselas.*)

JOHNSON'S Platonic Idealism must needs be contravened by the portrait-painter. He must, by definition, seek to portray the individual and not the species; he must reveal those 'minuter descriminations' which differentiate one isolated example from all others of the same group. The more he succeeds in defining this individuality, the more he limits the broader areas of response in any spectator who has not had the privilege of personal or documentary acquaintance with the sitter. Some heroes have a very banal appearance. The Idealist may try to distil an essential and universal type, but even he is inevitably influenced by his cultural and racial background. Perhaps the publicists of Hollywood came nearest to success.

How would one imagine the 'essential' male and female? Naked? Adam and Eve? Even then a certain type would have to be shown. None would be universally accepted. Adam and Eve on the Sistine Chapel ceiling are no more or less true than the same in *Playboy* or *Playgirl* magazines. Naturally their basic sexual functions are made clear by nudity, but more complex qualities have to be expressed by muscularity, expression and stance. Functions may be implied by associating them with emblems like the spear and the distaff, thunderbolts, owls, downtrodden serpents, styles of clothing and uniforms; even architecture and specific landscapes.

When does the picture of a venerable, bearded old man become unmistakably St. Peter? When the spectator is *au fait* with the Christian religion and the old man is holding the keys of heaven. What makes Reynolds' Mrs. Siddons into the Tragic Muse? What makes the picture of a mother and child into the Madonna and Child? What makes a portrait of Big Brother into the icon of the Great Leader?. Emblems and symbols and the neglect of the 'minuter descriminations'.

John Singer Sargent became the portrait painter to a tiny sub-genus of humanity which consisted in his immediate upper-middle-class family and friends and of that even smaller group, distinguished by title, wealth and, on occasion, talent, which formed *le beau monde* in the late Victorian and Edwardian periods.

What prompts an artist to execute a portrait? Sometimes it is his own spontaneous desire: something in the sitter's appearance or in their re-

lationship. Mostly a portrait is the result of a commission. Its function will already have been foreseen by the patron who wishes to be flattered, aggrandised etc., and who feels that the style and reputation of the painter he chooses will best fulfil these conditions.

Why should it be painted rather than photographed? Remember that photography was in general use for portraiture by the middle of the nineteenth-century, and that painters were already making use of the new technique to help them in their paintings. Van Deren Coke in his book, *The Painter and the Photograph,* quotes a magazine called *The Living Age* as writing, in 1846:

> (the Daguerrotype) is slowly accomplishing a great revolution in the morals of portrait painting. The flattery of the countenance-delineators is notorious, everyone who pays must look handsome, intellectual or interesting at least — on canvas. These abuses of the brush the photographic art is happily designed to correct.

We now know that the lens can be made to flatter as much as the brush. Flattery is the interest paid by the portraitist on the guineas of the sitter. Sargent was conscious of this. He called the Vickers sisters 'three ugly young women'. What could they really have looked like? The portrait shows them as more than comely. Sargent's stately Mrs. George Swinton was painted by Sickert against a background of a Venetian canal. *He* shows us a round-faced woman with a prominent and very sharp nose and thick, sensuous lips.

A portraiture-commission is ever a pretension to importance, an assertion of self and of one's achievements, be they due to birth, the battlefield, the stock market or the beauty-parlour.

If significant portraiture were only a matter of achieving a striking resemblance, then any photograph could be superior to a Holbein. The complexities of the human face, its mobility, its susceptibility to changes wrought by passion, illness, hypocrisy and, above all, the passage of years, make no single image a true representation. What view of the face is most typical to those who know the sitter? And which representation may most impress someone who does not know him?

The present-day camera has an ability to capture, instantaneously, the most fleeting and unexpected expressions and angles of the face. Early photographic portraits were solemn, serious and static, not only because they were emulating the painters' work, but because the sitter had to adopt an expression which could be comfortably held over the length of time needed for exposure. The face in repose is classical in its freedom from the transient and inessential and distorting expressions. The more the portraitist attempts to capture such expressions the less formal, generalised, 'grand', and the more 'human' the image becomes. There is a gradation from the Venus de Milo to 'La Gioconda' to the 'Malle Babbe' of Frans Hals. It is also to be seen between Sargent's drawing of Mrs. George Swinton and the portrait in oils.

It is certain that Sargent made use of photographs, especially for landscape and architectural paintings. Richard Ormond, in his Phaidon Press book on Sargent, reproduces a photograph of glacier streams on the

Simplon and the painting executed from it, in minute detail, by Sargent in 1910. Wilenski stated that he once possessed a copy of the postcard-view of Santa Maria della Salute from which Sargent copied his painting. I have no idea of the extent to which Sargent made use of photographs in his portraiture. Where examples are given in the catalogue for the current exhibition we are immediately struck by his tendency to elongate both face and figure. This might have been due to a conscious desire to render his sitters more elegant (a trick known to the Mannerists: look at Parmigianino's 'Virgin with the Long Neck'), or because he might have suffered from astigmatism!

The conflict between the idealised and the personalised is expressed, in Sargent's paintings, by the approach to all his male portraits and to the portraits of the females in his intimate circle, compared with the Grand Portraits of Society women. In the first cases he allows himself to search out even those characteristics which are not flattering, which betray the double chin (Flora Priestly), or the chicken's neck (Patmore), flabbiness (Henry James), or hardness, even cruelty as in the Swettenham portrait. All these are excluded from the Grand Portraits. The faces may smile, as to a camera. A face may 'look like the innocent flower': a searching portraitist should also be able to suggest whether or not there 'be a serpent under't'.

Sargent was capable of creating icons but was more often seduced by the status of his sitters and by his impressive technical facility into producing mere graven images.

What are the emblems of, and the settings for, his society portraits? All, with the exception of his fine painting of Madame Pailleron (unfortunately not in the exhibition), are indoors. The *mise-en-scène* is most often a Louis XV chair, a silken drape. Costume is the most important and, when the sitter is not wearing her very best she is then, like the Duchess of Portland, shown in fancy-dress. Rank is often to be more easily expressed by costume (and, naturally, uniform) than by the face, which does not always accord with our ideas of how those who interpret certain roles in life should look. Hence actors and actresses are often more convincing than the real character from whom their part might have been drawn. It would make little difference to most of us now whether the Duchess of Portland or her stand-in had posed—except that both might be lacking in any abstract quality of 'Duchessness'.

Swettenham is given the most significant 'props'. His claw-like hand asserts the domination of empire over the products of the subdued. The triangle of blanched forehead in the Dalhousie portrait is but an ephemeral phenomenon and proves how superficial Sargent could allow himself to be for the sake of effect. Certainly he was attracted by anything shiny and metallic and by the sensuous sheen and texture of different textiles.

Yet, in his earlier work, and from time to time at later dates, Sargent shows an ability to raise his subject-matter to an intriguing level, imbuing it with a sense of mystery, tension and unpredictability in which the sharp highlight and the strong contrast of light and shade combine to fascinate

the onlooker. The principal examples of these in the exhibition are 'The Venetian Beadstringers', in which their activity is raised, or even erased, by the faces, attitudes and possible relationship between the protagonists and their surroundings. There is a masterful expression of light—evident in the direct and reflected illumination in the 'Boit Children'. The Swettenham portrait also surpasses the mere image and creates a symbol of aggression, power and energy—an archetypal empire-builder. Could one say the same for Balfour, elongated and effete of boneless hand, standing in front of that other preferred Sargent back-drop: the conventional, classical socle, dado and/or column?

In 1885 Sargent executed an evocative portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson and his wife. It shows a strong, Impressionist influence in its asymmetrical composition. RLS strides off to the viewer's left, looking out of the painting over his shoulder. Mrs. RLS sits on a settle on the extreme right and is almost completely excluded. Between them a door opens onto a hallway with a rising flight of stairs. The implied relationships and the possible interpretation of the setting give this work an impact which is independent of any knowledge of the historic personalities depicted.

When Sargent used a similar asymmetry in 'The Dinner Table at Night' (1884) he immediately allowed his 'Society' subject-matter to erode his artistic, as opposed to his technical, powers. The shadowed room is but one which is unevenly lit—it hides no secrets. The couple at table are but a rich couple lingering after a good meal and surrounded by the glittering silver which is the trophy of the husband's activities on the market-place. There is not even a hint of anything which might make us curious about their relationship with each other. It is a facile record as vacuous as its subject.

I gain the impression of a deep conflict within Sargent between sensuality and reticence. His sensuality is evidenced by his material, fat and impasted, and by his application of it with verve and energy, and by his delight, already mentioned, in tactile values both real and imitated: the effects of light on cloth and metal—silks and satins, gold and silver, *not* fustian and lead.

I know very little of his personal life except three facts which emerge from the catalogue: firstly that he never married, secondly that he might have had an affair with Flora Priestly, thirdly that he liked dark women of a levantine type. He seems deliberately to avoid any obvious sensuality in his work. He painted but one female nude, an Egyptian girl, shown from the back, in much the same posture as the 'Javanese Dancer' in this exhibition. In this manner he avoids any representation of her sexual parts. His female portraits, in this period of the amours of Edward VII, try to avoid even the most subtle suggestion of the cleft between their breasts: look at Mrs. Carl Meyer, leaning provocatively forward; look at the *décolleté* of the Duchess of Portland, and look at the generous, but undefined bosoms of Betty and Ena Wertheimer. His portrait of Mrs. Robert Harrison gives no hint of her talent for enterprising amorous adventures—unless one seeks a subtle colour-symbolism in her scarlet and white attire.

Even that scandalous *cause célèbre,* Madame X., of whom Sargent wrote so enthusiastically, betrays no cleft. Only the Hollywood photographs of the fashionable screen pin-ups, even until the sixties, showed as much industry in obscuring that valley.

And yet . . . and yet. . . . Look at the portrait of the Hon. Victoria Stanley. The present catalogue, fulsome and uncritical to an extraordinary degree, finds the correspondent of the *Saturday Review* to have shown a lack of taste when he wrote, in 1899, that this was the 'portrait of Little Red Riding Hood by the Wolf'. I think he showed more insight and less *naiveté* than the author of the catalogue or the then contemporary critic of *The Times.* What an image Sargent has painted: this Lolita with her sensuous, half-parted lips; dressed in white but draped in the red of a hunter. Her eyes entice with precocious challenge. Her lustrous hair falls about her shoulders—what a source of sensuous stimulation, almost to the point of *fétiche,* that was to the period. Maeterlinck's *Pelléas and Mélisande* was first performed to Debussy's music but three years later than this painting, in 1902. Above all, Sargent associates this young Diana with a riding-whip. The sexual implications cannot be denied. If Sargent thought he was limning an innocent flower then his own sub-conscious was too strong for him.

If the author of a catalogue be also a blood-relation of the artist celebrated by the exhibition, one might expect a degree of *parti-pris.* The text of this catalogue is almost unquestioningly partisan. Richard Ormond refers to Sargent's 'unerring eye' and states that 'no one could accuse *him* of ugly or slapdash work'. This is patently untrue as any close observation will reveal.

Sargent learnt to paint *au premier coup* from his undistinguished teacher Carolles-Durand. He also adopted a few techniques in *alla prima* and spontaneity from the impressionists. He had a talent for direct and energetic brushwork—very akin, if taken out of context, with the effects of what recently became known as 'Action-painting'. At its best it attained vivacity and sparkle. At its worst it displayed self-indulgence and ineptitude. Frequently both best and worst occur in one work.

Look at the little finger of Victoria Stanley's left hand. The cleft between it and the fourth finger is as deep as that between thumb and index. How does Ena Wertheimer's right hand connect with its fore-arm and shoulder?

In spite of the *Spectator's* critic's comment on the portrait of Mrs. George Swinton, that 'One wonders if anyone else could have painted the left arm—or rather left it out—with such complete feeling of the solid structure beneath the loose scarf', I defy anyone to draw a convincing arm from hand to shoulder.

Look at the dead black shadow which defines a deformed right leg for the Duchess of Portland. Compare the careless tonal-values in Dalhousie's white suit with the masterly control of the same in Swettenham's uniform. Look at the moustache which ill-judged tonality has given Mrs. Carl

Meyer. Surely all this amounts to slap-dash work within the style of Sargent himself?

A whole section of the exhibition is given over to the influence of Impressionism on Sargent. Other than Paul Helleu's straw boater I cannot see this. *Au premier coup* painting has something in common with the Impressionists' *alla prima* technique, but Sargent remained firmly within the tradition of tonal painters—which is what makes the modelling in his work show up so clearly in monochrome photographs. We have seen that he tried asymmetrical composition on a few occasions—this stemmed from the Impressionists' attempt to capture some of the accidental effects of photography. But, although Sargent used as much broken colour as any academician before him, he clearly did not experiment with Impressionist theories of colour; the rainbow palette of Renoir, or the Spectrum palette of Seurat remained foreign to him. His greatest heresy, in Impressionist terms, was his use of opaque black shadows—frequently without any attempt to integrate them into the surrounding tonal and colour-field. Even in his water-colours, which include some of his best work, he displays little interest in nuances. His greens are so unvaried that it seems he could only have had one kind in his paint-box.

Certainly he shows no sign of Impressionism in his later work unless we count his spontaneity which suggests rather than defines—but Frans Hals and others were doing this centuries earlier. It is interesting to note that Cézanne painted his portrait of Ambroise Vollard in the same year as Sargent painted Dalhousie—1900. Picasso's cubist portrait of Vollard (Moscow) was executed a year later than Sargent's Balfour. Lady Agnew was painted in the same year as Edvard Munch's 'The Cry'. This is not to draw any critical comparison, it is just to clarify the tradition to which Sargent held in spite of his training and friendships in France.

For me Sargent was at his best when his material imposed a real need for spontaneity because they imposed speed — water-colour and the drawings. In both the final effect has to be planned with clarity from the start—especially in saving the white paper for the major light-tones. I long to know how long it took him to paint such figure-studies as the 'Convalescent Soldiers', the 'Spanish Interior', the 'Siesta' (No, 84), etc. Were they posed, were they done on the spot or from drawings? Whichever way, they are masterly and truly direct. Curiously they are free of those slapdash and careless faults of drawing and tonality which I pointed out in the great portraits—and this in spite of the manipulative freedom offered by oils but not by aquarelle.

Perhaps Sargent felt, in his later years, that his career, while socially brilliant, had served to tarnish his artistic integrity. Perhaps the last years were an attempt to redeem himself and seek a more truthful expression. When he abandoned the half-light of his early works and brought his sitters into clearer and more diffused light they began to reveal themselves as very ordinary beings in spite of the costumes with which they embellished themselves and the *mise-en-scène* which was intended to give them status. He had numbered all the streaks and lost sight of the tulip.

THEATRES IN HAMMERSMITH — A MOVE FROM THE WEST END

by Robert Rubens

ALTHOUGH the National Theatre, The Royal Shakespeare Company and the West End managements still provide some of the finest productions in London, there are now several theatres in and around Hammersmith which are presenting contemporary and classical plays of equally high artistic standards. Within the heavily populated and industrial Borough of Hammersmith and Fulham there has developed a lively interest in the creative arts, which has been enthusiastically supported by the local Council.

The Riverside Studios is not simply a theatre. It could more accurately be described as an artistic centre which provides plays, ballets, concerts and exhibitions. Originally a foundry, the Riverside was transformed into a film studio in the 1930s and in 1950 was taken over by the B.B.C., who used it for a number of years as one of their television studios. Five years ago the Hammersmith Borough Council set up a trust to convert and administer the building as a local arts centre.

Under the directorship of Peter Gill the Riverside has offered a varied programme of successful productions including *As You Like It, The Cherry Orchard* and *Treetops* by Nicholas Wright. These have played to capacity audiences and Peter Gill is understandably optimistic about the future of the Riverside project. He hopes to continue to present a wide-ranging programme in what he describes as, '. . . a friendly, lively and easy-going atmosphere.' He feels that the popularity of the Riverside Studios is proof that the general public want and need to have culture in a relaxed and informal setting, yet he qualifies his comments by saying: 'We are trying to be heterogeneous without being chaotic.'

For the opening production of the 1979-80 season, he chose Mustapha Matura's *Welcome Home Jacko* because he felt that it was a bracing and topical drama which needed a wider audience than it had at the relatively small Factory Theatre in Paddington, where it was first produced.

Mr. Matura's play is set in a youth club with walls plastered with posters and a photograph of Hailie Selassie. The four central characters —Zippy, Marcus, Dole and Fret—are restless, discontented young black men, embittered by what they feel is their hopeless position in a hostile white society. They are presented in a state of constant motion—undulating to the rhythms of Reggae music which blares continually from the gramophone, and ferociously pushing the bars of a miniature football machine. The four boys tease and banter amongst themselves in a flow of sharp-edged dialogue which expresses their general sense of disillusionment.

Their one glimmer of hope is their belief in the cult of Rastafarianism which they express by dressing in traditional Ethiopian robes and hats

and looking towards Haile Selassie as their hero. Into this scene of pathetic adolescent chaos emerges Sandy, a sympathetic white girl who runs the youth club and tries in vain to control her near-hysterical members. Then comes an anglicised young black woman who also wants to help, but is physically assaulted by Marcus, the most volatile of the four boys.

The return of Jacko, a former club member who has recently come out of prison, is the turning point in this highly pitched drama. Jacko, somewhat older and now a bit wiser than the others, has served his gaol sentence for rape and no longer has need of the ranting and raving in which his friends indulge. Jacko proves his superior strength by physically overwhelming Marcus when the younger boy tries to pull a knife on him. After this, Jacko makes it clear that their Ethiopian cult is a pointless escapist fantasy and, besides, he reminds them. *'Hailie Selassie is dead!'*.

Marcus and his friends then sullenly accept their plight and remove their Rastafarian robes while a voice from the gramophone sings out the words: '. . . . this is reality'.

This play takes a harsh and astringent view of a serious social problem —the integration of young black people into contemporary British society. While the actual structure of the play is not particularly innovative (rebellious youth being taught and tamed by an elder member of their group is a classic formula) the language and the characterizations are harrowingly alive and perceptive. Charlie Hanson directed the play with compassionate intelligence and his staging is almost balletic in its brisk knock-about vivacity of movement.

Victor Evans, who plays the sultry sharp-tongued Marcus, is a remarkably talented young actor who can deftly shift his mood from wry humour to furious intensity and Gordon Case, as Jacko, gives a subtle and understated performance.

Of all of the nearby theatres, The Bush is both the smallest and most firmly established, having opened in 1972 with a successful adaptation of John Fowles' novel, *The Collector*. Intimately arranged in the old dining room above the Bush Hotel pub at the corner of Shepherd's Bush Green and the Goldhawk Road, this little theatre, which is modestly assisted by the local council and other foundations, has for the past seven years followed a policy of presenting experimental plays by contemporary playwrights. Although the company considers itself primarily a 'writers' theatre', one of its three artistic directors, Simon Stokes, also likes to think of it as a 'pop-in', where audiences are as liable to come to see a play as to go to the cinema.

Simon Stokes is aware that the bulk of his audience comes from approximately a two mile radius, yet he does not wish to consider the Bush as a 'community or neighbourhood theatre'. 'We are serving all London,' he explains. 'And, indeed, outside London as well!'. He makes it clear that the Bush Theatre 'has no specific policy to service any subdivision of the community as a constant basis.' He feels that the artistic

aims of the company are basically the same as those of the Royal Court, the Hampstead Theatre Club, The National and the R.S.C.

Simon Stokes and the two other artistic directors of the company, Jenny Topper and Nicky Pallot, are enthusiastic about this season's opening presentation, *The People Show, Number 82* which is an improvisational production decidedly outside the mainstream of modern theatre. Simon Stokes considers *The People Show* to be supremely theatrical in its approach because it deals primarily with the juxtaposition of visual images and involves audiences in unexpected events such as spontaneous singing, dancing and even on occasion providing an actual meal! Rehearsing without a script, the actors in the well-established *People Show* company construct their own set which becomes the venue from which they work and thus helps to eliminate the need for preconceived dialogue.

Simon Stokes' colleague at the Bush Theatre, Nicky Pallot, is equally optimistic about the *People Show,* not only because of its vivid non-verbal imagery, but because '. . . it allows a great space for the audiences' imagination to work in'.

Jenny Topper is concerned with the problems involved in the 'linguistic-based' productions which have been done at the Bush. As they are frequently dealing with previously unproduced playwrights, she has found that while many scripts may be exciting on the written page, once rehearsals have begun the dialogue presents considerable difficulties for the actors. In such cases Jenny Topper advocates a strong directorial line. 'A *style,*' she explains, 'must then be created which will bring the play to life. But it must not make the playwright's lines seem odd or out of context'.

Jenny Topper is aware that it is impossible for even the best directors to cope with every kind of script, just as the most consummate actor is often completely unable to interpret a particular character, sometimes for reasons which seem totally obscure to the observer.

The autumn production of the *People Show, Number 82* did not prove to have the spontaneous gaiety which I was led to expect by the directors of the Bush. Instead, the show gave the impression of a carefully conceived blend of mime and ballet. Indeed the setting—a sleazy gymnasium-cum-brothel with a heavily bolted door—worked most effectively as the venue for a series of strange encounters amongst the various performers. After the initial arrival of a vigorous athlete who does press-ups in his track suit, a slinky young woman suddenly appears in the window. (The actual upstairs windows of the Bush Hotel are incorporated into the setting, allowing the street lights and passing buses in the Goldhawk Road to add their own sense of glaring reality to the production.)

Once the mysterious female guest comes into the gym, she begins a provocative slow-motion dance with a tough swarthy gangster-type character who later reappears in what seems to be a clinging negligée and sings a pleading torch song to a young black boy who is in fact a girl dressed in men's clothing. These two androgynous figures then move through the production in a succession of vignettes involving some

dexterous acrobatics and an elaborate courtship with the wraith-like lady who is ultimately murdered.

Throughout the proceedings there is an underplayed flirtation between a bespectacled lady *conciérge* and the shadowy figure of a man who stands watching through a stage window. Looking like a primordial chimney-sweep with wild frizzy hair, this man accepts a watering can from the *conciérge* and then sprinkles the plants in the flower box before he carries the entire window—transoms and all—to the centre of the stage where he and his lady friend sing a romantic duet of *September Song*. After which the prim *conciérge* reappears in the nude and offers herself to the man at the window. The entire company then join in a mournful form of finale singing, *'Dan, Dan, my kitchen man . . . you cook my troubles away . . .'*

The mood of this production is essentially sinister and surrealist, whereas the current presentation, more in line with usual Bush policy, is firmly rooted in reality. *Wednesday*, by Julia Kearsley, is a sharply observed study of a mentally retarded boy living with his family in a small flat in the North of England. The son's psychological condition and its damaging effect on his sister and widowed mother are revealed with remorseless clearsightedness and the play is directed by Dusty Hughes with intelligent compassion. David Bamber's performance as the afflicted youth is almost unbearably convincing, while Jean Boht as the long-suffering mother adds just the right touch of stoically bitter humour to this grim and disturbing drama.

It is a curious experience to discover the fanciful plush and plasterwork of the late-Victorian Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, reconstructed and set perfectly intact in a corner of the vast new urban development which sprawls along King Street, W.6. There, amidst concrete council blocks, offices and fluorescent-lit shops, it is soothing to wander into the quiet enclave of the new Lyric, reminiscent of such legendary names as Ellen Terry, Nigel Playfair and Edith Evans.

But, despite its famous history, Bill Thomley, the artistic director, feels that, 'no theatre can be a museum and it's most important for its artistic life that it should be continually producing at least some new works which are consistent with a balanced programme.' For this reason he is including in his opening season a new play entitled *Waiting for the Parade* by the Canadian author, John Murrell. This will be followed by Sandy Wilson's latest musical, *Aladdin* and in the adjoining studio theatre there will be another new play, *Landmarks* by Nick Darke.

But to open the season, Bill Thomley chose George Bernard Shaw's comedy, *You Never Can Tell*. He wanted to begin with a play which is contemporaneous with the theatre itself and because he considers it to be one of the wittiest plays in the English language. He admits frankly that it would have been too great a risk to open the new Lyric with an untried work.

Bill Thomley is very much in favour of more theatres opening outside central London. Personally, he finds that the West End has become,

'. . . a nebulous area which no longer seems to have an individuality of its own and the personality that is left—I don't like!' He goes on to say that audiences need to be carefully attuned to a production and that in the West End, with the abundance of tourists, it is difficult for an audience to react as so often they do not entirely understand the language or the particularly English references in many of the plays. He does not feel that his company is in competition with West End managements as 'the Lyric will be providing a first rate selection of plays at cheaper prices in much more convenient and comfortable surroundings than any of the theatres in central London.' He is grateful to the Hammersmith Borough Council for their encouragement and support and is delighted to have as his resident directors David Giles and Michael Blakemore.

You Never Can Tell, written in 1896 before George Bernard Shaw had established himself as a major playwright, is a comedy of the manners and fluctuating moral attitudes of the British middle classes as they approached the twentieth century. With an iridescent flow of consistently amusing dialogue, Shaw touched lightly on a number of themes which he was to explore more fully in his later plays such as *Major Barbara, Pygmalion* and *Man and Superman.*

In *You Never Can Tell* we find such subjects as the emancipation of women, the inevitable power of money and the class struggle all served up in a bubbling comedy in which many of the fashionable 'enlightened' theories of the late 1890s are deftly punctured and transformed into the familiar Shavian paradoxes. The play revolves round Mrs. Clandon, a woman writer with advanced feminist ideas, who is separated from her rich husband and returns to England after many years in Madeira where she has brought up her three children along what she considers the most modern lines. The first scene of the play is in a dental surgery where a penniless but articulate dentist repairs some of the Clandon family's teeth. This young man eventually disrupts the clan, falls in love with one of the daughters and helps to break down many of their rigidly preconceived concepts.

In this presentation, it is the leading actor and scene designer who have contributed most to its success. Peter Egan's portrayal of the young dentist helps to lift the production into a far higher category than simply that of another competent Shaw revival.

Kenneth Mellor, who designed the settings with the aesthetic tact and knowledge of an architectural historian, has managed to transform a background colonnade of linking arches first into an austere dental surgery and then into the lush reception room and the terrace of a Victorian seaside hotel. Using a minimum of colour and a profusion of potted palms and authentic wicker furniture, he has created a unique airy and exquisite *mise-en-scène.*

If the high standards and artistic invention of these productions are an indication of the quality of future plays at the Lyric, Riverside and Bush, there can be no doubt that we must look with confidence towards Hammersmith as an exciting and important theatrical centre in London.

DRAMA AT THE 1979 EDINBURGH FESTIVAL IN RETROSPECT

by Clare Colvin

THE 33rd Edinburgh Festival was an ordeal of fire for the new Director, John Drummond. But he proved himself worthy of the nickname 'Bulldog' by pulling out of the hat one of the most exciting Festival programmes yet. He gave drama back its rightful place and brought about closer links with the flourishing Fringe.

On the music side, he sensibly chose the best of British opera by inviting the enterprising Kent Opera to stage a new production by the thoughtful Jonathan Miller.

It must have been a killing three weeks for Drummond from the opening concert on August 19. I saw him at a reception later that week, looking fairly *distrait* after a hard day at the office and with an evening of the Rustaveli Company's *Richard III*, interrupted by a quick trip to an orchestral concert and on to a James Galway recital, followed by two parties, ahead of him. While he was in the midst of the crises of the 1979 Festival, he was already in the final stages of planning 1980. As he pointed out, opera has to be organised up to five years ahead.

On the drama side, the two most important aspects of the official Festival were the choice of exhilarating foreign companies like the Georgian Rustaveli and the Argentinian Groupe TSE, and the use of the more *avant-garde* Scottish companies.

The Rustaveli presented their own versions of *The Caucasian Chalk Circle* and *Richard III*, shedding new light on both plays. Brecht's parable, which lends itself to a didactic approach, became a lighthearted mixture of musical and pantomime, and the text was ruthlessly cut. The Rustaveli are skilful at drawing on the folk traditions around them. A group of women wheeled on to stage with the tiny steps of Georgian state dancers, and the villains wore masks as in Oriental theatre.

Richard III also became something of a comedy. To see Richard limping to rag-time music behind the coffin of one of his victims was to experience an entirely new play, a timeless satire on the nature of tyranny. Ramaz Chkhikvadze as Richard turned in a virtuoso performance, beginning as a jovial murderer, contemplating his path to the throne like a game of snakes and ladders. But as the murders multiply, the smile fades and by the end an *alter ego*, a Fool in a Napoleonic hat, watches mockingly as Richard meets his death.

Under their director, Robert Sturua, the Rustaveli are a company to be reckoned with, and rumour has it that they may return to London by the end of next year. What a pity, though, that the audiences in Edinburgh were so sparse. With the prospect of simultaneous translation or, in the case of *Richard III*, none at all, the people of Edinburgh cautiously stayed away. They missed the experience of a lifetime and the Georgians were

puzzled to find a theatre abroad less packed than usual.

The Traverse Theatre Company is well known on the Edinburgh fringe and, given their chance in the official Festival, it is a pity they did not make more of it. Tom McGrath's *Animal* did create something of a *succès de scandale* with its nude scene: however, *The Red Runner* by Scotland's leading comedian, Billy Connolly, was a low key disappointment. We watched three men in jail chewing over their lives, trapped into confrontations with each other by their cramped environment. But it told us little beyond what a sorry place prison is and what a reflection on society outside. As I would expect from the Traverse, the performances of the actors were strong and committed.

Having paid his respects to the *avant-garde* with the Traverse and the Glasgow Citizens' Theatre's flamboyant productions of *Chinchilla,* based on Diaghilev's love life, and Goldoni's *The Good-Humoured Ladies,* Drummond gave space to a solid repertory company, the Bristol Old Vic.

Their *Troilus and Cressida* was indifferently acted and dull, but they redeemed themselves with a sparkling production of *The Recruiting Officer.* This comedy could be classified as the West End success of its day and the director, Adrian Noble, though noting the injustice of the recruiting system, emphasised the lighter side of the play. In the past the Bristol Old Vic has transferred a number of its productions to the West End such as *The Killing of Sister George* and *Conduct Unbecoming.* This play would be perfect as the West End is sadly thin on classics; but finances, of course, are a barrier.

While the official Festival made up for lost time in drama, the Fringe flourished more abundantly than ever. Bookings were up by 25 per cent and there were over 6,000 performances by hundreds of companies. Too much choice, perhaps, for the first few days we spent our time looking crosseyed at the programme wondering whether *The Tale of Randy Robin* by the National Student Theatre Company was a better risk than *Tin Pan Ali* by Achilles and His Size Five Heel Tappers.

The Fringe grew up at a time when new drama was not allowed a toehold. It provides a rich shopwindow and the best of it feeds London fringe theatre for months afterwards, sometimes moving to the West End.

But some of the events seen there would not have survived a week in a London fringe theatre. Blatant amateurism, appalling scripts and shoddy productions were too irritatingly common, and at one show forgetful actors were demanding prompts from the side. It may prove necessary in future for the Fringe's enthusiastic Director, Alistair Moffat, to do a little more weeding out rather than boast triumphantly about the sheer mass of productions the Fringe attracts.

However, on the plus side, there were more 'Festival Firsts' (awards made to outstanding Fringe plays) than ever before and, once you found your way to them, they were eminently worthwhile. The majority of the well-established fringe companies, such as the Oxford Theatre Group, responsible for the extremely interesting *Heroes* by Doug Lucie, exploring the contrast between students of the late 60s and today, and the Cam-

bridge Mummers, producing the surrealistic *Artaud at Rodez,* were professional and serious in their approach.

It is heartening that the Festival, founded in 1947 as a gesture of cultural defiance in the aftermath of the war, still attracts so much support. Unfortunately, not enough support is given locally and the residents, far from being grateful for a three week cultural beanfeast, often regard it merely as an invasion of tourists, students and other unwelcome visitors.

Back in 1971, Lord Harewood, the then Festival Director, said of the Scotsmen, 'While I respect their independent spirit, I sometimes wish that the people quoted in the press would sometimes say they liked the Festival they found in their midst, rather than dilating on the inconvenience it caused them'.

Little has changed, but John Drummond must feel even more in need of local support. There was a 25 per cent drop in tourists during the whole year and at the beginning of the Festival the reserve fund stood at £33,800, its lowest level for ten years. Realising that the Festival cannot expect much more than £300,000 from Edinburgh District Council and the same amount from the Scottish Arts Council, he is casting elsewhere for sponsorship.

'The Festival has always been too close to the edge of survival,' he said. 'It's not as secure as it ought to be.'

Let us hope that the precarious finances of the Festival will not dampen his crusading zeal. Looking ahead to 1980, as a taste of things to come the 1979 Festival promises more vintage years ahead.

[Clare Colvin is a Theatre Critic and Arts writer for the *Evening News.*]

FESTIVE BUSINESS

by Elizabeth Earle

'YOU know, we really should consider opening for Christmas', Bill said.

And as, having had an exhausting season running a granite cliff-edge edifice, something like a hotel, we were still licking our wounds and trying to tame this ungainly monster for the next year's onslaught; and so not inclined to take this remark seriously. After we had watched the last guests disappearing down the drive, their cars groaning with children, animals and sundry luggage, we had celebrated our sudden freedom from the routine of keeping a hundred souls in good heart for the duration of their holiday by the sea by launching ourselves into the formidable task of repairs and improvements for a future that had so often seemed doubtful.

We had survived our first season as hotelkeepers. And here we all were, my husband, a retired naval officer, myself, his hapless spouse, and a retired business man and sometimes reluctant father-in-law to the man who had just made this obscene suggestion.

Well, we knew my husband Bill to be a glutton for punishment. If he were *not* he would still be within the comforting folds of Naval life, where fate was fairly certain and promotion not impossible. As it was, we had thrown our all into the chancy affair of owning the biggest White Elephant in the West of England. And although we were preparing for a second season, it had to be pure madness even to consider opening for Christmas.

By common consent, my father and I began to edge away. We had managed about three paces before the wretched man repeated the dreadful words. This time there was that old familiar ring of command in the voice. We sat down woodenly and stared at our persecutor, 'Why?', I demanded stupidly, 'How?', asked my father much more sensibly, for surely that was only too relevant. How could we open this place for the festive few days, only three weeks off? 'And anyway', my father cut in, 'I have to spend Christmas helping at the church'. That was my father putting down his last card. The only way he could come to terms with the gritty, basic, worldly business of hotel keeping was to return to his protective institution as often as possible and I felt for him in his dilemma.

'You could be Father Christmas', my shameless husband exclaimed. 'The children would love it. You're the right size, natural whiskers and of course—the voice'.

All was lost and I felt giddy in defeat. There was no point in fighting the inevitable. I would just have to go along with Christmas and think of England.

We sorted out a team from the village and some from the nearest town. We found that for the most part our Cornish labour force were prepared to forgo their own Christmas arrangements.

Bill was right. The idea was popular. Here was proof of it. And when the rest of the staff appeared, offering their services with enthusiasm—chamber maids, waitresses, kitchen porters and washers up—I was tempted to wonder why I had been so churlish about the whole thing. Enquiries rolled in as soon as our advertisement appeared. We were filling the need for a get-away Christmas!

However, our advertisement for a Chef failed to produce anything more than two thoroughly refusable characters and one promise on the telephone. This man would come for an interview. He had the references, he said, and long years of experience. He *had* to suit us, I thought, for there was no one else standing in line.

We were dragging beds around on the landing when the bell rang. Hanging over the staircase I got an upside down picture of a well dressed man with a suitcase at his feet. A representative perhaps for cleaner loos and softer toilet rolls; or an untimely visit from the Taxman? Fumbling with my untidy hair and wondering what impression I gave, I discovered that this efficient looking man was our promise on the telephone. He brightened the day, making Christmas seem not only possible, but even attractive.

Full of new hope, I found it possible to make a start on the decorations; hanging lanterns and draping tinsel. I felt the old magic of Christmas. In the village the shops were beginning to fill with people. I rushed about buying presents for my neglected children. Christmas must in part belong to the family, and I ran from counter to counter gathering the contents for three stockings.

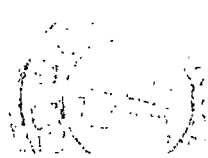
My father had equipped himself with a Santa outfit. His car was packed with parcels. His willingness to participate so hugely added to my growing feeling of euphoria. Could it be that on the 23rd December we would actually be ready to receive some 75 guests; to pamper and please them through until the 29th?

Further to cement my faith, I went to the cavernous, ill planned kitchen and found the Chef in control. His tall hat seemed to crown my hopes. I moved on into the dining room. It was comforting to find our charming Irish head-waiter back for Christmas. He had worked for us the previous summer and I knew his good and bad points. But he understood the place and customers warmed to his blarney.

My father was stacking bottles into orderly rows. My children, watched by a weary mother's help, were 'helping'. A crash of a glass dropped by a three year old, followed by a wail of protest and I slunk off to continue my journeying around the hotel.

The bedrooms looked a bit bleak. They had somehow refused to come to life, for all the polishing and care we had put into them. Dark oak nudged mahogany, interspersed with totally alien furniture. I sat on a bed and it creaked in protest. I left the room quickly and went in search of a chambermaid. I met one of them lumbering through the corridor, an enormous Cornish woman. 'Well', she said, 'That's all the bedrooms done missus, and I'm off now to git my ole man's dinner'.

Our first guests arrived after a bellow of alarm from my father who



had spotted their car coming up the rutted driveway. Bill was standing by the door, his face set into what we supposed passed as a welcoming smile. To me, it looked more like a frozen grimace of pain. The oncoming car lurched to a halt. I hurried out to see what the good Lord had sent us for Christmas.

I should like to say that I felt a warm surge of welcome for these, our first intrepid winter travellers to Cornwall, but they turned out to be an invasion of bulldozing thugs. The driver, a cretinous man suitably married to a shrill-voiced woman, proceeded to throw four ferret-faced children into the hall. They immediately rushed into the bar. 'Got any Coke?' one demanded with accompanying shrieks from the others. 'Say please', I replied, without much conviction. 'Give 'im 'is Coke', demanded the father. Weakly, I complied. I was just pouring the drink into a glass when my father spoke in a deep, evangelistic voice; 'Now, young man, say please and you'll get your drink'. His voice had an edge of fire and brimstone. The boy looked puzzled. 'Please', he said, dragging out the word painfully. Sticky coins dropped into my palm and the boy dodged past his father with a leer and was gone.

'*Not* a good start', my father remarked.

We were so stunned by our first arrivals that we almost missed the next lot. Bill was in the kitchen and I was standing bemused by the sudden volume of noise from the four ruffians shooting it out in the basement. Their mother was shrieking ineffectually, and over the din I just caught the sound of the reception bell. Racing to the office I was just in time to hear, 'What kind of bloody madhouse is this?', coming from a meticulously dressed man standing next to a woman, bandbox neat, her face screwed up in agreement. I smiled placatingly, groping for the chart at the same time. 'I'm sorry', I said, 'just high spirits. Have you been waiting long?'. He was not so easily smoothed down, however. 'Yes', he replied. 'I've been ringing for minutes. It's Mr. and Mrs. Bird and we're *supposed* to be staying a week'. I ran my finger down the lines and found the name and room number. There should be a porter, I thought desperately.

Bill saved the day by offering to carry the luggage. Mr. Bird eyed him suspiciously, but allowed his suitcase to be trundled upstairs. I brought up the rear with a holdall. Mrs. Bird climbed the stairs in front of me, carrying herself and a small vanity case. Her bottom twitched to and fro, as if on rollers. The room wasn't one of our worst. They stood, sniffing the air. Bill and I brushed against each other in our haste to get out. Halfway down the stairs we met my father, bearing a tea tray. 'They're a nasty couple', I hissed at him. But he smiled benevolently, bent on peace and goodwill.

'They'll all be arriving at once', Bill remarked. 'I'll find that miserable porter'. The lad was soon in his place by the office (having been discovered playing Indians with the four boys), just as the front door opened, revealing the next intake.

These people, seven in number, looked anxious and ill at ease. They were pressed together for comfort. 'Good afternoon', I said, 'Could you

come to the Reception?'. They moved as one man into the office area. After the usual banal remarks about the weather I had restored my wits enough to call them by name. They *had* to be the Browns. A hotel joke name, but who could doubt their claim with five children to back them up? I unhooked a key and bared my teeth at the porter. Mr. and Mrs. Brown and their five robot children moved like a funeral procession up the stairs, I didn't fancy their chances with the thug family.

Making tea for my new arrivals, I was interrupted with a request for tea for a Mr. and Mrs. Briggs. They were intensely geriatric and seemed verging on hypothermia. I failed to warm them up with the promises of a mild Cornish Christmas and, stoically, they clung to their outdoor coats. I made a mental note to heap extra blankets onto their beds.

Bill was standing beside me. 'I forgot to tell you in the rush', he said, 'I feel it's possible that Mr. and Mrs. Swailes are honeymooners. Perhaps we could throw that potted chrysanth of ours into their room?'. Hurriedly, I bundled the flowers into number seven, I met the couple on the staircase; confetti fell from coat lapels. 'Congratulations', I said, and they smiled sheepishly in response. The last family arrived as we'd given them up, with the sad story of a puncture.

On Christmas Eve I awoke with a leaden feeling of impending doom. Bill had crawled downstairs to see if early morning teas were actually happening. Why don't I feel Christmassy?, I wondered, making my way to the children's room? A bleary-eyed mother's help gave me a brave smile. 'What's the weather doing?', she asked. 'I hadn't thought to look', I said, and drew the curtains. Snow! I could hardly believe my eyes. Not in Cornwall, almost never—I must be dreaming. The children gathered round me squealing with delight. I thought of the geriatrics and fled downstairs. But they emerged for breakfast clad in overcoats, and seemed quite cheerful.

The Chef was not overjoyed to see me. Disdainfully, he flipped a dozen eggs into a huge pan, nonchalantly crisping bacon with his free hand, leaving some faculty to issue a torrent of abuse at the kitchen porter, who looked as if he'd slept in his clothes.

I went through to the dining room to find the head waiter hoisting breakfasts from table to table, with one eye cast in the direction of an under-the-age-of-consent waitress. Bill was issuing newspapers. 'Barbaric outpost', Mr. Bird muttered, on being told his famous daily was not available.

The children rushed out into the snow. There was just enough to gather into balls and throw about. There was a distinct impression of bullying between the eldest son of the noisy family and a boy of comparable age in the 'oh so quiet' one. The tormentor roared with laughter when a well-aimed snow ball, maliciously thrown, struck the boy in the eye. But, before we had time to make a move, the situation was resolved. A visibly chastened family turned up for lunch, dragging with them a bruised offspring. 'Now you can shut yer face', his father told him, before the boy had opened his mouth, 'allowin' a ponce like that to beat you up'. The

'ponce' sat quietly eating his meal. 'Merry Christmas', I said to Bill.

By the late afternoon, our 'Birds' had flown the nest. Bill had thrown them out. He'd had a mysterious phone call from a Mrs. Bird, not the man's mother, but his wronged wife, parked with relatives while her husband took off for the Festive Season with 'another'. Having tracked him down, she shouted vengeance over the phone to Bill, who carefully avoided agreeing that the offensive pair were with us. Shortly afterwards they were piling luggage into their car. 'And they've paid for the full time', my financially aware breadwinner declared, opening his hand to show me a wad of notes.

On Christmas Day, I arrived downstairs reasonably attuned to the festive feeling. People were leaving for church after breakfast or walking along the picturesque harbour. The snow had cleared and it was no colder. I found Father Christmas running through his routine in the office. The tree was laden with everybody's presents to each other. Christmas could even become merry!

Breakfast over, I went into the kitchen to check with the Chef. The porter told me he'd gone up to his room. I looked at the mounds of turkey carcasses spread in tins on the table and wondered why they weren't in the ovens.

'Everything's probably under control', Bill said, 'but I'd better have a word with him in his room'.

He wasn't gone long. As soon as he reappeared, I knew. My deep-seated feeling of doom manifested itself on his face. 'He *is* up there isn't he?', I asked, fighting down a sick panic.

'He's certainly up there, the bastard', was the answer. 'There's no way of breaking it to you gently. The rotten swine's dead drunk. The room stinks of booze'.

I continued to stare uncomprehendingly. 'But he did the breakfast, didn't he?'.

'Only just, I would think', Bill answered, 'anyway he's dead drunk now, When he sobers up, I'll kill him'.

We had to move, and fast. I fought off defeat, galvanised into action with a sudden rush of adrenalin adding power to my efforts. The porter began to look seriously alarmed. Well, hell, *I* was seriously alarmed.

The suddenness of it. The unaccustomed numbers. Of course, there was always the chance that this kind of greatness could be thrust upon us. It was a nightmare when it did. The heat, the tension, the juggling with oversized pots. Bill assisted nobly and the porter squelched and slithered around us.

A guest tapping on the kitchen door. (Doesn't the reception bell work?). Smile, hide from him that our world is crumbling about us! His wife wants to dry her hair, and the plug in his bedroom doesn't fit! Doesn't the poor man realize that even his next meal in this place is uncertain? Rush upstairs, find a plug, wishing the world would come to an end. Trip over the children trailing after the mother's help.

'Mummy, Mummy, when *is* Father Christmas coming?'

'Soon, soon, darlings'. *Soon* anything could happen.

Lunch moved inexorably closer. I was going to have to manage just with the porter. Bill had to dash away to help in a crowded bar. My father appeared just as I'd decided that the turkeys were never going to be ready in time.

'Do you remember', I babbled hysterically, 'we nearly bought bigger ones?'.

'Here', he said, 'drink this', and handed me a very large brandy, 'Medicinal', he told me, 'drink it up like a good girl'.

There was a beer for the porter, who sloshed it noisily.

Half an hour later we rang the bell, and Bill and I ploughed into serving 75 people with Christmas turkey and all the trimmings. Noises of revelry were wafting from the dining room. The headwaiter puffed his way in and out with a blow-by-blow account.

'They are enjoying it, Madam. It's going very well'.

'What are they doing now?', I asked on one of his later trips.

'Pulling crackers, Madam', he told me.

'Are my children in there?'. It seemed they were with the help, and happy enough. 'Tell them I'll see them by the tree', I shouted.

There was barely time to make ourselves presentable. Father Christmas was already climbing into his outfit in the office. He looked, as Bill had prophesied, just right. There was a cheer as he walked out into the hall. His grandchildren were too excited to peer too closely and so the magic held good. I felt guilty, watching the tree being stripped as children sat with their parents. We would have to dash away and clear the kitchen before we could think of sparing half an hour with them.

Carols in the evening. But first, dinner to prepare. Not as bad as lunch, but bad enough, and what was left of the afternoon was spoilt, as the minutes ticked into food preparation time.

Late on Christmas night, with Boxing Day looming, I told Bill: 'I'll never last. Have you seen the Chef?'.

'Yes', he said, 'and he gave me this!'

It was an Alcoholics Anonymous card with a number to call in emergency. There didn't seem much point in disturbing his contact at Christmas. I tried to feel a little charity. After all, it was the season of goodwill.

Boxing Day dawned to the accompaniment of hail. Its metallic din against the bedroom window awoke us rudely to the stark realization that here was another joy-filled day ahead. The telephone bell rang above the hail storm, too early, surely, for anything but bad news? I lifted the receiver warily. It was one of our local waitresses apologising for ringing at this hour.

'It's my sister', she began.

'Oh no,' I prayed silently, 'not *ill*, I can't do without *you* while you nurse your sick sister'.

'She's a bit of a cook, you see, and she's staying here for Christmas. Says she doesn't mind coming down today to give you a hand, that's if

you wouldn't mind'. Mind—would *I* mind! 'Tell her she's manna from Heaven'. The girl rather guardedly promised to pass on the message. 'Bill', I shouted, 'we have a "bit of a cook".'

We bounced through breakfast. The waitress's sister proved to be more than a bit able and cheerfully we planned the next meal. I found myself daring to hope that Christmas would after all be snatched from disaster. I had time to walk calmly through the hotel, smiling at the guests, trying to gauge their mood.

'We haven't seen much of you', one of them said. 'I expect you like a quiet Christmas with your family?'.

The hypothermias were hunched over the fire and I made soothing noises about the weather. 'We miss our centrally heated flat', one of them told me, 'but we're really enjoying the food and the company'.

Comforted, I dared to ask the others how they felt after a hail storm in the middle of darkest Cornwall. It seemed they were all in good heart, and even glad to be in this imposing monstrosity of a hotel, taking their chances on the next meal, and the next 'not quite hot enough' bath. 'And it's marvellous', one of them said, 'not to have to do a thing'.

I passed the honeymooners on their way out into the bleak winter morning. Zipping into Anoraks, they seemed oblivious of the weather. One full day to follow this and most of our guests would be gone. I thought I would go now and find my two sons and daughter and ponder on the wisdom of trying to bring up a family on the strength needed to run this place; and try to profit from what I'd learned so far.

I caught up with Bill in the hall. 'There's a gurgling sound coming out of the hot water tank', he called out, 'but I'm sure it's OK. I mean, even if it boils up in the night and swamps us, I'm sure it'll be all right in the end!'

'A Merry Christmas darling', I shouted after him as he swung through the doors to start trying to cope with this new and frightening problem. And Happy New Year, I murmured to myself as I pressed on into the thick of whatever Boxing Day had in store.

QUARTERLY RECORD REVIEW

by David Fingleton

MOZART. *Le Nozze di Figaro.* Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra/von Karajan. (4 records) Decca D132D 4.

VERDI. *Don Carlos.* Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra/von Karajan. (4 records) EMI SLS 5154.

VERDI. *Un Ballo in Maschera.* Orchestra of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden/Davis. (3 records) Philips 6769 020.

MAHLER. Symphony No. 4. Israel Philharmonic Orchestra/Mehta. Decca. SXDL 7501.

MAHLER. Symphony No. 5/Adagio from Symphony No. 10. London Philharmonic Orchestra/Tennstedt. (2 records) EMI SLS 5169.

BEETHOVEN. Piano Concerto No. 5 'Emperor'. Lupu/Israel Philharmonic Orchestra/Mehta. Decca SXDL 7503.

BEETHOVEN. Five Piano Concertos and Choral Fantasia. Barenboim/New Philharmonia Orchestra/Klemperer. (3 cassettes) EMI TC-SLS 5180.

THE virtuoso conductor Herbert von Karajan is also effectively a one man recording company. He hops between orchestras and labels with abandon, but the one thing that remains constant is the glossiness of the package that is eventually issued. Thus in the past quarter there has come, from Decca, a recording of Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro,* which he conducted at this summer's Salzburg Festival, and, from EMI, an issue of Verdi's *Don Carlos,* of which in 1975 he himself mounted a new production, as well as conducted, at Salzburg, and has based this recording on his performances there during the 1978 Festival. In the case of Figaro Karajan has used the Sofiensaal in Vienna as his recording studio, and the Vienna Philharmonic as his orchestra (it plays at Salzburg), whereas for Don Carlos he has eschewed the Vienna Orchestra and instead used his own Berlin Philharmonic, and has recorded the opera in the Philharmonie in Berlin. Both operas, it goes without saying, boast top-flight international casts, and both have the benefit of all the care and attention that can be lavished upon them by the record companies' best producers and balance engineers, so that the recorded sound is first rate. Both issues cost £21, though the EMI has only seven sides against Decca's eight, which sounds a lot of money until one reflects that one can play a recording many times over the years, whilst just one best seat at one performance of this month's revival of Mozart's *Così fan tutte* conducted by Karl Bohm at Covent Garden costs the same sum.

That said, I'm not at all sure that I would want to play Karajan's recording of Figaro all that many times. Despite its prestigious and very talented cast, the silky playing of the Vienna Philharmonic, and the extremely fine recording quality with its richly resonant sound, I found the total effect of this production to be lacking in warmth, displaying an over-full orchestra at the expense of the singers, who in too many cases show insufficient regard for the words they are singing, and thus the

meaning of this supreme comedy. In sum the effect seems to lack fidelity to and sympathy with Mozart in a way that Carlo Maria Giulini's recently reissued recording, which I discussed last quarter, never does.

Moreover I find some of Karajan's tempi extraordinary: the overture goes off at a cracking pace, likewise the whole of the first scene, except that 'Non so piu' is unusually slow. Things remain slow for a time, then speed up again, and so it goes on, with a very brisk final act: it seems to be conductor's logic rather than Mozart's. Despite their distinction, not all the cast give pleasing performances. I found Anna Tomowa-Sintow a matronly, rather gusty Countess displaying bravura rather than pathos in 'Dove sono'. Her husband, as sung by Tom Krause, emerges as rather a neutral figure, as, surprisingly, does José Van Dam's Figaro who seems to lack here the cutting edge that is required, and which this fine singer has so often displayed in other roles. Likewise Ileana Cotrubas, though singing as exquisitely as ever, seems here to lack some of the sparkle we know her Susanna to possess in the opera house: perhaps she was over-awed by her conductor, certainly her performance is uncharacteristically subdued. Frederica von Stade however is as touching a Cherubino as ever, and the French pair of Jules Bastin and Jane Berbié make much of Bartolo and Marcellina. It is a measure of the strength of casting that the great Wagnerian bass, the late Zoltan Kelemen, takes to great effect the small role of Antonio the gardener. But when I play the finale of Act 2 or the great sextet in Act 3 I am left feeling that, for all its gloss and glitter, this recording amounts to much less than the sum of its parts. Mozart's greatest quality was his humanity: here this seems to have been neglected in the quest for technical excellence.

On the other hand the Karajan recording of *Don Carlos* triumphs technically, vocally and dramatically, and is much to be welcomed on all grounds save one. This last is Karajan's decision to use the 1884 4 Act La Scala version, rather than Verdi's original 5 Act version he wrote for the Paris première in 1867. The conductor may see Don Carlos as a 'political' opera, and the 4 act format may indeed produce a dramatically more cohesive work, but the fact remains that the first 'Fontainebleau' act not only contains some of the opera's most beautiful music, but also provides the motive of Carlos' eventual love for his stepmother. I find the 8th, blank, side of this set to be a constant source of frustration.

Nevertheless this is a marvellous recording. The EMI sound is clearly defined with voices well separated, and the sound is gloriously full in the *auto-da-fé* scene. Only occasionally does Karajan's desire to show off the undeniable quality of his Berlin Philharmonic drown his singers, as all too often it did in EMI's recording of his Salzburg *Otello*, and the cast respond magnificently to his direction. Unusually the opera was recorded in sequence, from start to finish, and the gains are substantial. The price of slight tightness of singing from José Carreras' Carlos and Piero Cappuccilli's Posa in the early scenes is a small one for the fully realised portraits they produce, and in any case both voices expand to full glory as the opera progresses. The cast is as at Salzburg, with one important addition:

Ruggiero Raimondi takes superbly the Grand Inquisitor, and makes the scene with Nicolai Ghiaurov's commanding King Philip more powerfully arresting than I have ever known it. Mirella Freni is a sensitive Elisabeth, and the greatest joy comes from Agnes Baltsa as Eboli. I had never thought to hear Shirley Verrett's performance of the role in Giulini's 1971 recording bettered, but here it is. This Greek-born mezzo-soprano has a thrilling voice and a great sense of theatre: her singing of the Veil song and of 'O don fatale' make one tingle with excitement. Taken as a whole this is a set to which I shall return often — an example of recorded opera at its most satisfying.

I cannot say the same for Philips' issue of *Un Ballo in Maschera.* Based on the current Covent Garden production, it rather surprisingly has Colin Davis as conductor. Surprising because though a fine exponent of the operas of Mozart, Berlioz, and Tippett, he never sounds a truly convinced Verdian, and certainly does not here. He is far too ready to 'follow' his international cast, so the effect is neutral and anonymous, with none of the character and drive of Riccardo Muti's 1975 recording for EMI. Moreover EMI's reissue, noticed last quarter, of Callas, Di Stefano and Gobbi, though discreetly conducted by Votto, has a vocal power and expressiveness from these three great singers that is lacking from Montserrat Caballé, José Carreras, and Ingvar Wixell on this set. It may be that none of them is Italian: certainly their performance seems to lack warmth and involvement, and has the feeling of a typical international house revival rather than something worth recording. Furthermore although the Covent Garden orchestra are capable of first rate playing, this was plainly one of their off-days and they are well below their best, like Miss Caballé, whose voice sounds ragged and tired. As a set it does not compare with any of Philips' admirable early Verdi series.

Two attractive issues of Mahler symphonies have recently appeared. Decca's recording of the 4th uses their new digital techniques and was made in the Mann Auditorium in Tel Aviv with the Israel Philharmonic under their Music Director, Zubin Mehta. The sound quality is vivid—to such an extent as to show that the Israeli strings are not quite what they were a couple of decades ago when they still had many great pre-war string players from European orchestras. Mehta's interpretation is attractively direct, simple and unaffected in this the most untraumatic of Mahler's symphonic output. Barbara Hendricks, the soprano soloist in the 4th movement, also has just the right, clear, almost boyish, tone for the songs she sings. The much more emotionally demanding 5th symphony has been recorded for EMI by our own London Philharmonic Orchestra under their German guest conductor, Klaus Tennstedt (chief conductor of the Norddeutscher Rundfunk) who clearly has a strong affinity with Mahler. The symphony is given an admirably balanced, expressive performance which never seems consciously to strive for effect, but never lacks interest or tension. The famous Adagietto is beautifully, but unaffectedly, played, and the great Rondo finale is an orchestral tour de force. The LPO play at their very considerable best, with string tone

that attains top European standards, and there is a warmly spacious recording. The fourth side is taken by the Adagio from Mahler's unfinished 10th symphony. Unsuitable for playing straight after the 5th, though worth listening to on its own—I would have preferred one of the song cycles. It is good news that the LPO and Tennstedt are continuing their Mahler cycle for EMI, and have just finished recording the mighty 3rd Symphony in the newly refurbished Kingsway Hall.

Another digital recording from Decca also uses the Mann Auditorium and the Israeli Philharmonic under Mehta. Indeed their recording of Beethoven's 5th piano concerto was made there in the same month as the Mahler 4th. Once again the recorded sound is superb, and again the Israelis fall just below current top international standards. Indeed I would have welcomed a more incisive and powerful accompaniment for Lupu's muscular, intellectually profound approach to this concerto—there are times when he seems to overpower the orchestra. Such problems of balance do not occur in EMI's reissued set, now happily available on cassette, of all five Beethoven piano concertos, plus the fascinating Choral Fantasia, played by the young Daniel Barenboim—then still in his mid-twenties—with the octogenarian Otto Klemperer conducting his New Philharmonia Orchestra. Here is music making at the very highest level. However idiosyncratic some of Klemperer's tempi may be Barenboim always copes, and the result is a magisterial and unified concept evolved by the two of them, with superlative piano playing and truly first rate accompaniment by the orchestra. The 3rd and 4th concertos, above all the 4th, I find particularly satisfying. EMI's sound is fully up to current standards even though the set was made over ten years ago, and the great advantage of the cassette format is that each concerto occupies one side, and can thus be played without a break. At medium price of £15.95 for the boxed set of three cassettes, with excellent notes by William Mann, this is an indispensable acquisition, and an ideal Christmas present for the music lover.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

GERALD FORD AND HENRY KISSINGER

A Time To Heal. Gerald R. Ford. W. H. Allen. £7.95.
The White House Years. Henry Kissinger. Weidenfeld & Nicolson. £14.95.

Gerald Ford was President of the United States for two years and a half after President Nixon's forced resignation in August 1974, having been brought in a year earlier as an emergency Vice-President. Henry Kissinger served Presidents Nixon and Ford with immense distinction in the formation and execution of foreign policy. The books are not exactly comparable. President Ford gives us readably, but plainly, the story of his life in 442 pages. Henry Kissinger takes 3½ times as much space to cover the foreign policy aspects of Nixon's first administration January 1969–January 1973. In a subsequent volume he intends to cover the period from January 1973–January 1977. 'I shall deal', he says, 'in another volume' (presumably the same one) 'with the moral issues raised by wire tapping and the political styles of the Nixon administration in general'. Watergate is carefully excluded from the huge book in front of us which is, however, packed with fascinating detail and many fine pieces of writing.

It would be difficult to imagine two more contrasted types than Gerald Ford and Henry Kissinger. Ford was and is the utterly decent American; the old football star, probably the best athlete who ever became President. At a crucial moment when he was seeking re-election he was viewed, according to the polls, as 'a nice guy' who wasn't quite up to the Oval Office's demands. He tells, with his usual quiet humour, that he would have liked a smiling, congenial photograph but he was persuaded by his advisers to accept a campaign poster 'making me look as belligerent as hell'.

Henry Kissinger's career must be regarded as the most extraordinary of any top level political figure of recent times. He was a German/Jewish boy who fled from the Nazis when he was 15. It was not till he had been President Nixon's main instrument of foreign policy for nearly 4 years that his voice was allowed to be heard in television programmes. It was thought that his very thick German accent would shock 'middle America'. Certainly it was still very pronounced when I met him recently. I told him that I had just completed the first draft of a book on Nixon and moreover that I had just read right through his own mighty volume. He asked me quickly, in a guttural accent, what I made of Nixon. There were other guests queued up to speak to the distinguished visitor, so I answered briefly though not I think incorrectly, 'a great man manque'. He nodded assent. He asked me whether I thought that he had been sufficiently compassionate towards Nixon. It was now my turn to nod assent though I would have preferred to describe his attitude as one of qualified generosity, creditable to him in any case.

I shall be interested to hear, if I ever do, how Nixon feels about the book before us. Kissinger has often been accused of speaking in a derogatory fashion about Nixon at the same time as they were working together in intimate partnership. David Frost raised this point with Nixon in his television interviews. Nixon answered tolerantly 'it drove my family up the wall' but it didn't worry him except insofar as it worried them. There is no doubt that he remained very fond of Henry Kissinger.

When he was on the point of resigning the Presidency, he showed Kissinger a mark of extreme confidence by asking him to join him in prayer. They knelt down together. Somehow the news leaked out and Nixon was derided for what seems to be a matter for respect and sympathy. When I spoke to Kissinger later in the evening referred to he was evidently pained at the suggestion that the leak could have occurred through him. It stands to reason that Nixon would never have desired it. So it must remain one of those mysterious things which happen in a world where acolytes tend to have less sense of responsibility than their masters.

Kissinger insists dogmatically that the foreign policy achievements of the first Nixon administration culminating in the Vietnam settlement would have been rendered permanent if the executive power of the Presidency had not been undermined by Watergate. That we shall never know. Nixon in his memoirs has laid the main American blame on Congress which ultimately sabotaged the Vietnam settlement, but maybe, as Kissinger would argue, this could not have come about if Watergate had not exercised its catastrophic influence. These words at least that he writes about Nixon on the evening of the Vietnam settlement in January 1973 are worth recording. 'Nixon could envisage a new international order that would reduce lingering enmities, strengthen friendships, and give new hope to emerging nations. It was a worthy goal for America and mankind. He was alone in his moment of triumph on a pinnacle, that was soon to turn into a precipice. And yet with all his insecurities and flaws he had brought us by a tremendous act of will to an extraordinary moment when dreams and possibilities conjoined.'

Every kind of verdict has been passed on Kissinger. No one has been found to question his mental brilliance any more than in this country they questioned the mental brilliance of our Dick Crossman. He had achieved great academic success passing from Castlereagh and Metternich to problems of American foreign policy in the nuclear age. There will always be a special interest in the manner in which he applied his theories to action on the stage of world policy. William Colby, one time Head of the CIA, has written of him: 'Kissinger was obviously brilliant, vain to such a degree that even he himself joked about it'.

Though he is often referred to as 'arrogant', he shows in his Memoirs, not infrequently, capacity for self-criticism. He does not, in this book, provide any assessment of President Ford (no doubt that will come next time) but Ford has no doubt what he thinks of Kissinger. 'It would be hard for me', he writes, 'to overstate the admiration and affection I have for Henry. People who don't know Kissinger view him as solemn, gruff and pedantic. The truth is that he has an engaging sense of humour. Sure, he had an ego—most people who achieve international stature do—and it's also true that he had a penchant for secrecy. But that, I felt, was a necessary ingredient of successful diplomacy, and of Kissinger's success there could be no doubt. Our personalities meshed . . .' Certainly, with all their diversities, they were equally committed to the ideal each cherished for America.

FRANK LONGFORD

HUGH GAITSKELL

Hugh Gaitskell, a Political Biography. Philip Williams. Cape. £15.

The British Labour Movement is a unique and very English part of our island history, if only regarded by the strange variety of leaders it has produced. The reason for the varied leadership is that the Labour Party is more than a

party and is in fact a movement. Ramsay Macdonald, Clement Attlee, Harold Wilson, James Callaghan were its only Prime Ministers, but the second and important line were Keir Hardie, George Lansbury, Stafford Cripps, Ernest Bevin, Hugh Gaitskell, Aneurin Bevan, Herbert Morrison, Jim Griffiths and—the current challengers for the leadership. An even more interesting group of thinkers and 'characters' would include Hyndman, Sidney Webb, G. D. H. Cole, R. H. Tawney, Jimmy Maxton, Oswald Mosley, Richard Crossman, Lord Longford and a number of Trade Union leaders like Deakin, Citrine and Feather. Where in this medley stands the lonely character of Hugh Gaitskell?

It adds nothing to say that he was at Winchester, as indeed were Stafford Cripps and Mosley; or that he was a don or professor because so many Labour leaders were, including his friend and sponsor Hugh Dalton. The broad church of the Labour movement, has always included left-wing Socialists and pacifists alongside a large moderate group who favoured a mixed economy. Philip Williams in this majestic if elaborate biography makes one thing very clear. Indeed he quotes Hugh Gaitskell as saying (in relation to the controversy over 'Clause Four') that he wished he led a political party and not a religious movement. Gaitskell had a first-class brain, immense courage and loyalty to the 'party he loved', but having worked out a policy with the help of others—he was also a good listener—he made that policy a matter of high principle, whether on Suez, Clause Four or Unilateral disarmament. In contrast to Harold Macmillan he was the reverse of a trimmer. Gaitskell and Macmillan not only disagreed on policy, they disliked each other. As a politician Macmillan was vastly superior and he was responsible for the 1959 election victory, which really caused Gaitskell's downfall.

On the other hand Butler and Gaitskell not only saw eye to eye on many policies, both economic and foreign—hence the coinage of the word Butskellism —their characters had much in common. I remember a cousin of Butler, Geoffrey Faber, reminding Butler in his earlier political life that he was in danger of becoming a national figure and must take more trouble with his public image and Butler replied that he could not change his nature: Gaitskell wrote to a friend in 1960 about Macmillan's skill at dissembling and his own incapacity for it. The last time I saw Gaitskell he was entertaining Adlai Stevenson in London; allowing for the differences in English and American nomenclature they were both distinguished 'Liberals' and they both missed their premier posts of President and Prime Minister. Another American leader, Hubert Humphrey, said of Hugh Gaitskell: 'No man is irreplaceable, but some are unforgettable.' I remember another distinguished American, Averil Harriman, saying that when Hugh Gaitskell was unravelling some complicated economic problem during transatlantic negotiations, you could hear a pin drop. Such was his clarity and mastery of the subject.

If these tributes to Gaitskell are anywhere near the truth and Philip Williams quotes many more, did Gaitskell fail or was it just his premature death at the early age of fifty-six? Voice after voice has been raised during the last month declaring that the ghost of Gaitskell is haunting the modern Labour party. Philip Williams is as studiously impartial in his life of Gaitskell as Michael Foot was partial in his two volume life of Aneurin Bevan. The trouble with Philip Williams is that in spite of his industry, in spite of nearly two hundred pages of notes recalling everyone who ever came in contact with Gaitskell, the human being, Hugh Gaitskell, never emerges from the painstaking prose style. Thank heaven for the galaxy of photographs, particularly those with his children. In my opinion Gaitskell was a bigger man than any of his contempor-

aries, Bevan, Wilson, Callaghan, Crossman, Crosland and Jenkins; and at some time or another, though not all the time, they acknowledged, perhaps grudgingly, this fact.

It is a thousand pities that Bevan and Gaitskell died before their time. Jealousy there might have been, but together with Trade Union leaders like George Woodcock they would have made a formidable team and under Hugh Gaitskell's leadership would have raised the quality of political life in Britain and Britain's name in the world. Although this is the implication of Philip Williams' book, there are of course others who think Gaitskell had some fatal political flaw in his make-up, a sort of Hamlet quality.

In 1957 Gaitskell gave the Godkin lecture at Harvard on 'Co-Existence and the United Nations'. I quote from the opening paragraph: 'Professional politicians, when they have been in the job for any length of time, are not well fitted for really deep thinking, partly because they have no time for it and partly because the very practice of their art involves them in continual simplification. If the expert is a man who knows more and more about less and less, the politician is a man who knows less and less about more and more. The superficial is always attractive to a politician because it is so easily communicated, whereas if he tries to be profound, he will be misunderstood or merely regarded as a bore.' Perhaps Hugh Gaitskell never quite understood the Labour movement and in turn was often misunderstood.

KENNETH LINDSAY

THE OUTLOOK FOR HUMAN ECOLOGY

Here Today . . . World Outlooks from the Centre for Human Ecology. Edited by Dr. J. A. Loraine. Edinburgh: EUSPB. £1.95.

I had never heard of the Edinburgh University Centre for Human Ecology before I picked up this volume; indeed, had never seriously read such a collection of essays before, in itself an indication of the problem of communication which faces the committed 'environmentalist'. After reading Ulrich Loening's *Slow Poisoning by Heavy Metals* I quite went off my food for a day. On the other hand, the message, oddly enough, of this volume is not doom. What impressed me most was how lively, imaginative and unconventional the arguments of the contributors were. No doubt committed environmentalists know, as Harold Dickinson points out, that there are some tens of thousands of edible plants and that we eat only a tiny selection. It was news to me. Una Maclean opened my eyes to aspects of medicine as a 'profession' which I had not thought of; and John Loraine followed that up with fascinating and unsettling thoughts on the environmental-cum-social conditioning of diseases like cancer. It would be invidious to go on singling out contributions. They were uniformly stimulating, provocative and, in a curious way, optimistic, as if the sheer exuberance of human ingenuity, even in contemplating epidemic conditions in urban centres or wasteful energy uses in transportation, somehow overcame the pessimism of the facts.

I wish that the prose were better. The polysyllables clustered on many too many 'meaningful', 'viable', 'on-going', 'hyphenated' expressions. As C. S. Lewis observed, 'any fool can write learned language; the vernacular is the true test'. This must be more true when the message is technical and the reader technically illiterate. It's been my experience as a teacher that when I cannot explain something in ordinary language to a lay audience, then I don't really understand it myself.

All in all, a fascinating book which if it has not turned me into a committed environmentalist has certainly given me a good scare.

JONATHAN STEINBERG

CONRAD IN EXILE

Joseph Conrad: *Giant in Exile*. Leo Gurko. Collier Macmillan. £5.95.

Professor Gurko's critical and biographical study of Joseph Conrad, reissued now after first publication in 1962, may well still prove to be the most enlightening introduction to the thematic complexities of that novelist. The blandness and generality of the new introduction should not deter a new reader: Professor Gurko clearly has no imperative to gloss his already densely argued and comprehensive narrative. His approach is always moderate and reasonable; thus, he will not tolerate the Freudian approach of Dr. Bernard Meyer (Princeton, 1967), which leaves Conrad 'fragmented and shredded almost beyond recognition.' Nor will he unreservedly endorse the widely-held theory, important if true, that Conrad's exile from an impossibly oppressive personal situation in Poland was tantamount to a betrayal of his native country, and that he therefore bore a burden of guilt. This is too simplistic and not capable of proof for Gurko, whose alienated Conrad, 'the outside man looking in, longing to participate in life but obscurely inhibited', chooses foreigners and exiles as his main characters; and, like Conrad, they tread on the thin ice of insecurity, their melancholy *and* their awareness of the rich potentiality of life founded alike in their separation from their roots.

MOLLY TIBBS

CHEKHOV AND OLGA KNIPPER

Chekhov's Leading Lady: *A Portrait of the Actress Olga Knipper*. Harvey Pitcher. Murray. £8.50.

It is strange that the Moscow Art Theatre actress Olga Knipper whom Chekhov loved and married should ever have needed an apologia. They met in 1898 when she was rehearsing Arkadina in *The Seagull*, and there is little doubt that he loved her in his fashion, she him in her's, perhaps the more expressive. Drawing on their letters published in Russian, notably those edited by V. Ya. Vilinki, the Theatre's archivist-historian, and A. B. Derman's selections in two volumes, Mr. Pitcher confirms this beyond question, rebutting suggestions that she was 'selfish, career-minded' and steered him into marriage for her own ends.

The trouble was that they were both artists: she a sensitive, highly intelligent actress of great personal charm, he a writer jealous of his privacy and ability to work at his plays, handicapped by ill health. Minor conflicts, temperamental differences natural to normal couples are inevitably heightened in the case of genius, as in this book, so the picture gets distorted. After they evidently became lovers on her visit to his Yalta home in the 1900 summer, it is understandable that she should react from the enforced secrecy, the hide-and-seek expedients necessary to veil the relationship from his mother and sister Masha.

Chekhov had declared his love in no uncertain terms but was hesitant, evasive about marriage. It prompted her to ask: 'Can one ever come to a decision, with him?' 'Why harden your heart?' They could not now live just as good friends. She found the concealment hard to bear; she was caught between two fires, staying with him. 'Do say what you feel about this. You

never say anything.' He pleads illness, his work, even admits 'I'm terribly scared of the wedding and congratulations, and having to clutch a glass of champagne in your hand while you smile vaguely.'

Eventually they married in Moscow in May, 1901. It was a very private, almost furtive affair. No one was told about it till afterwards. His mother and sister in Yalta were told by telegram sent on the day of the ceremony. During the remaining three years they were often apart, she performing in Moscow or on tour, he unable or unwilling to travel to Moscow on account of illness or work.

There was never any question of her giving up her career. Chekhov had once written: 'Give me a wife like the moon, who won't appear in my sky every day.' He preferred his 'glamorous actress' to star in his plays rather than surfeit him with domestic kindness and perhaps impinge on his creative urge. But the love endured up to the night in a Badenweiler hotel in 1904 when he died in her arms, a huge black moth flew in through the open window, a champagne cork exploded. Other bizarre details marked his passing. His body was taken to a nearby chapal half-sitting in a linen basket not long enough. En route to St. Petersburg the body, at the Russian frontier, was transferred to a drab goods wagon labelled 'For Oysters'.

Mr. Pitcher probes the complex relationship with sympathy and perception, quoting liberally from letters not previously published in English, reviewing Olga's stage career, her ensuing life up to her death in 1959. It is a humanly intimate story.

TREVOR ALLEN

SHORTER REVIEWS

Bhutto, Trial and Execution (Cassell. £7.95). The author, Victoria Schofield, is a close friend of Zulfikar Ali Bhutto's daughter, Benazir Bhutto, and followed in Pakistan closely for about a year the period of her father's appeal against his death sentence. To her, Bhutto remains a hero in the short political history of Pakistan. She gives a brief account of his political career. She does properly concede that 'it will be some time before a balanced appraisal of Zulfikar Ali Bhutto's place in the history of Pakistan can be given.' Most of the book is concerned with the trial and subsequent appeal of Bhutto. The trial lasted from 11th October 1977 until the 18th March, when he was sentenced to death by the Lahore High Court for conspiring to murder in 1974 a political opponent. There was a car ambush in which, in fact, the latter's father was shot dead. The trial was held before the Acting Chief Justice and two justices of the High Court. Miss Schofield argues that the trial was unfair and biassed against Bhutto, particularly by the Chief Justice who 'was his personal enemy'. There were certainly a great many irregularities during the trial and the Chief Justice's attitude appears to have been irregular. On the other hand, he was in a minority in the Court. Bhutto became so exasperated with his treatment by the court, that he boycotted the proceedings before his case had been put. In the result no evidence was called by the defence. This may well have had disastrous consequences on the appeal to the full bench of nine judges in the Pakistan Supreme Court. The appeal opened on the 20th May 1978 and finally ended on the 6th February. Unfortunately during the course of the

hearing two of the nine judges left, due to retirement or illness. The appeal was finally dismissed by a majority of 4 to 3. Apart from the reduction in numbers, it is difficult to find any basic fault with the conduct of this appeal by the Court. They were concerned to decide the case on factual evidence and not on political grounds, although the latter could be relevant on motive. The divided Court should have made a reprieve immediate and inevitable. Refusal by President Zia ul Haq must be counted a wicked political act of execution. In this volume, the author might have been more objective in her analysis, and endeavoured to keep the political background and the legal process rather more distinct. The Pakistan courts developed in their practice from the English common law. When in this country there was still capital punishment, it was the practice of the old Court of Criminal Appeal to allow an appeal against a conviction for murder where only two of the three judges were in favour of dismissing the appeal. Separate judgments were not delivered. This volume is of great interest.

Thatching and Thatched Buildings (Robert Hale. £5.50). This most informative volume by Michael Billet will be found interesting, and even maybe profitable, to those enthusiasts for thatching. In a concise book of about 200 pages the author gives a brief account of the historical development of thatch and thatched buildings. This is followed by a description of the modern craft of thatching with the help of many line drawings. Mr. Billet is then concerned with the practical problems of living in a thatched building. He points out that the aesthetic pleasure and warmth of a thatched roof is to some extent offset by the extra care and additional cost of maintenance required, compared with the ordinary modern roof. The second half of the book is devoted to brief descriptions of about 500 of the most impressive thatched villages in England. There are a number of excellent photographs.

Outline of Philosophy (Allen & Unwin. £2.50). Bertrand Russell's concise study has been reprinted nine times since it was first published in 1927. This new reprint in Unwin Paperbacks should make it more conveniently available again.

The Penguin English Library (Penguin Books). A new addition to this excellent series is George Eliot's *The Mill on the Floss,* with a long and useful Introduction and Notes by A. S. Byatt. (£1.25). Earlier this year Penguins published a straight edition of this novel, without an introduction or notes. (95p). There are two volumes of Robert Louis Stevenson's stories. In *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde and Other Stories* (95p) Jenni Calder has written a short Introduction with some textual notes. The other stories included are The Beach of Falesá and The Ebb Tide. The second book is *Weir of Hermiston and Other Stories* (£1.25) introduced by Paul Binding, also with textual notes. The other stories are Will o' the Mill, Thrawn Janet, the Misadventures of John Nicholson and the House of Eld. Thomas Hardy is represented among the new additions in *The Distracted Preacher and Other Tales* (£1.25) edited with an Introduction and notes by Susan Hill. Anne Brontë's *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall* (£1.25) is now in this series, edited by G. D. Hargreaves with an Introduction by Winifred Gérin. There are also notes on the text. *Villette* (£1.25) is also reprinted with an Introduction by Tony Tanner and edited by Mark Lilly. It is annotated.

HALF-YEARLY INDEX JULY-DECEMBER 1979

VOLUME 235

LS—Literary Supplement

ABEL, Betty: LS 108.

ALLEN, Trevor: LS 54, 166, 278, 333.

ALLUM, Percy: The Sudan: Numeiry's Ten Years of Power, 233.

BEATTIE, George: The Story of the Miner, 255.

BOWDEN OF CHESTERFIELD, Lord: The Consequences of Inflation for Science, Universities and Industry, 80.

COLVIN, Clare: Drama at the 1979 Edinburgh Festival in Retrospect, 315.

EARLE, Elizabeth: Festive Business, 318.

ELLNER, Steve: Looking Both Ways In Venezuela, 196.

ELSOM, John: How to Control the Collapse, 18. The Future: a Conversation with Lord George-Brown about the Obstacles to World Peace, 120. Dancing With Swords, 249.

FINGLETON, David: Quarterly Record Reviews, 157, 325.

FRADAN, Cyril: Feliks Topolski: the Meander and the Wanderer, 139. John Singer Sargent at the National Portrait Gallery, London, 304.

GOODLAND, Norman N.: Bring on the Clowns, 95.

GUNSTON, David: Edward Elgar: the Man behind the Music, 206.

HILL, Christopher R.: South Africa Seen from the West, 113.

JACOBS, David: Poem: The Health Scheme Brochure, 212.

KROEF, Justus M. van der: The New Indo-Chinese Bloc: Implications and Prospects, 296.

LAND, Thomas: Kenya Escalates the War on Poaching, 24.

LANDOR, Alfred: Close-up of Julius Nyerere, 281.

LINDSAY, Kenneth: LS 330.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT: 45, 105, 161, 213, 273, 329.

LITTLE, Bryan: Bristol, Provincial and National City, 191.

LODGE, Juliet: The 1979 Direct Election of the European Parliament Surveyed in Retrospect, 126.

LONGFORD, Earl of: LS 105, 161, 273, 329.

LORAINE, John A.: Population Perspectives in Asia, 66.
LS 50, 51, 163, 164, 276.

MANNIN, Michael: Italy's General Election—the Perpetual Campaign, 181.

MARKHAM, E. A.: Visiting a 'Fellow's' Flat, 266.

MARRE, Sir Alan: A Friend of Israel, 260.

MEAD, W. R.: The Identity of Finland, 57

MORGAN, David R.: Poem: Redundant, 303.

MORTON, James: Quarterly Film Reviews, 102, 270.
LS 53, 279.

MULLEN, R. F.: LS 220.

NORTHCOTT, Cecil: Women and 'Holy Orders', 76.
LS 110, 165, 166, 221, 276.

PEEL, J. H. B.: The Land of Lorna Doone, 30.
LS 277.

POEMS: 156, 212, 303.

POLLARD, David: A New Demanding Role for the Lady Zhaojun, 35.

QUARTERLY FICTION REVIEWS, 45, 213.

QUARTERLY FILM REVIEWS, 102, 270.

QUARTERLY RECORD REVIEWS 157, 325.

RILEY, Tom: Canada Election '79, 26.

ROSE, Paul B.: The General Election and Afterwards, 14. Europe for Whose Sake?, 63. Holidays and Terror, 137. Caribbean Storms, 177. The Tragic Triangle, 225. 'Twas Ever Thus—or was it?, 290.
LS 219, 274.

RUBENS, Robert: Sherlock Holmes Revisited, 43. Theatres in Hammersmith—a Move from the West End, 310.

RUSSELL, Cosmo: The Myth of the Eurocrats, 91.
LS 162.

SHORTER REVIEWS: LS 55, 111, 167, 223, 279, 334.

SOUTHERN, David: Industrial Relations and Law—the West German Example, 1. The Humboldt University: Yesterday and Today, 243.

STEINBERG, Jonathan: The Swiss, the Atom and Democracy, 169.
LS 332.

SUTER, Keith D.: Australia's Winter of Discontent, 285.

TIBBS, Molly: LS 52, 109 333.

TREWIN, J. C.: David Garrick Lives Here, 200.

TUMAN, Myron: The First English Men of Letters Series, 70.

WADE, Rosalind: Animal Woman, 210.

WATSON, Joe: Poems: The Slums in the Rainfall, Alienation, 156.

WEISS, Julian M.: Should the US Cold-shoulder Transkei?, 7.

WHITTINGTON-EGAN, R.: William Roughead: Chronicler of Scottish Crime (1870-1952), 146.

WILKINSON, Paul: LS 217.

WOOLLEY, S. F.: LS 221.

WRIGHT, Esmond: Professor Sir Herbert Butterfield, 293.
LS 49, 106.